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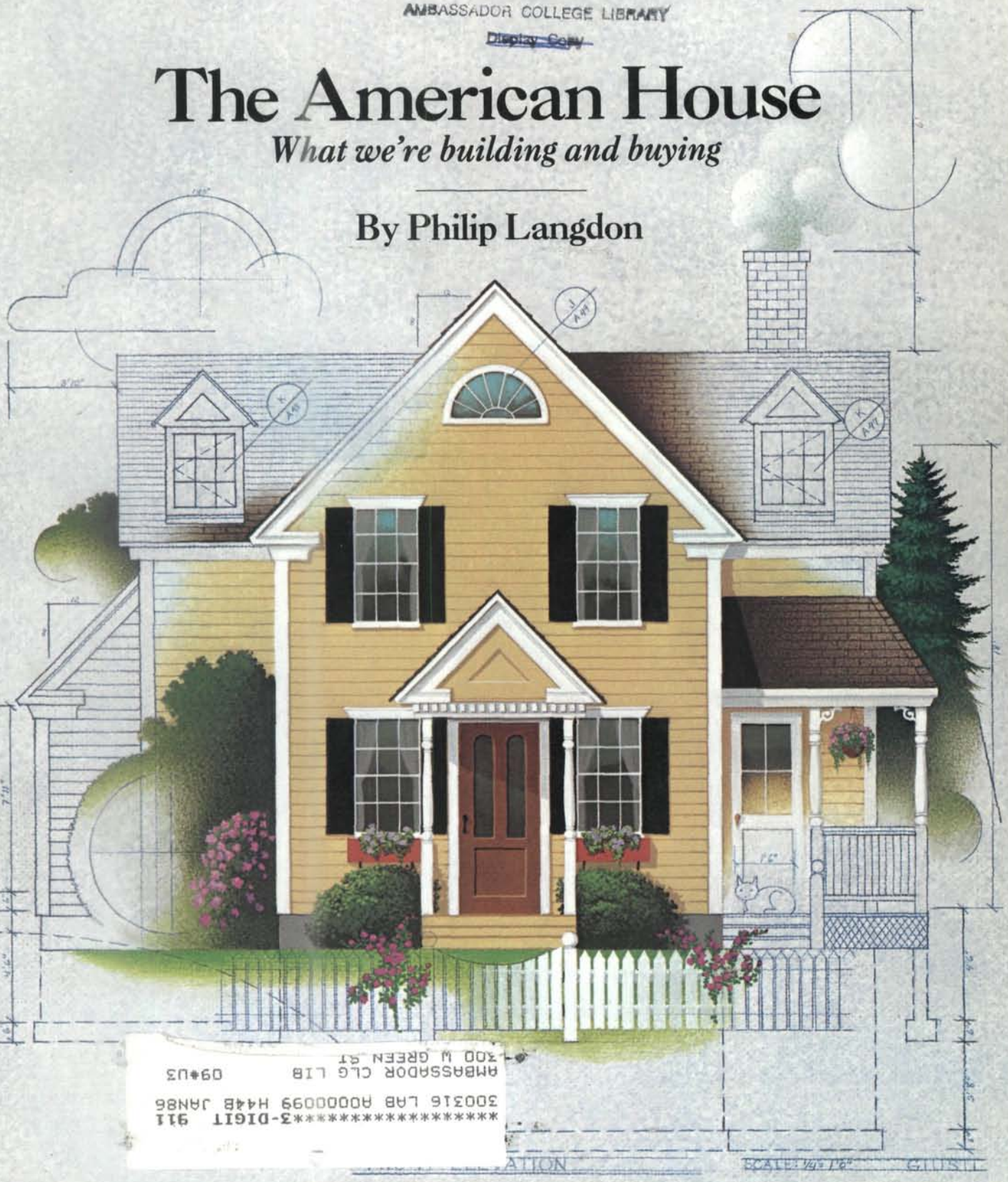
By Philip Langdon



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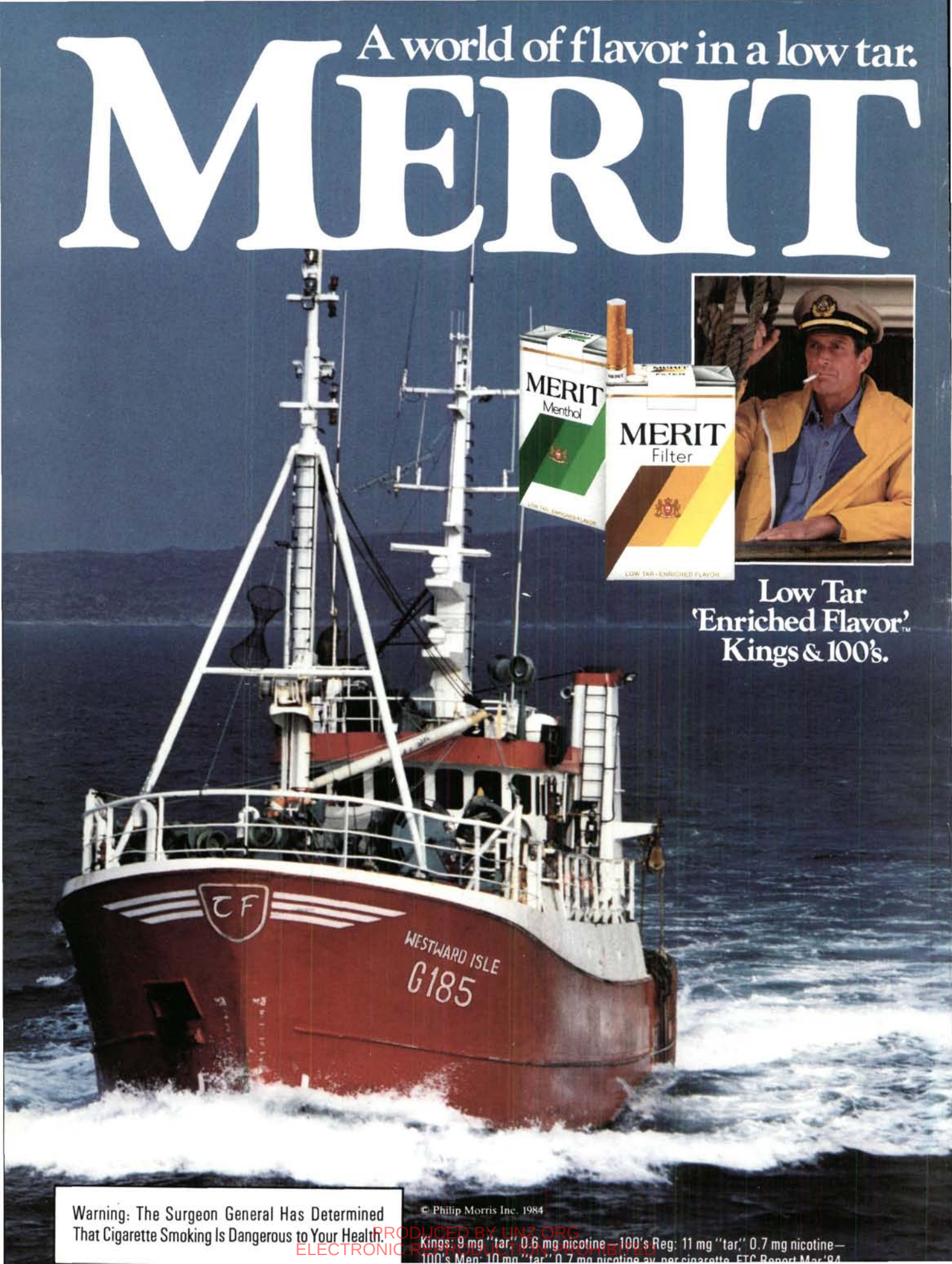

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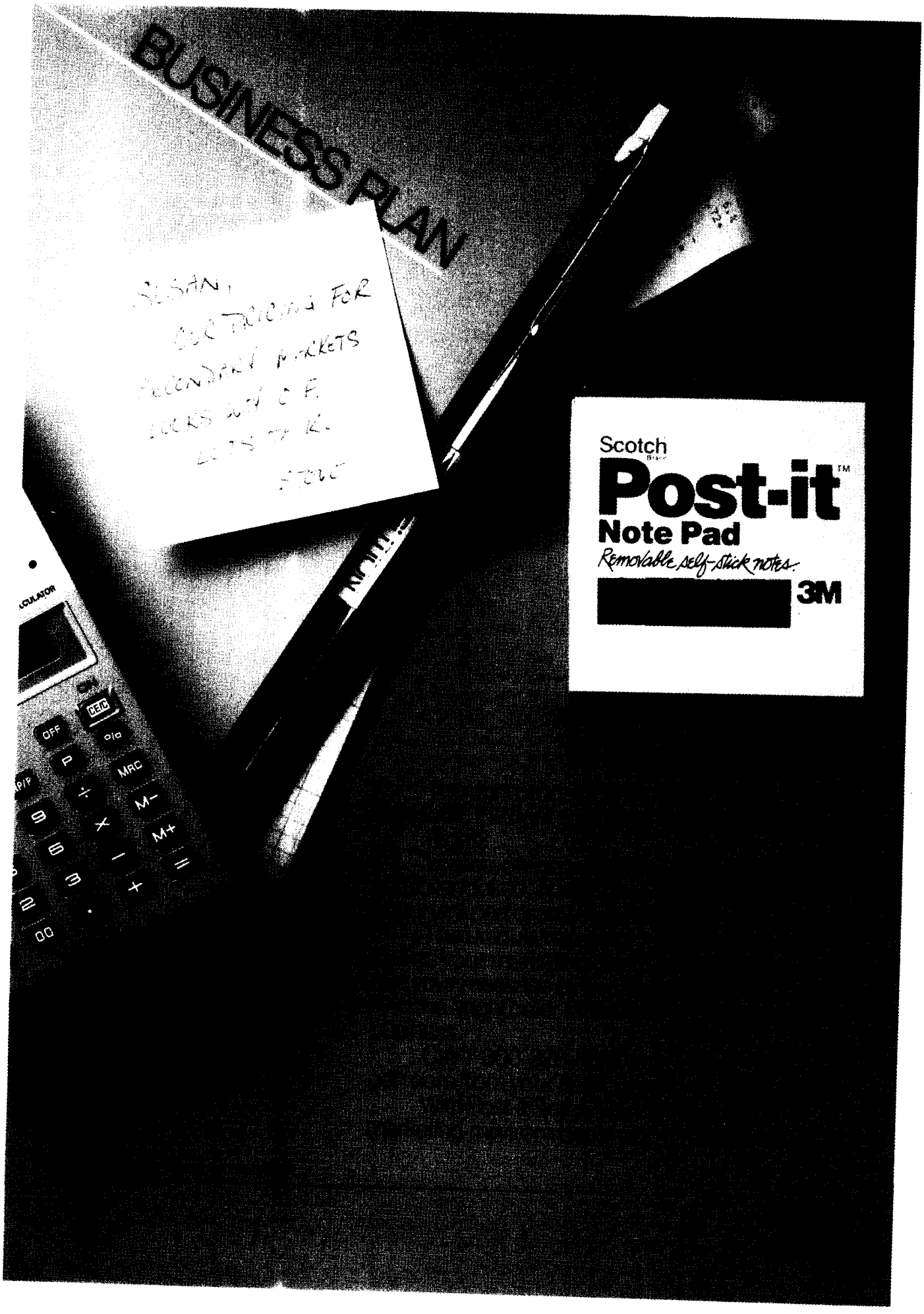

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The Atlantic

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Subscriptions: 1 Year $18.00, 2 Years $33.00, 3 Years $45.00 in the United States, its possessions, and Canada; $5.00 additional per year elsewhere. Address all subscription correspondence to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322 Tel: (800) 525-6261 In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.
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(ISSN 0276-9077)
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New York, New York 10170
Tel: (212) 687-2424

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The Atlantic September 1984
Vol. 254 No. 3

Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at Boston, Toronto, and at additional mailing offices.

Unsolicited manuscripts will be returned *only* if accompanied by a return envelope and adequate postage.

Postmaster:
Send address changes to
The Atlantic
Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

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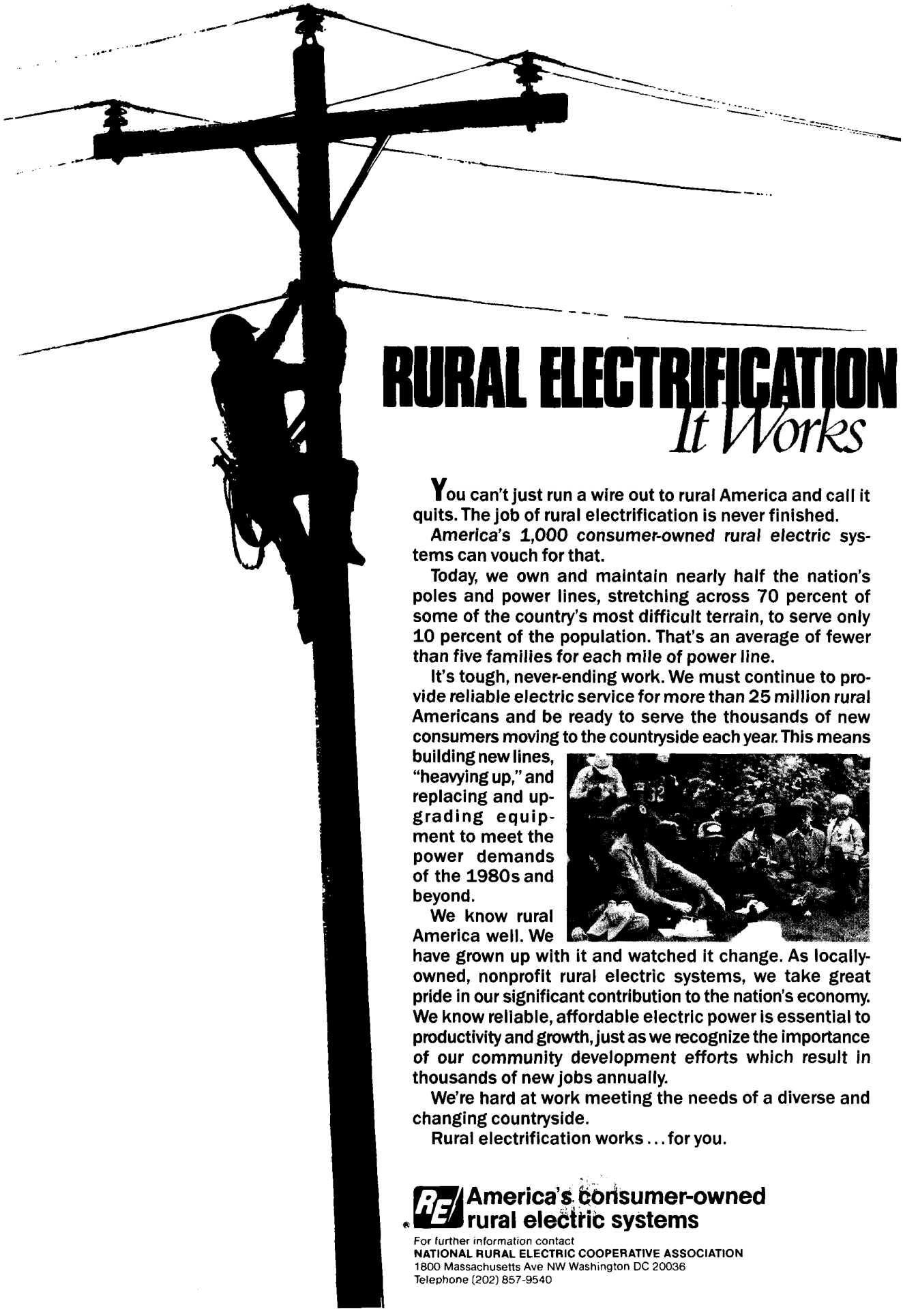

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VOTING IS NOT ENOUGH

Benjamin Barber ("Voting Is Not Enough," June *Atlantic*) has made a number of refreshingly bold proposals for broadening democratic participation. I am in complete agreement with his analysis of the failings of representative government with respect to the exercise of democratic principles, and also generally approve of the measures he has put forward to remedy the situation. However, without any discussion of practical means of implementing this program, or any part of it, his article appeared blithe and somewhat naive.

ANDREW J. LONGLEY
Long Beach, Calif.

Benjamin Barber is right on the mark. A few questions do occur to me, however.

Barber proposes "neighborhood assemblies," but with attendance *not obligatory*. I recently attended precinct and county conventions called for by the Texas Democratic Party primary system. The vast majority of *voluntary* attendees were hacks of the local party bureaucracy. What would assure a truly representative attendance?

Barber proposes "a civic videotex service and a civic-education postal act." When and how will we get equal representation for various sides of an issue?

Barber proposes "voucher systems." Will those interested in voucher systems have any interest in educating the "uneducable" pariahs of our society?

FRED N. WHITTAKER
Odessa, Texas

Benjamin Barber's "most vital" proposal for reviving democracy is an idea whose time, if it ever had one, has passed. Citizen service, as in the Civilian Conservation Corps, was helpful in our worst depression. But few assumed that a compulsory draft was necessary for it to work.

Mr. Barber would like to fit the concept of universal citizen service into a democratic framework, though he admits that "civilian critics worry about 'involuntary servitude.'" This inconvenient cliché is a quote from the Thirteenth Amendment, as I hope Mr. Barber knew. The constitutionality of even a military draft in official peacetime was in doubt in 1970 (and still is). It is easy to imagine the objections that the present Supreme Court, or a solidly Reagan-appointed Court, would make to a sweeping civilian draft.

Mr. Barber thinks that egalitarianism will overcome any difficulty for the inspirited draftees: the program will "help to overcome divisions of class, wealth, and race." As a veteran of the enlisted military, I have always been alarmed by youthful proponents of youth service, who are invariably from educated and genteel backgrounds and eager to be supervisors.

If this democratic program is to be truly universal, what does Mr. Barber propose to do with those few malcontents who simply will not like "involuntary servitude"? Put them in prison?

BRAD MELLON
East Boston, Mass.

Benjamin Barber proposes a Byzantine system to make our "pervasively representative" system "more participatory." His argument rests on the contentions that American democratic faith "lacks conviction" and that an "old and powerful" school of thought maintains that "representative democracy is scarcely democracy at all." Yet one form of representative democracy or another, warts included, has served to translate popular will into action in our country and in the countries of our major Western allies for centuries. Even if it were reasonable to believe that Barber's quixotic scheme could work, it remains a solution in search of a problem. In failing to demonstrate any real need for change, Mr. Barber is as irrelevant as he is unconvincing.

ANDREW J. GREEN
Philadelphia, Pa.

To hear Benjamin Barber tell it, liberty is in danger, freedom is crumbling, and society is ready to fall apart. Unfortunately, our political system doesn't know it is in a terminal state and keeps stumbling along—changing a bit here and there (when change can no longer be avoided), and in general more or less keeping up with the times. In a sense, this very lethargy is a good part of its strength. Now we have Mr. Barber's

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call for a return to the "pure" democracy found, as best I can determine, in the Athens of the fifth century B.C.

Barber insists that all ten of his proposals must be adopted simultaneously or they won't work. This impresses me as a built-in cop-out. As a political-science teacher he should (and I am sure that he does) know that such a condition is impossible.

Barber's proposals one through seven have to do with the structure to be used in participative democracy to decide issues. Proposals eight, nine, and ten seem to refer to the kinds of issues that would be debated under this structure. I don't see what the last three proposals have in common with the first seven.

Proposals three and six (a civic videotex system and electronic balloting) are technical and relate to the physical act of casting a ballot. Aside from saving the citizen from having to walk or drive to a polling place, they are irrelevant to the philosophical questions raised in the other proposals. As Barber admits, by the end of the century at most 50 percent of the country will be wired for cable TV. The practical use to which this system could be put would be marginal at best. The QUBE system he talks about was, I believe, discontinued because of under-use. This does not portend well for a similar system.

Proposals one, four, and seven (a national system of neighborhood assemblies, informal justice by an engaged local citizenry, and a lottery system of election on a selected basis) have both ancient and very modern precedents. But large turnouts at local-government meetings are guaranteed only when matters of supreme importance to the locality are involved, such as changes in zoning, the tax base, or the schools.

The use of neighborhood groups to administer informal justice is a system that the Chinese Communists have used very effectively. In this country some of the lesser courts are experimenting with arbitration and conciliation to settle neighborhood disputes. I think this should be encouraged, but most of our civil-justice tradition resists procedures that are too informal.

Proposal two, for a national civic-communications cooperative, has much to recommend it as a concept, but public broadcasting and TV are now giving the public about as much as they are willing to take. And why set up still another bureaucracy, no matter how noble the purpose?

Proposal five, for a national initiative and referendum process on congressional legislation, with a multi-choice voting format and a two-stage voting procedure, is Barber's most complex and, in my opinion, most impractical idea. His example involves voting on a concept (do you favor public funding of abortions?) rather than on a law; the length of any questionnaire appropriate to a law would soon become interminable.

History has taught us that large masses of people can't produce laws. We meet this challenge now by electing to office people who seem to have sensible ideas. Then the newly elected officials are left to translate those ideas into law. Every two, four, or six years the politicians must go back to the people and account for how successfully they have managed the translation. This system may not be conceptually ideal, but it is rational—and workable.

R. H. HOFFMAN
Knoxville, Tenn.

Benjamin Barber replies:

Messrs. Longley and Whittaker inquire, reasonably enough, about the implementation of my proposals. The problem is how to present in a brief article arguments set out at length in my book, Strong Democracy. *However, three quick responses to Mr. Whittaker: 1) True, citizenship cannot, finally, be coerced; but once it is linked to significant power and responsibility, it may be much more attractive than it is at present. 2) Fairness in videotex presentation would be the responsibility of the Civic Communications Cooperative, a public but nonetheless independent body. 3) Vouchers* can *privatize even as they rouse citizens, which is why I remain ambivalent about their use.*

Mr. Mellon's allusion to involuntary servitude is an old libertarian ploy. The phrase as used in the Thirteenth Amendment refers to slavery, not conscription. Its modern usage aptly describes the condition into which nations without an engaged and responsible citizenry invariably fall. As for those who refuse the responsibilities of citizenship: jail, no (though we do fine recalcitrant jurors), but perhaps the temporary revocation of their civic rights. Rights and duties are part of a single parcel, and the former cannot be sustained, let alone enjoyed, unless the latter are accepted and discharged.

Mr. Green is perfectly correct: If you believe that democracy in the modern world is flourishing, and that occasional voting by half the electorate is all that is required of citizenship, then my proposals are *irrelevant. If, on the other hand, you believe, as I do, that democracy is a precarious and fragile form of government that cannot survive complacency and inaction, then you will seek ways—my proposals offer one direction—to overcome the civic lethargy of voters and the self-satisfaction of critics like Mr. Green.*

As for Mr. Hoffman's smugness, my reply to Mr. Green would seem worth repeating: If stumbling along using lethargy as a strength is enough to preserve democracy, fine; but if not, we will require more than complacency.

WEST BANK PROBLEMS

Walter Reich ("A Stranger in My House," June *Atlantic*) does an excellent and even compassionate job of portraying the minds and beliefs of Jews and Arabs in the struggle for Israel. Even his history is factual.

But Reich portrays the struggle as between Israelis and Palestinians Arabs, whereas it is in fact between Israel and the Arab League states. Beginning with the invasion of Israel in 1948 by six Arab states, Israel's wars have been fought not against Palestinian Arabs but against large Arab nations. Writing about the Palestinian community "outside of Palestine," Mr. Reich states that it is "they . . . who created the PLO to engineer [their] return . . . and achieve a state in *all* of Palestine. . . ." Mr. Reich is wrong. The PLO was not a spontaneous creation of Arabs of Palestine but was created in 1964 by the Arab League, under Egyptian aegis, as a weapon in the Arab world's ongoing struggle with Israel, and as a bargaining tool in inter-Arab struggles (Fatah had been created by Syria some years earlier). The aim of the PLO, as stipulated in its charter, paralleled the aim of the Arab League states: the liquidation of Israel.

Failure to grasp the core of the conflict leads Mr. Reich to the false hope that peace can be attained through compromise. Since Israeli territorial concessions can only encourage the Arab world in its aim of eliminating Israel, this is certainly not a course one could recommend to Israel. The Arab–Israeli conflict is not about Judea, Samaria, or settlements. It is about the Jewish state's existence. Israel's security and survival are dependent on its retaining these vital mountain areas overlooking its cities. Asking Israel to give up all or part of the areas is akin to asking a deer about to be devoured by a lion to stand still and offer part of its body as a "concession." The Is-

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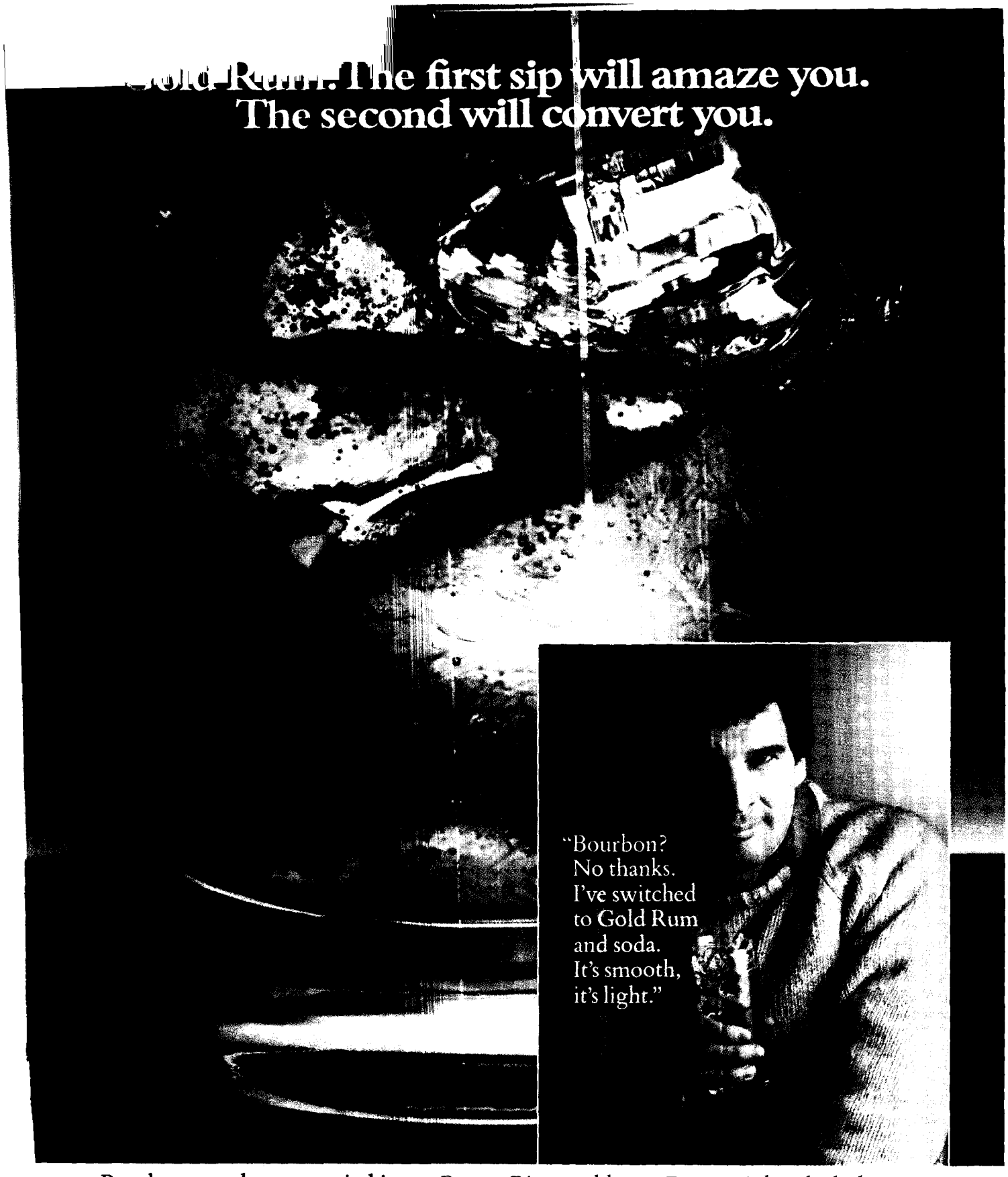

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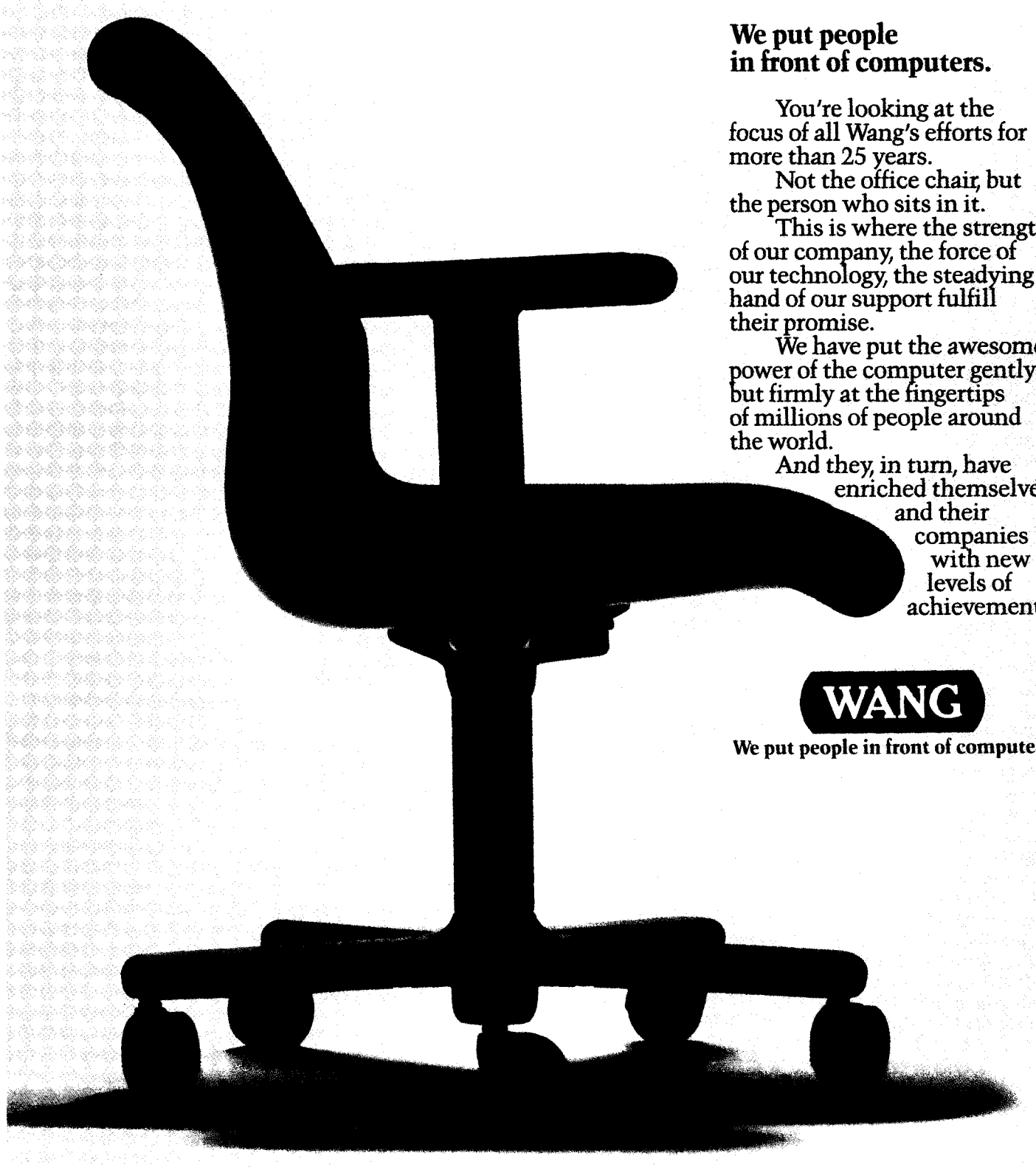

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raeli people and the entire free world owe a great debt of gratitude to the pioneers of Gush Emunim, whose settling of Judea and Samaria has greatly enhanced Israel's security. The settlers have also reminded the world of Jewish rights—historical and legal—to Judea and Samaria. The implacable Arab position—their claim to all of Israel—leads inevitably to the conclusion that those Jews who state that "this land is ours" are correct in their approach to the conflict.

PETER E. GOLDMAN
Americans for a Safe Israel
New York, N.Y.

Walter Reich has discovered what others refuse to see: the PLO, despite its claim to speak for all Palestinian Arabs, represents only a small, geographically specific segment of them. Created by the Arab League in 1964 as a front organization (a cover for continued *fedayeen* attacks under a different name), the PLO represents at most those Arabs who in 1948 sought temporary shelter behind Arab lines when the armies of their brethren came to wipe out Jewish freedom. By 1951 the United Nations had counted 652,000 of them. (By that time there were 800,000 Jewish refugees.)

As Reich suggests, the basic human interests of the Arabs of the occupied territories are diametrically opposed to those of the PLO. The latter want to "go home." The former already are home. They want the Israelis to "go home."

A responsible Arab leadership since 1949 would have worked to incorporate the Arab refugees into new surroundings, which is what Israel had to do, and is still doing, for its Jewish refugees. Instead, murderous, irredentist fantasts have nurtured only more misery and death.

The Arabs on land now under Israeli occupation are hostage to the goals of the PLO, set in 1964, goals which do not differ at all from the Arab League position of 1948: there shall be no free Jewish entity in Dar al Islam, the house of Islam.

JOEL SORKIN
New York, N.Y.

Walter Reich replies:

Since Peter Goldman approves of the major points of my history, I assume he won't object to my observations about some minor points of his.

For one thing, Al-Fatah was founded in 1965—after, not before, the founding of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Moreover, although the PLO was not, as Goldman correctly observes, a spontaneous creation of the Palestinian Arabs (despite the fact that its first leader, Ahmad Shukairy, was a Palestinian), it eventually became the main instrument for expressing politically and militarily the national aspirations of the Palestinian community living outside of what was once Mandatory Palestine. This began to occur in 1968, when Al-Fatah, which had quickly become such an instrument after its *creation, began to take control of the PLO at the Palestinian National Conference in Cairo. In 1969 that control became complete and Yasser Arafat, the spokesman of Al-Fatah, became the head of the PLO.*

What was most significant about Al-Fatah and the PLO was that they revived Palestinian Arab nationalism, which had arisen in response to Zionism earlier in the century and had gone into a shocked torpor as a result of the creation of Israel in 1948 and the invading Arab armies' inability to destroy it.

Goldman is certainly right, however, in stressing the abiding antagonism of most of the Arab states toward Israel. Much of that antagonism is indeed based, as Joel Sorkin observes, on the belief that there is no legitimate place for a Jewish state in the heart of the Moslem homeland. Still, as important a cause of the Arab–Israeli conflict as that antagonism is, it isn't the entire cause. Also important is the antagonism of those Palestinian Arabs who fled the part of Palestine that became Israel and were kept as refugees by Arab states. These were more interested in using the refugees to put pressure on Israel than in helping to restore them to their original homes. The fact that there were *refugees, that there still are, and that there are now children and grandchildren of refugees, is a real problem, notwithstanding the cynical motivations that have led the Arab states to perpetuate that problem. And it is a problem that must be recognized as important in any effort to solve the Arab–Israeli conflict—perhaps no less important, even if ultimately it proves insoluble, than the problem of the enmity of the Arab states.*

But also important—and perhaps soluble—is the problem posed by the large concentration of Palestinian Arabs who live in the West Bank, most of whom did not flee their homes in 1948, and who found themselves, as a result of the Six-Day War, under the control of Israel. Their existence within territory administered by Israel, as well as their sentiments, cannot simply be ignored.

*Suppose that Israel were to make compromises that yielded to the Palestinian Arabs—both those in the states surrounding Israel and those in the West Bank and Gaza—*some *of what they wanted. Even then, neither the Palestinian Arabs nor the Arab states would ever accept Israel and give up their wish to liquidate it. But to fail to explore such compromises is to give up all chance for peaceful accommodation, as if it were known beforehand that peace without force had no chance at all.*

Maybe it hasn't; maybe Goldman is right. And if he is, then it's all the sadder for Israel, all the sadder for Israel's friends, all the sadder for its enemies, and saddest of all for the Palestinian Arabs themselves.

NATURAL GAS

David Osborne's article "America's Plentiful Energy Resource" (March *Atlantic*) explains why the natural-gas industry is experiencing problems today, especially the problems resulting from over-regulation by the government.

However, Mr. Osborne states that Columbia Gas Transmission Corporation stopped buying $1 gas in the Appalachian region while continuing to pay $9 for gas from the Southwest. This is misleading. In balancing its flowing gas supply against reduced demands in the marketplace, Columbia cut back all of its various supply sources in order to obtain the least expensive gas mix possible, taking into account operational and contractual restraints. Recently the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) found that Columbia Transmission acted prudently and without abuse in regard to the manner in which it cut back on its available gas supply.

Mr. Osborne also wrote that an FERC judge found the company "guilty of cutting back purchases of low-cost gas from other producers in order to continue buying its own high-cost gas, in quantities larger than those specified by its contracts." Although an FERC administrative-law judge did rule that Columbia was imprudent in these actions, his opinion was overruled by the FERC because of insufficient evidence to support this finding.

Only about eight percent of Columbia's gas supply comes from company-owned production, most of which is low-cost old gas. Cutbacks on this company-owned production were consistent with, and in most instances more severe than, those made on nonaffiliated producer-suppliers. In no instance did Columbia

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purchase more of its own gas production than was specified in its contracts. Another hearing on this matter has been scheduled by the FERC, and Columbia believes it will be vindicated.

H. WILLIAM CHADDOCK
Vice President, Communications
Columbia Gas Transmission Corp.
Charleston, W. Va.

David Osborne replies:

Mr. Chaddock finds "misleading" my statement that Columbia Gas Transmission "stopped buying $1 gas from shallow wells in Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, while continuing to pay $9 for gas from deep wells in Louisiana and Texas." He does not, however, contend that it is inaccurate. Certainly, as Mr. Chaddock points out, Columbia cut back many of its suppliers. But in the process, it cut off quantities of inexpensive gas and continued buying quantities of expensive gas, as did many other pipeline companies. Such practices illustrate the irrational state of the gas market in the early eighties—which was my point.

Similarly, when Mr. Chaddock says that the FERC found that Columbia "acted prudently and without abuse" in its cutbacks, he is distorting the commission's decision. On January 16, after my article had been put to bed for publication in February, the FERC rejected some *of the findings of its administrative-law judge. But, contrary to Mr. Chaddock's assertions, it did not "overrule" the judge's findings that Columbia had played favorites, buying its own expensive gas in large quantities while cutting back on cheaper gas from other producers. Instead, it remanded the question to another judge for further hearings. The commissioner specifically said: "It is not clear why, under Columbia's general cutback policy, its section 107 [deep] gas would not have been cut back to a significantly greater degree than it was."*

Two months later, reaffirming this ruling, the commissioners added: "Transactions involving self-dealing and dealing within a single, consolidated corporate entity are particularly open to fraud or abuse. We find that the evidence, while certainly not conclusive, is sufficient to warrant another look." Whether Columbia will be "vindicated" remains to be seen. But my wording was entirely accurate.

Mr. Chaddock also declines to mention another part of the January 16 FERC ruling: that Columbia's purchase practices "evidence reckless disregard for Columbia's duty to provide service at the lowest reasonable rate." The commissioners called Columbia's practices "imprudent and unjust and unreasonable," concluding that they violated the Natural Gas Act.

THE EXPERTS SPEAK?

I should like to comment on one of the examples cited by Messrs. Cerf and Navasky in "The Experts Speak" (June *Atlantic*).

General George Armstrong Custer *never* made the unqualified statement quoted: "The Army is the Indian's best friend." What Custer actually said, in *My Life on the Plains* and in context, was, "I have yet to make the acquaintance of that officer of the Army who, in time of undisturbed peace, desired a war with the Indians. On the contrary, the Army is the Indian's best friend, so long as the latter desires to maintain friendship."

In a sense entirely different from the one that Cerf and Navasky sought to convey, Custer really did believe that the Army was the Indian's best friend. Custer held the view that Indian reser-

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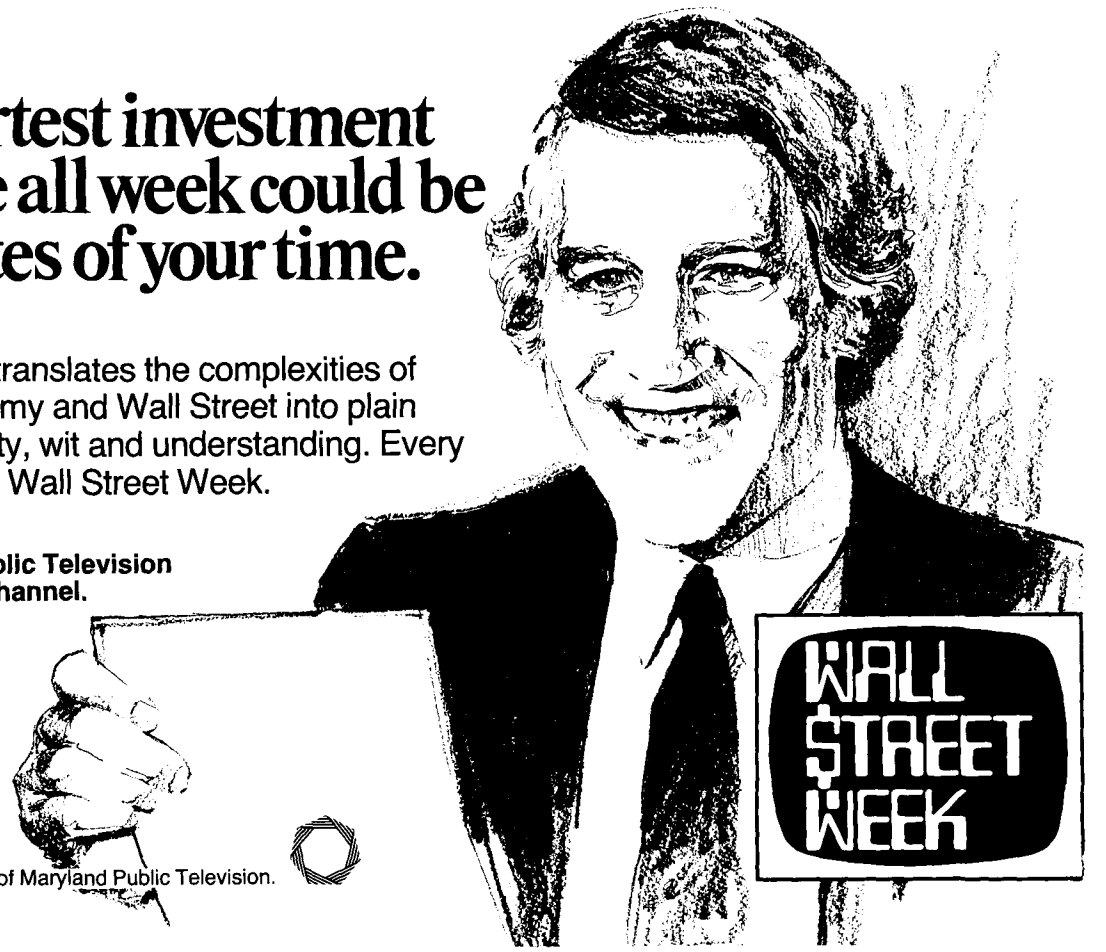

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vations in the trans-Mississippi West should be managed by the Army; the Plains Indians would be more fairly treated, he thought, than if left to the maladministration of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the U.S. government agency charged with the conduct of Indian relations.

GARY B. GOUIN
Holyoke, Mass.

Christopher Cerf and Victor Navasky reply:

We are pleased that Mr. Gouin is able to authenticate our quotation from General Custer. However, as we point out in our introduction to The Experts Speak: The Definitive Compendium of Authoritative Misinformation, *a general practice among experts is to quote each other out of context.*

GROOVES OF MOTOWN

Stephen Holden, in "The Grooves of Motown" (May *Atlantic*), writes that Los Angeles had been "the major American city least susceptible to the impact of black music" before Motown Records arrived, in 1971, and that "the city's major contribution to popular music of the rock era had been the evolution of white harmonized folk- and country-rock."

He's got to be kidding!

First, let me list a few pre-Motown R&B labels based in LA: Specialty, Imperial, Modern, Aladdin, Combo, Dootune—each of which contributed mightily to rock-and-roll. Capitol has been here since 1942, recording the Five Keys, among other black artists. Mercury had an office here, making many bucks off a local group called The Platters.

Los Angeles's R&B scene started jumping during the Second World War, when thousands of blacks came west to work in southern California's thriving defense industry. The "LA sound" borrowed from Oklahoma, Texas, the South, and the Northwest, and became characterized by a scaled-down combo, heavy on the horns, that sought to achieve a big-band sound at a time when big bands were no longer affordable.

Besides T-Bone Walker (one of the first practitioners of the electric guitar and an onstage acrobat who greatly influenced Jimi Hendrix), some early artists were Roy Milton, Joe and Jimmy Liggins, Little Esther Phillips, Johnny Otis, Lowell Fulsom and Lightnin' Hopkins, the pianists Amos Milburn, Little Willie Littlefield, Hadda Brooks, Cecil Gant, and Ray Charles, and the singers Ivory Joe Hunter and Big Joe Turner. All were born Angelinos or transplants who called LA home.

A definite LA sound—smoother than the black music coming out of New York and Chicago—existed here long before Motown imported its particular blend of watered-down R&B (complete with strings and "white" arrangements), which ironically came to be known as "soul." Los Angeles's rhythm and blues had, if anything, a *greater* impact on the thirty-year-old body of rock music than did New York, Chicago, or St. Louis R&B. Moreover, it absorbed New Orleans music and musicians so completely by the mid-fifties that it might be said that Los Angeles's influence is just as great as the Crescent City's.

JIM DAWSON
Hollywood, Calif.

Stephen Holden replies:

Of course Los Angeles produced some fine and important black music before Motown moved west. But that music exerted only a tangential influence on the city's music in general. When we think of the "sound" of many cities—New Orleans, Chicago, Philadelphia, Kansas City, and New York—that sound is either black or powerfully black-influenced.

But before the mid-seventies Los Angeles's major contribution to the pop mainstream was a high-gloss, harmonized studio pop with strong country and folk influences. The line of descent began roughly with Rick Nelson and continued with the Mamas and the Papas, the Beach Boys, the Byrds, Crosby, Stills and Nash, Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne, The Eagles, and Fleetwood Mac. Rhythm and blues, from Los Angeles or anywhere else, was only a very minor ingredient of this sound.

BLOUNT WORDS

After much anguish and deliberation I write to praise and chide Roy Blount, Jr., for his article "If You Can Read This, You're Too Close" (May *Atlantic*).

I refer specifically to footnote 6 in Mr. Blount's trenchant tachygraphy, in which he cites "the impossibility, to date, of *italicizing a period*" (my italics).

I would refer your readers to my extensive study of the transition of the languages of the ancient and medieval Ro-

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man epochs to the modern Italian language, and the various polyglot chrestomathies contained in the appendices. This perquisition was published under the title *Italicizing a Period.*

I might say, modestly, that in his last year Professor Demincement acknowledged that my use of "italicizing" gave his work "just the right slant," which is, of course, the purpose of italics.

DENNIS F. SHREWSBURY
Professor of Antiquities
University of Plymouth
Plymouth, Mich.

Roy Blount, Jr., replies:

Oh, yeah? Well, your comma wears Army boots.

Re "If Sheepskin, So Can You" (June *Atlantic*): The only charitable explanation for the otherwise inexcusable confusion by Roy Blount, Jr., of modern Greek with its ancient ancestor is that it is a smug illustration of his suspect maxim that "you can never appear to be cleverer than you are if you never fake anything."

THOMAS M. BANCHICH
Canisius College
Buffalo, N.Y.

Roy Blount, Jr., replies:

It's all Greek to me. Aha! No, if I may be serious just for a moment, let me say that Professor Banchich is entitled to his opinion. I'm not even denying that this is one of those matters on which honest men may differ. But I painstakingly Xeroxed that Greek out of a book that was printed in MCMXXVI (308 B.C.*). "Xeroxed," by the way, is a good example of postmodern Greek.*

ADVICE & CONSENT

As the marketing communications manager for Digital's Rainbow Personal Computer Marketing Group, I feel compelled to respond to a statement in James Fallows's article "Personal Preferences" (May *Atlantic*).

After extolling the virtues of certain personal computers, Fallows says that the Rainbow's "only drawback is a kind of anti-ergonomic design, which leaves the screen sitting so low on the table that you must hunch over to see it."

In fact Digital's personal computers—Rainbow included—have won the prestigious "Good Industrial Design Award" at Germany's annual Hannover Trade Fair two years in a row. The Rainbow

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was selected from a field of countless computer-hardware products from more than 300 manufacturers in fourteen countries, on the basis of "ergonomic and product safety suitability, top design quality, practical usability, technical and formal novelty, and individual and practical visualization."

And for good reason: Rainbow's anti-glare monitor, which is compact and can be tilted to any angle (unlike our competitors' monitors), is attached to the system unit with a rather long cord. The keyboard is attached not to the system unit but to the monitor. Ergo, a user can put the monitor on a desk, table, shelf, beach blanket, or whatever, with the system unit tucked away out of sight. The keyboard can be placed just about anywhere: on the lap, a table, a desk, and so forth. So, unlike many other personal computers, Rainbow and its components can easily be placed anywhere that's comfortable for the user.

If Mr. Fallows had to hunch over to use the monitor (and his criticism makes me doubt that he in fact ever used the Rainbow), he had only himself to blame.

NANCY SETTLE
Marketing Communications Manager
Digital Equipment Corporation
Marlboro, Mass.

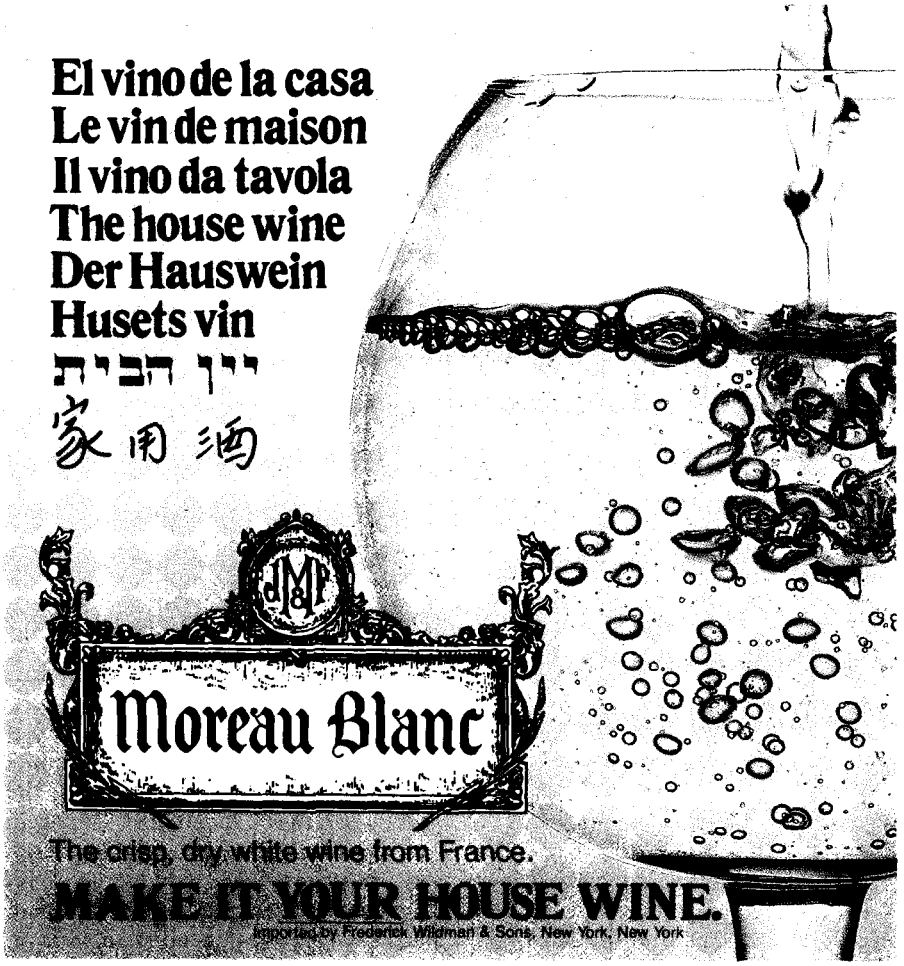
Thomas Powers's article "What Is It About?" (January *Atlantic*) mentioned the work of the Swedish Submarine Defense Commission, which submitted its report on April 26, 1983. As the secretary of this commission, I was puzzled to read that Dr. Edward Luttwak "had helped to write the report." No such help was ever sought or offered. The commission had no contact with Dr. Luttwak.

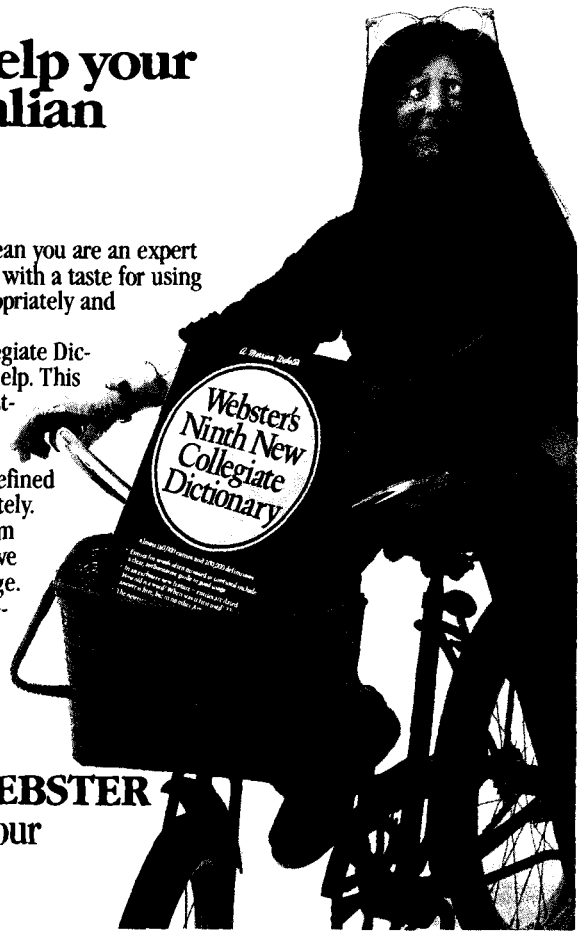
The commission was asked to present the facts about violations of Swedish territorial waters. We did this without outside assistance and with no concern for possible reactions from abroad.

MICHAEL SAHLIN
Former Secretary of the Swedish
Submarine Defense Commission

Re Bruce Brown's article on Cuban baseball (June *Atlantic*): The 1967 Pan American Games were held in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and not in Edmonton, Alberta. Brown was perhaps thinking of the 1978 Commonwealth Games, which *were* held in Edmonton.

WILLIAM R. SHIELDS
Winnipeg, Manitoba





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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

FOUL PLAY

Trivial Pursuit is a popular game, but too often it rewards the wrong answer

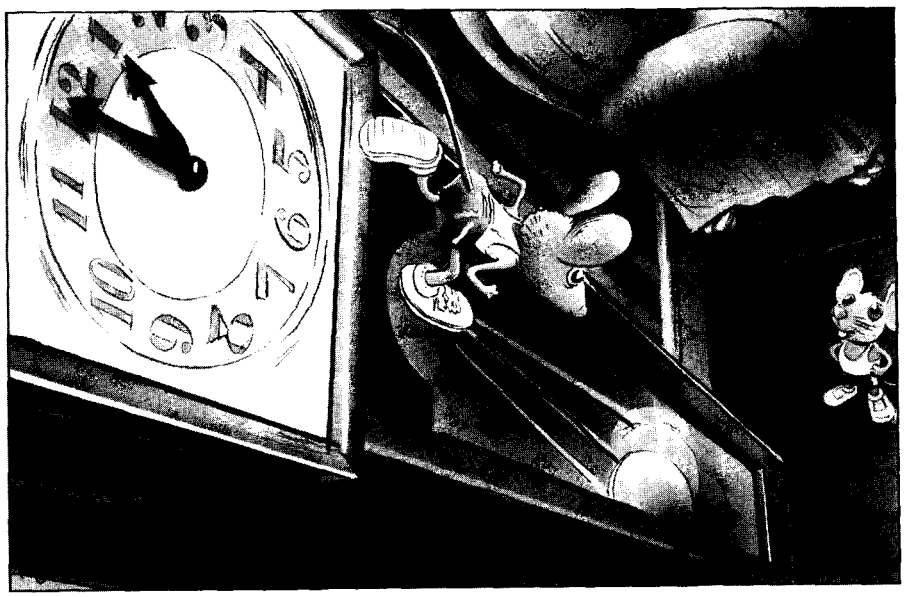
WHEREVER THE BOARD game Trivial Pursuit is played, testy *sotto voce* demurrals are becoming increasingly commonplace. At issue is not only the ambiguous nature of many of the questions that the game poses; far more vexing to the ardent trivia buff is the inaccuracy of some of the answers it provides. American devotees who have been obliging enough to tolerate the game's surfeit of Canadian subject matter—Trivial Pursuit did originate in Canada, after all, and more than three million copies have been sold there—are drawing the line at the bugs in its software.

In Trivial Pursuit the pace of a player's progress around the board depends on whether he knows the answer to questions like "Whose army were canned foods developed to feed?"; "How thick is a hockey puck?"; "Who was booked with mugshot No. 54018?" The basic, or "genus," edition comes with 1,000 cards, each containing one question on each of six general subjects: Geography, Entertainment, History, Art & Literature, Science & Nature, Sports & Leisure. A correct answer entitles one to move again. The game became chic in the United States last winter and was genuinely popular by late spring. According to Pezzano + Co., which publicizes Trivial Pursuit in the United States for the manufacturer, Selchow & Righter, Americans will have bought between 15 and 20 million copies of the game by the end of this year.

From the very beginning, however, it was plain to some that Trivial Pursuit was flawed. The tendency at first was to laugh off what were thought to be occasional slips. But many, if not most, contests conclude under clouds of protest, and these days amusement at the game's errors is turning into irritation. While the makers of Trivial Pursuit have sought, in new editions of the game, to correct obvious mistakes—for example, the words "Oh brave new world that has such people in it" are now ascribed to William Shakespeare rather than to Aldous Huxley—the clean-up effort is far from complete.

The answers approved by the game's creators still tend to penalize those who know too much. Lewis Carroll is credited with having "introduced Humpty Dumpty to the world" in *Through the Looking Glass* (1872), but the character appeared first in *Mother Goose's Melody* (c. 1803). "Who said: 'Honey, I forgot to duck'?" one card asks. The person who answers "Ronald Reagan; the president made the remark to his wife, Nancy, as he was wheeled into surgery following the attempt on his life in 1981" gets another roll of the die. The person who answers "Jack Dempsey"—whom Reagan was in fact quoting—does not. This sort of thing infuriates my father (among others). He says: "Dempsey made the remark to Estelle Taylor, his second wife, after the first Gene Tunney fight, in 1926, in Philadelphia. He lost the decision in ten rounds, and it rained." My father uses the cards he disagrees with as kindling.

THE GAME'S FORAYS into Americana often run into snags. "What line divided the North and South in the U.S. Civil War?" is supposed to elicit the response "The Mason-Dixon Line." Yet Maryland (a Union state) and Washington, D.C., both fell below that line. "Who was Lyndon Johnson's secretary of defense?" Robert McNamara, of course, but what about Clark Clifford? "Who was the first black to star in a TV situa-



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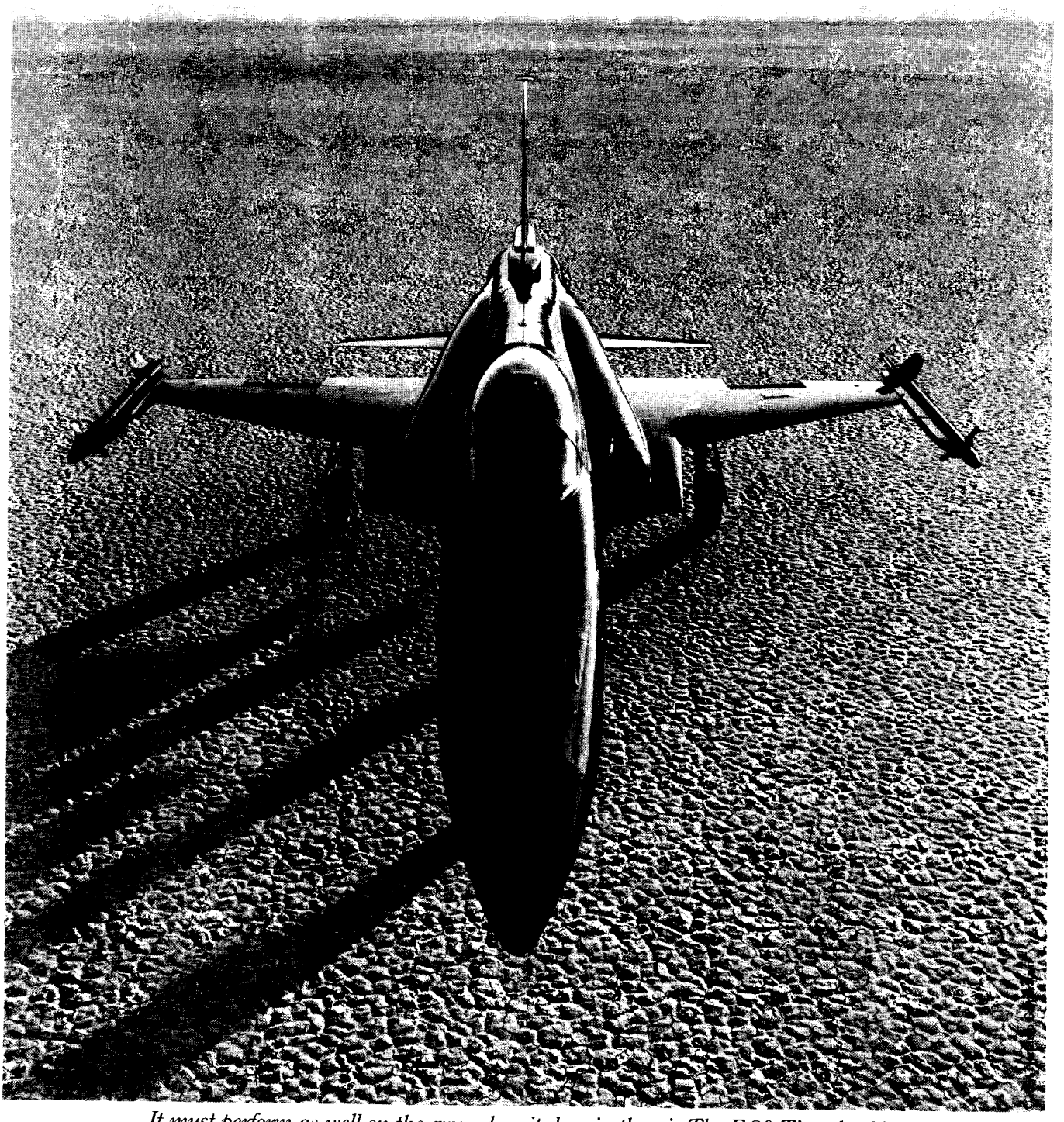

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tion comedy?" Diahann Carroll is the given answer, disappointing fans of *Amos 'n Andy.* On the matter of Billy the Kid, I am less certain but nevertheless uneasy. "Who killed one man for each of the 21 years he lived?" Yes, William Bonney, according to legend, but my father recalls that in his grade school textbooks the figure was always followed by the words "not including Indians." He is inclined to count the Indians in.

At times the very formulation of the questions provokes confusion and dissent. "What race has the distinction of being the longest-lasting non-mechanical sports event?" "The Tour de France" is the sanctioned reply, but I, for one, consider a bicycle a machine. (I have no idea what the answer would be if the Tour de France were disallowed.) "Who was king of the Huns from 406 to 453?" According to the card, Attila was, but the dates represent his lifespan, not his reign. At what time did the mouse run *up* the clock? "One," according to the game. But in the nursery rhyme, when the clock struck one, the mouse ran *down*. "What is the world's largest one-person residence?" "The Vatican" is the given answer, even though about 1,000 people live behind that city-state's Leonine Walls. "What caused an adjournment of the 25th anniversary session of the United Nations General Assembly?" The given answer, Khrushchev's shoe-pounding, in fact occurred during the *15th* session. "What country accepted 75,000 convicts between 1790 and 1840?" Accepted? Did Australia really have a choice? "Which of Kahlil Gibran's books is considered his masterpiece?" This query never fails to elicit a smirk.

What about this one: "How many Johns have been Pope?" Well, a number of men with names like Petrus, Octavian, and Baldassare have taken the papal name John, but not even the *Catholic Encyclopedia* provides an answer to the question as asked. How many Pope Johns have there been? One edition of the game gives the answer "twenty-three," which is hard to justify. (To be sure, Angelo Roncalli became Pope John XXIII, in 1958, but there never was a Pope John XX, and Pope John XVI was an antipope.) A more recent edition correctly says "twenty-one." Needless to say, the fact that competing versions of Trivial Pursuit are in circulation is not likely to relax the hostilities.

Players respond in several different ways to the game's deficiencies. One reaction is simply to withdraw any offensive cards, as my father does. Another is to retain all the cards in the deck but to allow any player to take exception —to call a gentlemanly "let," as is done in squash—and then draw a second card. A third is to gloss the cards as disputes arise, adding a subtlety here and an alternative there, rewriting questions, and changing answers. In some circles the opponents serve informally as a kind of Supreme Court, deciding, after considering the cogency of your arguments and the vehemence of your objections, whether or not to "give it to you."

None of these regimes, I regret, is entirely satisfactory, but reported mistakes are at least being corrected. You will find Selchow & Righter at 2215 Union Boulevard, Bayshore, N.Y. 11706.

—*Cullen Murphy*

Cullen Murphy is a senior editor of the Wilson Quarterly. *Canned foods were developed to feed Napoleon's army. A hockey puck is one inch thick. The face on mugshot No. 54018 belonged to Lee Harvey Oswald.*

FRESNO

NUMBER 277

Fresnans have rallied to their city since a geographer ranked it as the least desirable place in America to live

IN THE OLD DAYS, according to legend, when people from Fresno traveled to San Francisco they would change their clothes before they arrived in the big city. The Fresnans, as they have always rather awkwardly been called, were not simply adapting to the shift in climate when they left the central valley of California and headed for the temperate coast; they were trying to shed the look, the feel, the smell—the stigma—of their unglamorous home town. "When you went to San Francisco," recalls one Fresno native who made the trip several times in his childhood, "you got dressed up. You wore a topcoat."

Fresno is one of those places in America that acquired an especially bad reputation somewhere along the line. Nobody seems to know exactly why. "I think it's the name," Beth Marney, a local television personality, says. "It's very ugly. And let's face it: it's hotter than hell here in the summertime." The official record, achieved in August of 1981, is 111 degrees, but the thermometer often comes close to that mark, and even if the humidity is low and the nights are relatively cool, triple-digit temperatures tend to stick in people's memories. So never mind that Fresno is the raisin capital of the world, or that it produces figs and olives and acid-free Armenian-style cucumbers said to grow three inches in a single night, or that it has its own philharmonic orchestra and was the home of the famous novelist and playwright William Saroyan. Fresno is doomed to be the butt of jokes. If cities can have inferiority complexes, Fresno is a classic case.

Now along comes Associate Professor Robert M. Pierce, chairman of the geog-

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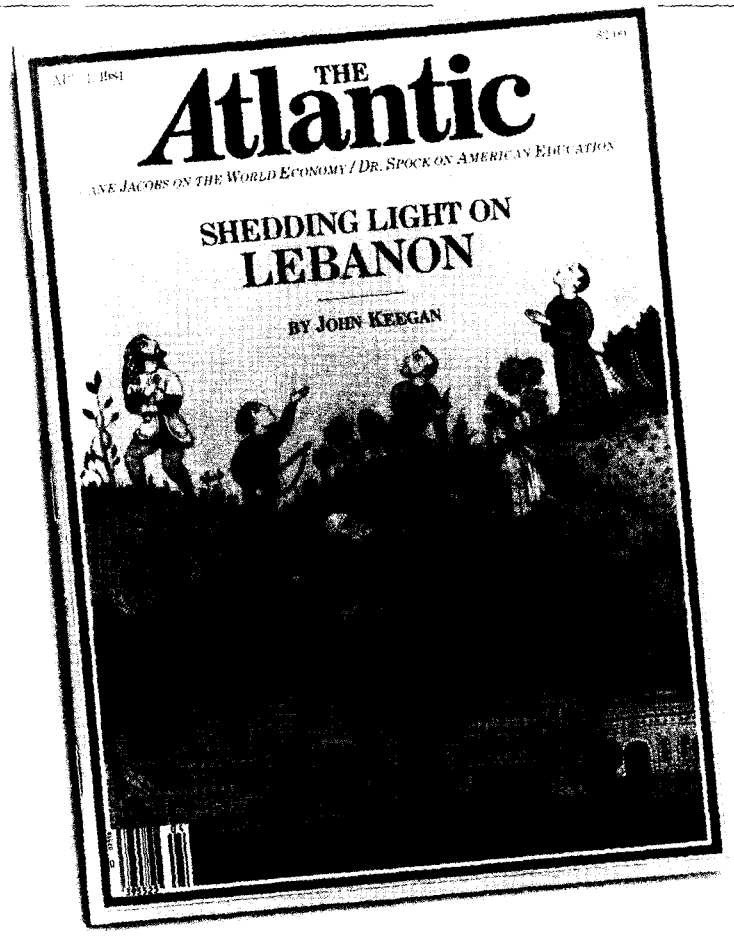

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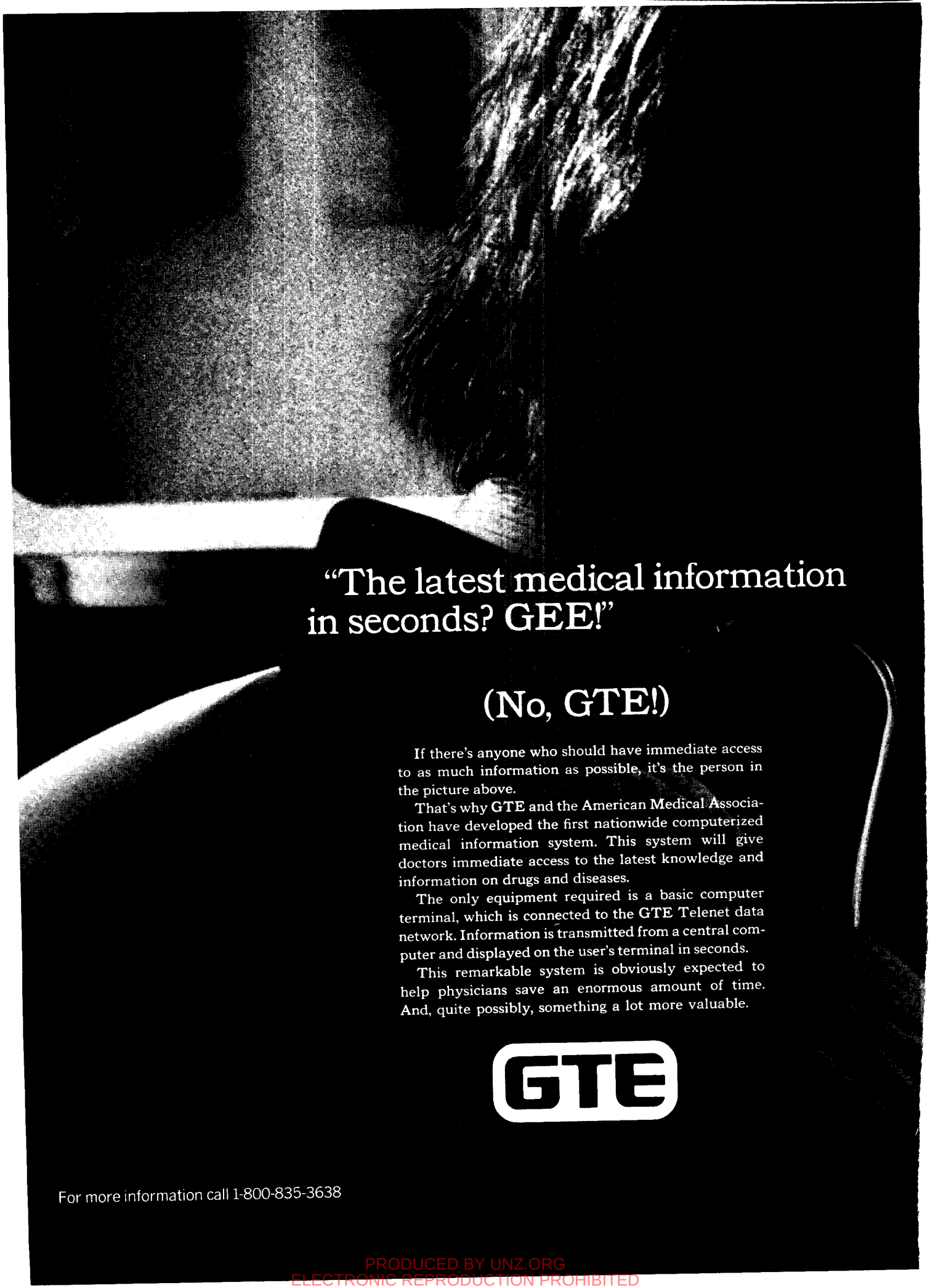

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raphy department at the State University of New York at Cortland, to confer scholarly respectability on a nasty old prejudice. Out of 277 "standard metropolitan statistical areas" defined by the United States government for census and other statistical purposes, Pierce declared, Fresno is the least desirable place to live—number 277. By his calculations it slid into last place just behind two smallish Massachusetts metropolitan areas, Lawrence and Fitchburg, and Lawton, Oklahoma. At the top of Pierce's list were Greensboro, North Carolina, and Knoxville, Tennessee.

Whether Pierce's study, presented last April at the annual meeting of the Association of American Geographers, in Washington, D.C., truly sparked the imagination of some well-placed editors or simply hit the wires at a good time on a slow news day is hard to know. Regardless, it obtained widespread publicity throughout the country. In Fresno, of course, the news was received with shock and dismay. "To tell you the truth," says Daniel Whitehurst, the thirty-five-year-old mayor, "it really caught us off guard. . . . We think we've got a great place to live. My first reaction was to wonder whether they'd printed the list upside down."

Actually, Fresno had already come in at number 272, three years earlier, in one of the country's underground best sellers, Rand McNally's *Places Rated Almanac*, "Your Guide to Finding the Best Places to Live in America." Aiming at an audience of mobile people wondering where to settle, and using census data and other statistics readily available from the federal government and private sources, the authors of that book ranked the 277 metropolitan areas according to nine criteria: the arts, climate, crime, economics, education, health care, housing, recreation, and transportation. By straightforward reckoning Atlanta and Washington, D.C., came in at the top, followed by Greensboro, Pittsburgh, and Seattle; at the very bottom of the *Places Rated* list were Lawrence and Fitchburg, preceded by Pine Bluff, Arkansas; Lowell, Massachusetts; and Panama City, Florida.

But Pierce, who approaches the matter from an academic perspective, thought that the authors of the almanac had erred by giving equal statistical weight to all nine categories of comparison. He found "a disparity between the perceived image of certain cities and their social reality." In *Places Rated*, for example, Cleveland emerged as the equal of San Francisco and had a higher cumulative score than Denver, San Diego, or Honolulu. Pierce devised a disarmingly simple way of correcting what he felt was a serious methodological flaw. He asked a sample population to rank the importance of the nine criteria as issues in deciding where to live. It turned out that economics, climate, crime, and housing were regarded as much more important than, for example, transportation and the arts. So Pierce multiplied each metropolitan area's original score in each category by the rank of that category and came up with new and, he says, more subtle ratings.

Thus did Fresno fall still further. It had a relatively high rating of seventy-fifth in the arts category—owing to its orchestra, opera association, and new art museum—but in Pierce's scheme the arts are far less significant than crime, a category in which Fresno, alas, finds itself to be number 266. Because most people seem to place a premium on mild temperatures with few extremes, Fresno suffered badly there, too: it came in number 251 in the important area of "climate and terrain." And so it went, downhill all the way.

Whereas Fresno's poor standing in the *Places Rated Almanac* had attracted little attention locally, its consignment to rock bottom by Pierce brought the citizenry to the ramparts in their own defense and stirred community pride to a height previously reached only when the Fresno State basketball team won the National Invitation Tournament in Madison Square Garden, in the spring of 1983. (Some 1,500 proud Fresnans flew to New York in eleven chartered planes for that event.) Almost overnight the city was consumed by what one editor of *The Fresno Bee* calls "Two-seventy-seven mania." Buttons and bumper stickers declared: FEELIN' GOOD ABOUT FRESNO. T-shirts said: I LOVE FRESNO—#277. A local television station, KFSN, brought Pierce to Fresno to explain himself and to be the subject of quasi-good-natured abuse; then it sent a crew to North Carolina to discover what Greensboro had that Fresno did not. ("The only thing we really noticed" about Greensboro, says John Wallace, a KFSN reporter, "was that it was so damned green.")

The *Bee* has always been in the forefront of Fresno's boosters. Its late owner, Eleanor McClatchy, had a dictum that her newspapers in Fresno and Sacramen-

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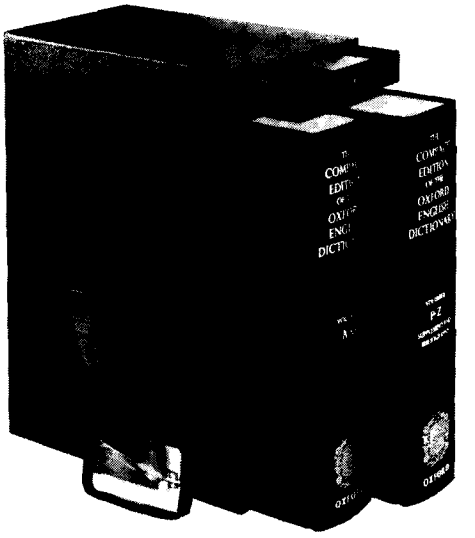

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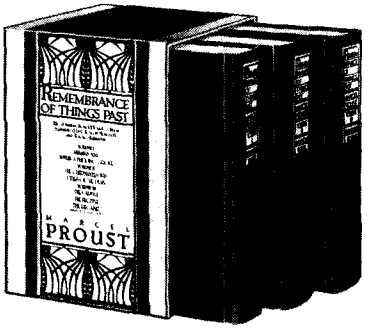

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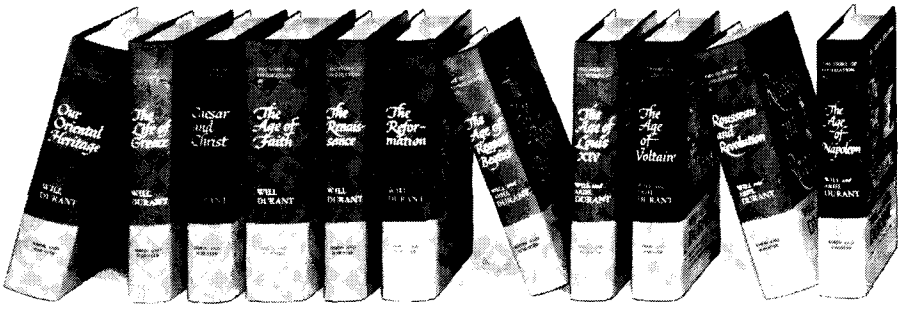

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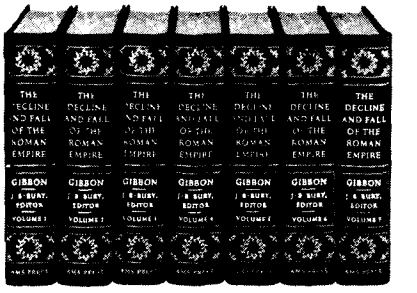

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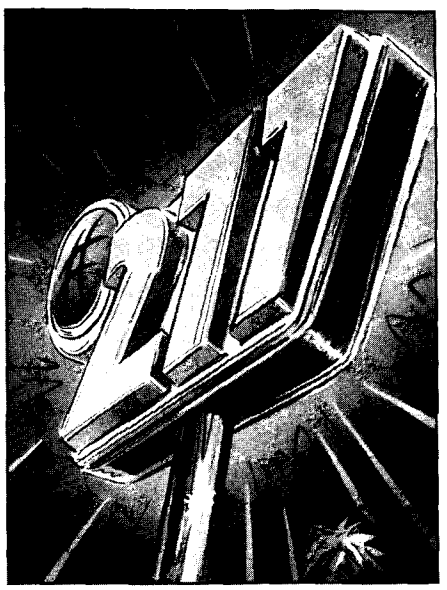
to were never to say that it was "hot" in the central valley, regardless of the temperature, because that might be interpreted as a negative comment. In reaction to this latest blow to the civic ego, the *Bee* planned a special supplement to cheer up the community, and the advertising came in at such a rate that the supplement soon grew to 108 pages. In it the governor of California, George Deukmejian, declared that Pierce "doesn't know what he is talking about"; dentists offered to help people smile more effectively about Fresno; and men, women, and children on the street vied to offer the most effusive end to the sentence "I'm feelin' good about Fresno because . . . " "I found it all in Fresno," said Jewel M. Dettinger in her entry. "Wonderful job, greatest husband, best education for my kids, home with a yard that grows green like a park, a host of friends, and everything I ever needed. Even strawberries in April."

For Dan Whitehurst, the cherub-faced funeral director's son who was elected mayor in 1976, at the age of twenty-eight, the controversy has breathed new life into a political career that had begun to lag. Whitehurst was treated harshly by the big-city press when he mounted an unsuccessful challenge to Edmund G. "Jerry" Brown, Jr., then the governor, for the Democratic nomination to the U.S. Senate in 1982, but now he is back on California television screens, nobly defending his city's honor. During my visit to City Hall, on a rare cool and rainy summer afternoon—Fresno has only forty-four "precipitation days" and six "storm days" a year, according to official statistics—Whitehurst professed an unwillingness "to step onto a soapbox," but he eagerly listed the advantages of his "comfortable city with room to breathe." Fresno, he pointed out, has a low population density, plenty of parks and playgrounds, and a "casual life-style." Besides, Whitehurst insisted, "a city is more than just a place with buildings and facilities and an average housing cost. A city has a character, spirit, history, and attitude." And those things once made Fresno an official "all-American city."

Fresno has come a long way from "the strange, weed-infested, junky, wonderful, senseless yet beautiful world" of Ulysses Macauley in Saroyan's *The Human Comedy*. It is no longer the "funny and lonely world" that drew Saroyan himself back from San Francisco, New York, and Paris to spend the last years of his life in Fresno. (He bought two identical houses next door to each other in an undistinguished development, to ensure privacy.) On the contrary, Fresno is a booming center of agribusiness. In Fresno County thousand-acre farms are common, and some run as big as 50,000 acres. They produce 200 commercial crops worth $2 billion a year, which makes the county one of the richest agricultural areas in the world. With a population that has mushroomed to about 265,000 people, Fresno is California's eighth largest (and the country's sixty-fifth largest) city, and even Whitehurst is incredulous of the latest estimate of its continuing real economic growth rate—ten percent a year.



That growth is a mixed blessing, of course. In boom times the construction industry provides almost uncountable jobs; but when interest rates go up, so does unemployment in construction and a number of related fields. At the peak of the recent national recession, in the summer and fall of 1982, Fresno had a jobless rate of 15 percent, almost as high as Detroit's. Such rapid growth also puts an enormous strain on local resources and services. And although a reluctance to build skyscrapers has preserved Fresno's low, flat look and uncongested feeling, much of its newest sprawl is anything but beautiful. As in many other American cities of similar size, the traditional downtown in Fresno has been neglected in favor of the predictable shopping centers at the edge.

Tall palm trees keep a lonely vigil along some of the main streets of Fresno's central business district, and there are plush, well-tended patches of green around the courthouse and other municipal buildings. But for the most part Fresno is uninterruptedly brown, the agricultural brown characteristic of a region of California where every spare drop of water is diverted to the production of food. The fifteen-story gray-brown brick Security Pacific Bank Building, constructed in 1923, was, at 221 feet, the tallest building between Los Angeles and Oakland for nearly four decades. (A modern structure put up in 1962, now the Golden State Plaza, exceeds it by only twenty-seven feet.) The monumental-looking bank building is still in use, but some of the other handsome downtown structures dating to pioneer days in the central valley, such as the Hotel Fresno, are vacant and boarded up, waiting for a developer with the right kind of tax break to rehabilitate them. Fresno is populated by a vast number of cars, but seemingly suffers no traffic jams; it grows not upward (which would make it more crowded) but outward, primarily by annexing and gobbling up bits of the surrounding countryside.

The ratings of Robert Pierce and Rand McNally notwithstanding, people continue to flock to Fresno. Flights to and from San Francisco (still the main connecting point to and symbol of the outside world) are generally packed, and new waves of immigrants are enhancing the city's old reputation as a microcosm of the American ethnic mélange. Armenians once found their way to Fresno because it replicated the climate of their homeland (which was divided between Turkey and the Soviet Union after the First World War); Hmong tribesmen from the mountains of Laos have now begun to do the same. Attracted by familiar jobs in agriculture, since the late 1970s approximately 12,000 Hmongs—as well as about 3,000 Vietnamese, Cambodians, and other Laotians—have moved into the older areas of Fresno that once housed the Armenians. Previously the object of severe prejudice, the Armenian community is now one of the most prosperous groups in Fresno; it numbers 20,000, and Armenian growers wield considerable economic power in the area. Hispanics make up almost a quarter of the city's official population, and most of its poor, today. Many illegal immigrants from Mexico and Central America also are thought to be living in the Fresno area.

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Saving Grace

If your pulse rate is 72, the U.S. government spends $31,400 every time your heart beats.

If your heart isn't beating any faster after reading that statement, consider this: The government owns 436,000 motor vehicles and has 2.8 million civilian employees. That means every civilian employee can be riding in a government vehicle at the same time, six to a vehicle.

As these statistics demonstrate, the federal government spends a lot of money. Not all of it is spent wisely.

To what extent can government spending be reduced through better management of existing programs? How much of the taxpayers' money is wasted through inefficiency, duplication and operational flaws in government programs?

The answer is $424,400,000,000.

That's $424.4 billion. That's how much the government could save over three years if it adopted nearly 2,500 recommendations to eliminate waste, reform federal retirement, health, and subsidized program benefits, and in general operate more efficiently.

The recommendations, together with the dollar figure, come from the President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control, commonly called the Grace Commission after its chairman, J. Peter Grace, chairman and chief executive officer of W.R. Grace & Co.

Some of the recommendations involve waste and abuse. Some are relatively minor. Others are very controversial. All are worth examining.

Major recommendations of the Commission include more effective tracking and enforcement of the maximum permissible earnings of social security beneficiaries to eliminate erroneous benefits (potential savings over three years: $4 billion); increasing delinquent tax collections (potential savings over three years: $3.9 billion); and upgrading federal computer systems (potential savings over three years: $4 billion).

According to the Grace Commission, the savings it has pinpointed "can be achieved without raising taxes, without weakening America's needed defense build-up, and without in any way harming necessary social welfare programs."

Gaining control over the federal budget is necessary for the nation's economic health. The price of ignoring the Grace recommendations is staggering. The fiscal 1983 federal deficit was $195 billion — the highest in our history. Equally massive deficits loom in the years ahead. If fundamental changes are not made in the federal budget, the Grace Commission projects a deficit of $2 trillion by the year 2000, only 16 years from now. In that year, the federal debt would be $13 trillion.

A lot has to be done to prevent those projections from becoming reality. The Grace recommendations are a good place to start.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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Provoked by the negative—and yet somehow positive—publicity growing out of Fresno's designation as "number 277," a group of well-established Fresnans gathered at the home of friends during my visit to tell me how they really felt about their city. Their candid, almost surreptitious, criticisms had little to do with the geographers' and census-takers' criteria. Jack Emerian, a printing executive, said he saw signs of selfishness in the community in, for example, a relatively low average contribution to the United Way campaign. Martin Temple, an architect, acknowledged "a cliquishness at the top" of Fresno society. And others worried that the city, intoxicated by development, was putting valuable municipal resources at risk by investing money in Far West Airlines, a new commuter carrier that will have its headquarters at the Fresno Air Terminal. (Whitehurst's brother-in-law is a major shareholder in Far West.)

But for the most part these people expressed satisfaction with Fresno's ability to grow bigger without losing its small-town neighborliness and community spirit. "People look elsewhere," said Dorothy Petesch, a librarian who started out in Montana and landed in Fresno by way of the more sophisticated Palo Alto, "but they soon discover that they could never live so well so cheaply" as they can in Fresno. "Besides," she added, "Fresno is becoming more like the Bay Area . . . more outlandish."

As for Robert Pierce—the man Martin Temple calls "some pipsqueak from back East"—he has had difficulty retaining his scholarly composure amid the avalanche of publicity over his study, which he does not even consider his best work. He has been on the CBS *Morning News* and has received more than 500 letters and at least 1,800 phone calls in connection with his ratings of America's cities. The Washington Hilton, where he first delivered his findings to the assembled geographers, reported more incoming phone calls on that day than during any other day of an association meeting in the hotel's history; that same day the switchboard was swamped at the small university branch in Cortland where Pierce teaches.

Fresno took the results much more calmly than did some of the nine cities in New England that came in among Pierce's twenty-five lowest ratings. The presence of four Connecticut cities near the bottom of the list provoked bipartisan outrage in the Nutmeg State. Republican Congresswoman Nancy Johnson wrote to Pierce, accusing him of bias against Connecticut, and the Democratic governor, William O'Neill, sent a letter telling the geographer he had an "obvious lack of knowledge" and saying that such rankings of metropolitan areas "serve no useful purpose."

Ten other cities have offered Pierce all-expenses-paid trips to visit them, and the thirty-six-year-old professor has become concerned about "being used." Invited by an ecstatic number 24, Utica (which Pierce privately describes as "the Fresno of New York State"), he agreed to give a speech but refused to accept a plaque from the mayor. He is, in a word, "flabbergasted."

Pierce concedes that although Fresno does not do well on paper, he is now "impressed" with it. He had in fact visited the city many times before, while growing up in California. He believes that he has had a "critical dialogue" with Fresnans, some of whom have now launched a sincere effort to improve the community's score. A hospital administrator from Fresno called him, for example, to ask about the data on local health-care delivery and what to do about it.

But would Pierce want to live in Fresno? "Oh, no. I certainly wouldn't want to live there. It's too hot, too out of the way. I prefer cities like San Francisco."

—*Sanford J. Ungar*

Sanford J. Ungar, a former host of All Things Considered, *on National Public Radio, is a contributing editor of* The Atlantic.

WASHINGTON

THE CULTURE OF POVERTY

In the world of the poor neither conservative nor liberal solutions seem to work as predicted

DURING RONALD REAGAN'S whirlwind first few months in office it was clear that he was bringing about many more changes in the federal government than is usual for a first-term President in peacetime. But at the time it was difficult for one to grasp what all the changes added up to. Three years and several rounds of legislation later, it's possible to sort out some of the results of 1981—especially in social-welfare programs, where Reagan's changes have fully taken effect. Reagan has always insisted that the cutbacks made in the budgets of these programs have eliminated a lot of unnecessary federal spending but that they have not hurt anyone truly in need. Is he right? What difference has his being President made in the lives of people dependent on the social-welfare system?

In order to answer these questions, one ought to look first at how the cutbacks in social programs fit into the big picture of deficits, tax cuts, and increased defense spending. The best way to do this is to compare the current federal budget with the imaginary "baseline" of what the budget would have looked like if Reagan had adopted no new policies. The baseline used here

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was devised by the Congressional Budget Office. The Urban Institute, a nonprofit center for policy study, in Washington, D.C., drew from it the figures that follow.

For the current fiscal year, which ends September 30, the government is spending $25 billion more than the baseline amount on defense, for a total of $235 billion. The interest payment on the federal debt is $108 billion—$9 billion more than the baseline—because the debt itself is $128 billion higher today than it would have been without Reagan's changes. All other federal spending this year comes to $48 billion less than the baseline amount, leaving a net decrease in spending of $14 billion. But Reagan's tax cuts have reduced the government's revenue by $93 billion. Thus the federal deficit is $74 billion greater this year than it would have been if Reagan's policies had not been put into effect.

Reagan sometimes says that he has not cut domestic spending absolutely but has only put a brake on what had become an uncontrolled rate of growth. He says that if Congress had approved all the cuts he wanted, the government *would* be spending less and the budget would balance. These arguments don't withstand scrutiny. As Reagan says, domestic spending is still growing, though at a slower rate than when he took office. But according to the Reagan Administration's own estimate, if domestic spending is adjusted for inflation, the dollar amount is actually lower this year than it was in fiscal 1981.

The argument that there wouldn't be a deficit if Congress had enacted all of Reagan's budget cuts depends on adding up the cuts proposed and rejected each year. This calculation yields a huge total. But many of the rejected cuts have been put forward year after year, and so they should be added only once—not three times. The Office of Management and Budget (OMB) reported early this year that Congress had passed half of all the budget cuts suggested by Reagan since 1981. (The OMB defines these suggested cuts loosely; for example, it includes reductions in Social Security benefits that Reagan never formally proposed as legislation.) If all of the budget cuts recognized by the OMB had been made, the deficit would still be enormous. If you lump together all of the apparently sacrosanct areas of the budget—defense, interest payments, and programs like Social Security and Medi-

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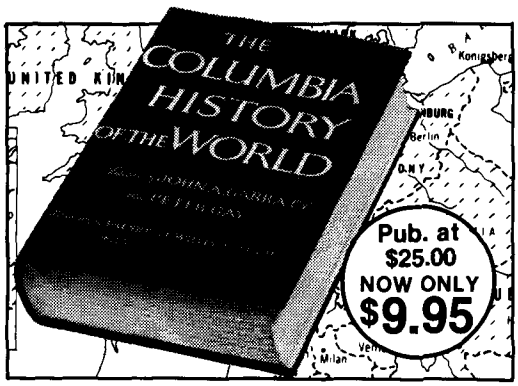

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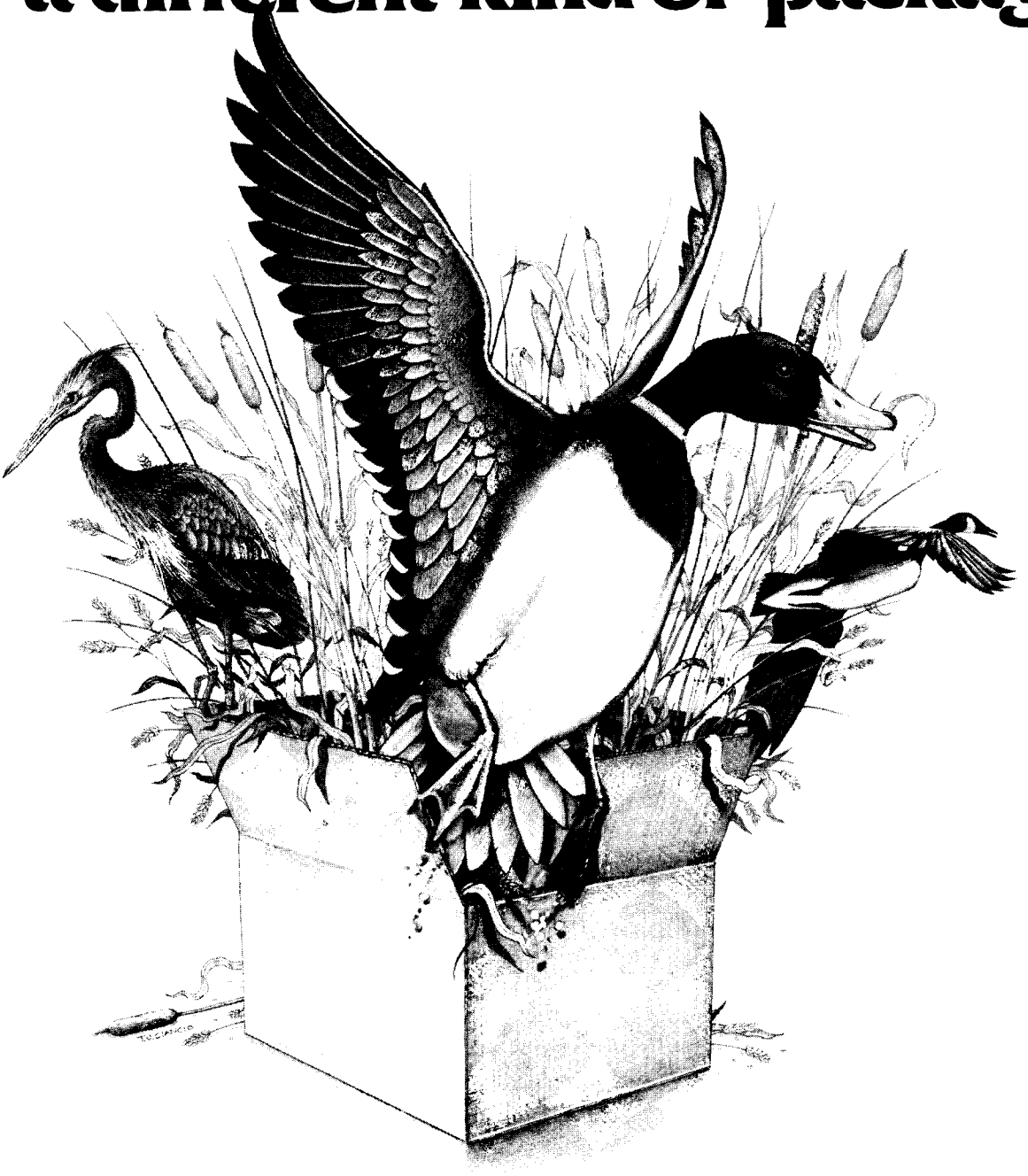

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care—only $171 billion is left from which to reduce a $190 billion deficit. The programs exclusively for people with low incomes will cost $61 billion this year—far less than the deficit.

Part of the rationale for the Reagan Administration's prediction in 1981 of a balanced budget by 1984 was the anticipation of $40 billion a year in what was mysteriously called "additional savings," to be proposed later. "I can tell you, those numbers came from expected cuts in the Social Security and Medicare areas," Lawrence Kudlow, who was then the OMB's chief economist, says. "We thought in terms of a combined reduction from 1982 to 1986 of ninety to a hundred billion dollars." In May of 1981, when Richard Schweiker, then the secretary of health and human services, proposed cutting $9 billion a year from Social Security spending by reducing the benefits available to early retirees, the Senate unanimously passed a resolution expressing its disapproval, and the Administration backed off. Kudlow says, "After the firestorm, it was virtually impossible to make up that forty billion dollars a year in savings." One reason for the Administration's retreat from the Social Security cuts was a set of findings by Reagan's pollster, Richard Wirthlin. Kudlow says, "The polling showed the majority of Social Security recipients were significantly above the poverty line and mostly Republican. Sixty to sixty-five percent are not poor, and of that group a significant majority was tending to vote Republican. That was the source of the heartburn."

Another way to make up the deficit would have been to cut "tax expenditures"—deductions and preferences like the home-mortgage interest deduction, the oil-depletion allowance, and the interest deduction on automobile loans—which together cost the government more than $300 billion in revenue each year. But many of the beneficiaries of these tax breaks are affluent and Republican, and so the Administration never tried this strategy. Kudlow says, "It became pretty clear we were going back to the areas of least political resistance—that is, the poverty programs.

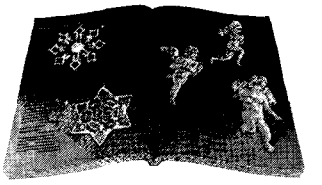
THE BUDGETS OF two such programs have grown during the Reagan Administration, as a result of legislation proposed not by Reagan but by others. The budget this year for Supplemental Security Income (SSI), cash grants to the disabled, is $600 million more than the baseline amount, and the monthly SSI payment has increased by $20. The budget of the Special Supplemental Food Program for Women, Infants, and Children, which was increased in 1982 and 1983, is now $77 million above the baseline. Every other program for the poor has lost funds.

This year the budget for Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), popularly known as "welfare," is $1.3 billion lower than it would have been without any cuts—a 13 percent reduction. The budget of the food-stamp program has been cut by $2 billion—about the same percentage. The budget for Medicaid, which provides medical care to the poor, has been cut by $1.3 billion, or 5.9 percent. The budget for housing assistance has been cut by $482 million, or 4.3 percent.

The cuts in the budgets of programs aimed at amelioration rather than subsistence have been deeper still. A compensatory-education grant program, for the schools that disadvantaged students attend, has lost 17 percent of its funds, and a child-nutrition program, which subsidizes meals at schools and day-care centers, has lost 28 percent. Public Service Employment—the chief program of the Comprehensive Education and Training Administration (CETA)—has suffered the biggest single line-item cut engineered by the Reagan Administration to date: $4.5 billion, or 99 percent. A program to fund day-care centers has been merged with two others into a Social Services Block Grant, and the combined budget reflects a cut of 22 percent. The Community Services Administration has given way to the Community Services Block Grant and has lost 40 percent of its funding in the process.

It wouldn't be fair to say that all these cuts have arisen solely from the impulse to save money without alienating Republican voters. The argument behind them is that many poverty programs provide assistance to people who don't need it, and that these programs can be cut back heavily while leaving intact the parts that do help the poor.

For years conservatives had described the government's programs for the poor as a kind of smorgasbord of cash and in-kind benefits: a poor person could shop around and accumulate a welfare check here, food stamps there, a disability pension, perhaps a housing allowance, medical insurance, and so on. Those who were clever could put together a



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package more lucrative than a full-time job, and thus, conservatives said, the government was playing a cruel trick on people who did work. "We wanted to re-establish the bright line between working and not working," one Administration official says.

All the cutting that has been done in programs that were created to meet basic needs has been animated by a desire to get anyone who is not absolutely poor off the rolls. Households with incomes in excess of 130 percent of the federal poverty standard are now ineligible for food stamps. In the welfare program the income of a step-parent must now be counted as part of the household's income, and a household income greater than 150 percent of the amount established by the state government as the "need standard" renders a household ineligible for benefits. Eighteen-year-olds who have finished high school can no longer be counted as dependents in the calculation of a household's welfare benefit. For both the welfare and food-stamp programs there are new limits on a recipient's total assets. The government's commitments to build new public housing have been severely curtailed, on the grounds that public housing is available to such a small minority of those eligible that it is really just a favor to a lucky few. For much the same reason the portion of income that a recipient of a federal-housing subsidy has to pay in rent has been raised from 25 to 30 percent.

The conservative view of the poverty programs that do not directly give money, food, or housing to the poor is even more skeptical, which is why the cutbacks in these programs have been deeper. Most were started between 1965 and 1975, and grew out of a conviction shared by planners in the Johnson and Nixon administrations that there is a cycle, or culture, of poverty. Poor families, especially in the black ghettos of the big cities, break up, and their members go on welfare. The children are poorly educated, ill nourished, and in every way discouraged from entering the work force when they grow up. If the government provides these people with only basic subsistence, they will never be able to look forward to the rewards of work and a stable family.

So the argument went. In response, programs were started to allow poor children (and their mothers) to be well nourished; to improve their education; to prepare them for the work force by teaching "job skills"; to encourage welfare mothers to work. As the governor of California, Reagan was one of a small minority of Republicans who opposed such programs, and when he became President, they became his prime targets. He has often said that they cast the federal government in a social-engineering role that goes beyond its rightful charter, and that they don't really help the poor (who would do best to get the government out of their lives), but instead help middle-class social workers—the beneficiaries of "the social pork barrel" in David Stockman's damning phrase.

The elimination of the public-service jobs provided by CETA, which conservatives had considered make-work, no-show projects run by poverty hustlers, is a classic example of Reagan's efforts to rid the government of its function as a ladder out of poverty. But because CETA had already been the subject of a hundred local exposés by the time it was abandoned, the loss of its funding has not been the most controversial of the many cutbacks made under Reagan's banner. That distinction belongs to the abandonment of a feature of AFDC known as the "earned-income disregard."

Before the social-reform wave of the late 1960s, eligibility for welfare was determined mainly on the basis of income and family size. If a welfare mother went out and earned ten dollars, the law required her caseworker to reduce her welfare payment by ten dollars; in other words, the marginal tax rate on her earnings was 100 percent. Most experts thought that this rule was a major cause of the cycle of poverty, because as a result of it people on welfare had no short-term financial incentive to work.

To correct this flaw, Congress in 1969 created the earned-income disregard. Thereafter when a caseworker computed the amount of subsistence for which a welfare mother was eligible, he could "disregard"—that is, deduct—the first $30 of monthly earnings plus a third of any earnings beyond that. (In the welfare world the program is universally known as "thirty and a third.") Under the new rule a welfare mother who worked had an appreciably larger net income than one who didn't.

In 1981 Congress restricted the time during which any welfare recipient could benefit from the earned-income disregard to four months, and also reduced other allowable deductions, such as work-related expenses, from a welfare recipient's earnings. The idea for these cuts came from Robert B. Carleson, who was then a special assistant to the President for policy development and earlier had been Reagan's welfare director for the state of California. Carleson points out that Reagan had testified before Congress against the earned-income disregard as long ago as 1972, so nobody should have been surprised when Reagan reduced the benefit.

Nevertheless, people were surprised. Reagan's own chief domestic-affairs adviser at the time, Martin Anderson, had written a book on welfare in which a major theme was that what amounted to a high marginal tax rate on earned income served as a work disincentive. After Congress approved Reagan's proposal, many predicted that tens of thousands of the working mothers who were about to lose their eligibility for AFDC (because their incomes would be too high without thirty and a third) would respond by quitting their jobs and re-entering the welfare culture. Because eligibility for AFDC brings with it eligibility for Medicaid, anyone who needed and couldn't afford medical care would have a further incentive to stop working and get back on welfare. The rolls would swell, and the poverty cycle would become even harder to break.

SUCH WERE THE theories being debated in Washington about the impact of the cuts. To try to find out whether either the conservative or the liberal view was right and what difference the cuts had made in practice, I read the studies that had been done on the effects of the cuts and also interviewed people in the welfare system—both recipients and social workers. Welfare benefits vary widely from place to place, because each state sets its own standards of need and the stipends to be paid (the cost is split equally with the federal government). I went to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where the welfare program and other social services are among the most generous in the country, and Houston, Texas, where they are among the least generous.

What I found fitted none of the theories satisfactorily. The effects of the cutbacks that have been made in ladder-out-of-poverty programs were the hardest to judge. It seemed that these programs had, in an inefficient way, provided many people over the years with enough money and training to make the

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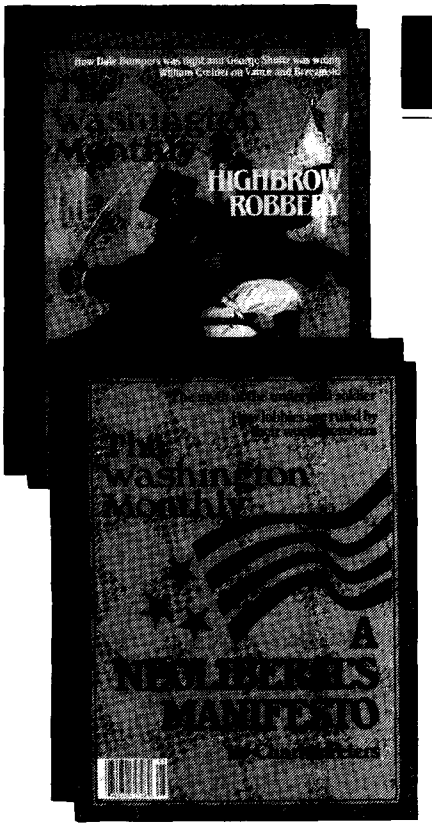

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transition from poverty to the working class. But the ghettos in Bridgeport and Houston, where poverty programs had been in full flower for more than a decade, were extremely dispiriting places—poor advertisements for the aggregate success of the government's efforts.

As for the subsistence programs, it seemed to be true, as conservatives have charged, that recipients usually put together complex, extensive packages of benefits, but in Houston, at least, such packages were necessary if a person was to meet the most basic demands of food, clothing, and shelter. In getting rid of the slack in the system (cutting off the tops of subsistence programs and tightening up their bureaucracies and the rules for eligibility) the Administration clearly has hurt the "truly needy"—especially those who live in states where the benefits are low. When Reagan initiated his famous welfare reforms in California, he withdrew funds from the upper margins of many programs, but he also raised the minimum benefit. For the nation it has been all cutbacks, no raises. In Houston, it seemed to me, people on welfare were living right at the lower limit, and sometimes past the limit, of decency, especially with respect to food and medical care.

One of the people I went to see there was LaVerne Chatman, a forty-eight-year-old welfare mother who was living in a crummy apartment complex near the Scott Street welfare office. I got there early on a spring afternoon. Young men with narrowed, bloodshot eyes were hanging around in the parking lot, passing a bottle in a brown paper bag. Inside the apartment Mrs. Chatman and three of her daughters, Gwendolyn, Jacqueline, and Sandra, were sitting on furniture that had obviously been thrown away by somebody else, watching soap operas on a battered black-and-white television set. There was a dirty green carpet on the floor. The three daughters, who were barefoot and dressed in cutoff jeans and T-shirts, looked as if they hadn't been outside yet; Mrs. Chatman, also barefoot, had on a faded yellow housedress. Babies in diapers wandered in and out of the room.

Mrs. Chatman told me that ten people were living in her five-room apartment: five of her thirteen children, Gwendolyn's two children, Jacqueline's child, and Sandra's child. She paid $375 a month in rent, which included all her utilities—a much better deal than she'd had at her previous apartment, where the rent was $315 and utilities weren't included. She had moved after her gas and electricity had been cut off.

The household's income was as follows: Gwendolyn was getting $148 a month from AFDC, and Jacqueline and Sandra $128 each. Mrs. Chatman had two children who were still minors, and the three of them got $738 a month in survivors' insurance from the Social Security Administration, because the children's father is dead. That stipend was the family's great good fortune. Social Security is vastly more generous than welfare; the comparable AFDC check would have been only $148—what Gwendolyn got. The whole household received food stamps worth $192 a month. The family's total income was

$1334 a month, or $16,000 a year—$11,500 after the rent was paid.

The main impact of the Reagan Administration on Mrs. Chatman was that her family's food-stamp allotment had been cut in January from $371 a month to $192. That loss was chiefly the result of one of many technical changes that were barely noticed by politicians and the press. Each household is now allowed only one food-stamp allotment. Whereas previously Mrs. Chatman's three daughters could put in for their own food stamps and increase the family's total take, the family was now issued a batch worth roughly half as much.

The food stamps came on the seventh of every month, and Mrs. Chatman would buy a 202-pound frozen Super Special Family Pack from Homestead Meat Company, a packing house twenty miles from her apartment. For $169 she would get sixty pounds of scrawny fryer chickens and ten pounds each of chuck steak, smoked sausage, tripe, turkey necks, pork bones, chitterlings, and pig's feet, along with some hot dogs, rice, sugar, Crisco, and other small portions of meat. Not having a car, she paid her nephew another $15 in food stamps to pick up the package. With the remaining $8, she would buy vegetables.

I saw Mrs. Chatman on the twenty-sixth of the month, and the Family Pack had already run out. With the $363 of her Social Security check that was left after the rent, she could buy some food, but she also had to pay for everything she needed other than rent and the Family Pack—toilet paper, soap, milk, laundry, clothing—and the money went pretty quickly. When it did run out she could sometimes borrow a little from her brother, or let the family live on beans, rice, and hot dogs until the seventh came around again.

This was a common story in Houston. Nobody I met who had been leading a stable enough life to get on welfare and food stamps claimed to be hungry, but nearly all said they usually ran out of food stamps and had to live on beans and rice for the last week or so of the month.

(Dr. George Graham, a professor of nutrition at Johns Hopkins University and a member of Reagan's task force on food assistance, says that such a diet "does not automatically mean you're malnourished." Rice and beans are good sources of protein, he says, though fresh vegetables and fruit "do tend to complete the requirements in your diet." Meatless meals are not necessarily unhealthy, according to Dr. Graham, but he says that "you may feel psychologically hungry, because it's not what you're used to.")

Of Mrs. Chatman's thirteen children, besides the three who were welfare mothers themselves, two were in high school and one was out of school and looking for work. One son was in the Army, and had vowed never to return to Houston; another was in the Navy. Their basic-training graduation pictures hung on a wall of the apartment. Another son was a construction worker in Houston. Two daughters were married, with families of their own. One son had died of sickle-cell anemia as a child, and another had been shot and killed by his girlfriend during a quarrel. Welfare mothers whose children are all older than five are required to register for the federal Work Incentive program and to

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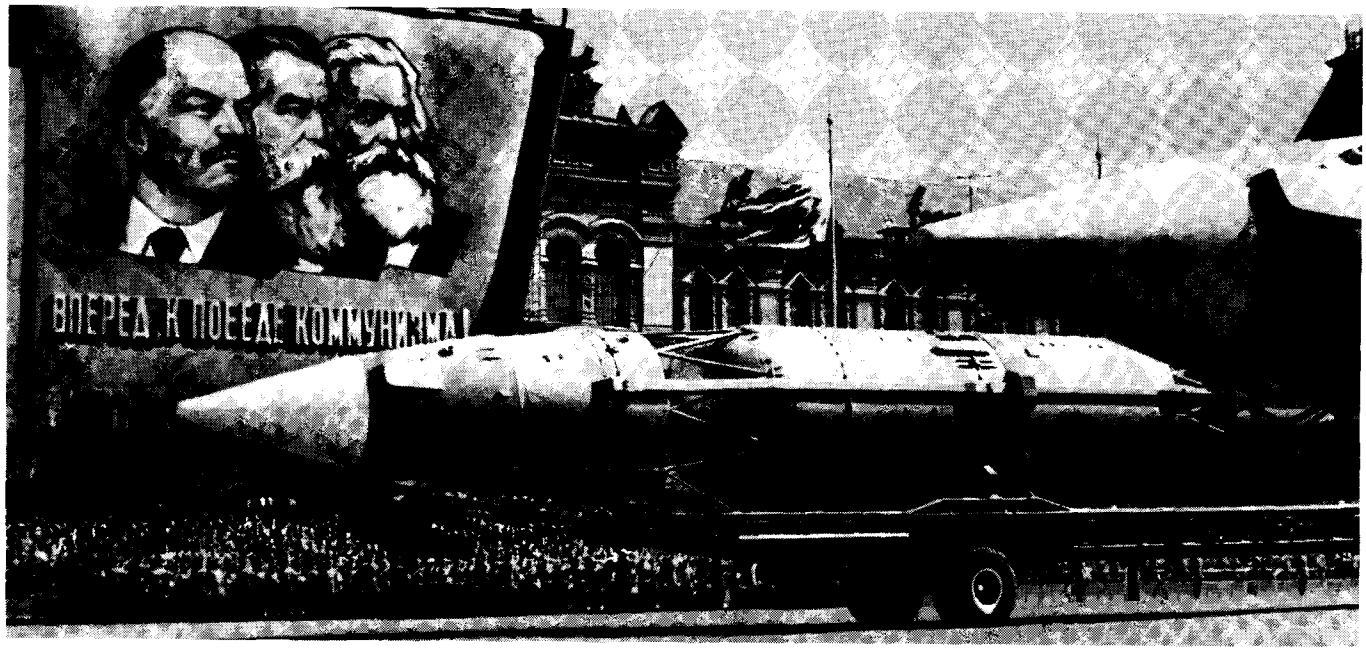

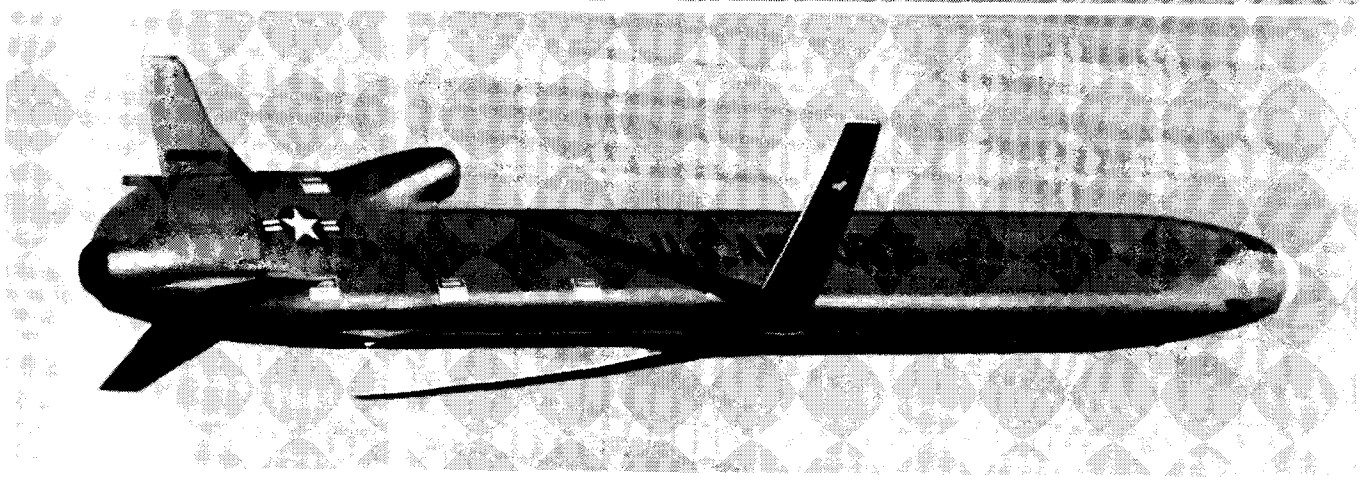

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look for jobs, but Mrs. Chatman said she couldn't—she had allergies and high blood pressure, and dizzy spells made it hard for her to stay on her feet. (High blood pressure is a common malady among American blacks, and its effects on them tend to be severe and difficult to control with drugs.) She had applied for disability payments and been denied, and was waiting for a decision on a rent-assistance grant.

The architects of the Reagan Administration's changes in the welfare and food-stamp programs might look at Mrs. Chatman's circumstances and make several points. Isn't $16,000 a year in tax-free government benefits pretty generous, and pretty close to the median family income, even for a family of ten? Why don't the three daughters who are on welfare get jobs, and leave their kids with Mrs. Chatman? If not that, why don't they chip in more of their welfare money to the family food budget? If food is such a problem, why are none of them thin? And finally—the inevitable awkward question—why couldn't the daughters have been responsible enough to avoid having children out of wedlock?

I asked Mrs. Chatman some of these questions. When she spoke about her daughters on welfare, her attitude was one of exasperation and resignation. They were not living as she might have hoped, and they were not as helpful as they might have been, but what could she do—turn them out? She preferred to answer by pointing to the successes of her other children.

Although the picture I saw was one of the classic multi-generational welfare family, statistics consistently show that very few people spend their whole lives on welfare. Gwendolyn, Jacqueline, and Sandra would be rarities if they continued through life without ever working, and, of course, their siblings were not on welfare. Mrs. Chatman herself was about to be forced out of the system; in May, when her second youngest child would turn eighteen, her Social Security would be reduced to $369 a month, and three years later, after the eighteenth birthday of her youngest child, it would disappear. (The Reagan Administration has eliminated a provision that would have allowed the grant to continue if the children went on to college.)

One further question, for which there is no room in serious policy analysis, is this: Why ask these people, and not most of the rest of the beneficiaries of government spending, to bear the sacrifices that national fiscal responsibility entails? Why pick on them?

In Bridgeport welfare payments are about three times as high as those in Houston, even after a big raise in Texas's welfare payments that took effect last fall (following fourteen years without any increase). When I visited Bridgeport last spring, a mother with one child was getting $368 a month; one in Norwalk, twenty miles away and adjudged to have a higher housing cost, was getting $427 a month; in Houston the payment was $128 a month. The welfare payment for a mother with two children was $453 in Bridgeport, $527 in Norwalk, and $148 in Houston. Food stamps, which are issued by the federal government and based on national standards of need, made up some (but far from all) of the difference. In Bridgeport it was possible to find welfare mothers living lives close to the kind that we think of as middle-class. Mary Ziou, for instance, lived with her two children in a pleasant second-story apartment in a working-class neighborhood. She had gone on welfare in 1978, after her ex-husband had stopped making child-support payments. She got a welfare check for $339.75 on the first of the month, another for $113.25 on the sixteenth, and $127 a month in food stamps, for a total of $6,960 a year—$2,796 more than a welfare mother with two kids in Houston would get in a year. Her rent was $320 a month. What was left over was not a princely amount, but it was enough, if carefully managed, to live decently—or, to put it another way, to create a scene that would give Edwin Meese apoplexy. In Bridgeport even caseworkers, to whom the poor are no abstraction, complain that welfare mothers with five or six kids make more from the government than they do.

On the day I talked to Mrs. Ziou, a ColecoVision home computer was hooked up to a television set in her living room, and a couple of Fender guitar amplifiers were stacked in the corner. She told me proudly that there was steak in her refrigerator. Mrs. Ziou said that she couldn't work because of the demands of raising her children, both of whom were in school, but that she was running for a place on the town committee. "I work in the community!" she said indignantly. "I need more help now that I'm running for the town slate."

In Bridgeport, as in Houston, people on welfare blamed Reagan for every-

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thing adverse that had happened to

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reporting is unpopular, too, because of the complexity of the forms. "The promise to get government regulations off people's backs has not happened for poor people," Betty Stevens, who works at a legal-aid agency in Houston, says.

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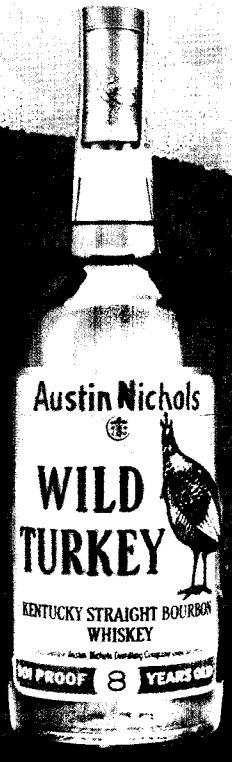

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"The welfare regulations used to be half a phone book. Now they're a whole phone book."

Another technical change is that regular "continuing disability investigations" are required for SSI—the Social Security payments made to people who can't work because of a disability. Bridgeport conducted its first investigations in 1982, and as a result Eunice Spencer's SSI checks were stopped.

Mrs. Spencer is a former librarian's assistant who passed out in the school cafeteria one day five years ago and hasn't worked since. She is another victim of the scourge of the black ghettos: high blood pressure. When I saw her she was lying in bed looking spent, her bedside table full of pills. She said she was living on food stamps, a federal rent subsidy, and her wits. "To face something like this, you feel like going totally insane," she said. "Living from day to day, not knowing what the next day will bring. It's made me a nervous wreck. My mother taught me not to feel hate in my heart, but I feel hate for the President for what he's done to people."

THE CUTS IN payments to individuals are minor, in percentage terms, relative to the cuts that have been made in social-service programs. Much of the federal subsidy goes to local social-service agencies. The leading one in Bridgeport is Action for Bridgeport Community Development (ABCD), whose bylaws state its purposes as "identifying and eliminating the causes of poverty" and "enabling the poor to become self-sufficient." Since 1981 ABCD has laid off 125 full-time employees. "Nothing stayed the same," the Reverend William O. Johnson, ABCD's executive director, says. "Employment programs—training for young people—[were] literally gutted. Folks have lost the will, they've lost hope. They gutted out the whole hope of the community."

As I listened to him talk, I couldn't help wondering, What community? ABCD is across the street from Father Panik Village, a bleak group of low brick buildings separated by small, barren spaces which is by common assent the worst housing project in Bridgeport and probably in Connecticut. The ABCD office is in a converted factory; the windows are covered with a close-mesh steel grating, there is an armed guard at the door, and the parking lot is enclosed by a chain-link fence topped with concertina wire. Inside, the building feels like a cage. "We've had twenty-seven break-ins in the last three months," Johnson told me. "We put up these grates—still, the other night they dropped down through the roof. My guard has two Dobermans. There's a lot of dope here. It's drugs, drugs, drugs. You look out the window and see 'em dealing."

He sketched out the pattern that had created this mess. No jobs. The men sell drugs—that's where the money is. Teenage girls have babies and go on welfare. I asked him if anyone makes it out. In the Bridgeport ghetto there seems to be a standard answer to this question, and Johnson gave it: Wes Matthews did. Matthews grew up in the P. T. Barnum project, across town (his mother, Ethel Matthews, is the head of the tenants' committee there), and now plays for the Philadelphia 76ers. Johnson also has great expectations of Charles Smith, a student at Harding High School, who was being recruited by colleges and would probably one day play professional basketball. Then Johnson named a few people who were making good in more conventional careers—an executive, an organist, a dancer. "That one, he comes home and the pushers meet him and say, 'Look how much I made today,' and show him fifteen hundred dollars. 'How much do *you* make?' "

Could there really be "community development" in such a world? Wasn't *leaving* the community the road to development? Johnson said, "Twenty-eight years ago I sat in my living room and talked to the most brilliant young minds in Bridgeport—all black. I said to them, 'Get out of this city. Get out of it.' And all of them left except one. And the ones who left did ten times better. But now I feel people should stay and fight it." He did not claim that life in the ghetto had gotten better over the twenty years of ABCD's programs, but he did say that you have to have the programs, in order to offer a signal of hope to people who would otherwise be offered none at all.

The programs in Bridgeport have had at least some success. Often the story was that the program had not retrieved many of its constituents from poverty, but that it *had* helped the untrained social-service workers in its employ. Queen Curran, a former welfare mother, is one example. Beginning in the late 1970s she worked half-time in a drop-in social-service center, then full-time there, then for CETA, and finally in the private economy, at the United States Surgical Corporation—a maker of surgical instruments. "I got a job," she told me, beaming with pride. "When I was on welfare, I looked at my kids and I felt that they'd do what I was doing: be on welfare. I felt they owned me. I didn't want them to."

A young black minister, the Reverend Frederick J. Streets, had taken me to Father Panik Village, which he saw as a picture of despair. Then he took me across town to the big P. T. Barnum project—a picture of hope. We ate a lunch of thin stew over rice at a free soup kitchen started by P. T. Barnum's superintendent, Cecil Young, who had grown up in the project.

After the meal we went to Young's office. Though it was the middle of the workday, he let himself into the project's one-story administration building with a key, unlocked his office door with another key, and then locked the door when we were inside. There were heavy grates on all the windows. Reverend Streets told me later that Young carries a magnum pistol under his suit—necessary protection because of the enemies one acquires in the course of thirty years in the projects.

Young told us about his success in getting the soup kitchen started, about his new speakers' program, and about job training in the projects, which is his field of particular expertise. Like twenty-one other states, Connecticut has a general-assistance program that pays unemployed people who have no children a small welfare allowance—currently $56 a week. Since 1981 a workfare requirement has been attached, meaning that people on general assistance have to do an amount of public work whose value is equivalent to that of their checks. For four years Reagan has proposed a similar national program for AFDC recipients.

Young was Bridgeport's first workfare director, and he still runs work programs in the projects. "We got guys in the habit of going to work," he said. "We're making them feel proud. Productive. Before, they wanted a free ride. Now there's no free ride in Bridgeport." It sounded good until he described what they do: "Guys go around checking on abandoned houses. Checking cars. Working in the soup kitchen. Answer the phone. Get signatures on petitions. Or if a car's in the yard out there, they'll move it out." These jobs did not sound like the way out of poverty, or like very good training for any other jobs, especially considering that they were only

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two days a week. Young explained the problem: "At the beginning, I had a lot of trouble with the unions. But I assured them I wouldn't hurt their bargaining power. The guys can do anything as long as it's not infringing on any union."

MOST STUDIES OF the effects of Reagan's policies have concentrated on how various income groups have been affected. Most of these show that the poor have felt the tax cuts least and the budget cuts most. A study by the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) last fall showed that in the current fiscal year the average American household would lose $250 in government benefits—cash and in-kind—because of the cuts. But for households with annual incomes under $10,000 the loss was $430. Twenty-three percent of American households have incomes lower than $10,000 a year; these households absorbed 38 percent of this year's cuts in benefits—and 52 percent of last year's.

After two rounds of tax legislation, households with less than $10,000 in income will pay, on average, $20 less in federal income tax for 1984 than they would have paid if there hadn't been any changes in the tax laws. The average reduction for *all* households is $1,090, and for households with incomes above $80,000 a year it is $8,390. Another CBO study, which measured the impact of Reagan's tax and budget cuts, found that, on average, households saw a net gain of $820, but that $10,000-and-under households saw an average net loss of $390.

Studies of the specific effects of the budget cuts are rare. One reason is that Reagan cut the budgets of several small federal programs that gathered data about the operations of the government. "We can't look and see how the programs are doing," Eleanor Chelimsky, the director of policy evaluation at the General Accounting Office, says. "Evaluation offices are decimated. So many cuts have concerned data systems that we can't tell how effective the rest of the cuts are. It's 'Kill the messenger.' "

What *is* known about the effects of the cuts comes from various private studies. Two members of the department of public affairs at Princeton University, Richard P. Nathan and Fred C. Doolittle, used a network of correspondents around the country to find out how state and local governments were responding. Their conclusion was that most governments had "ratified" the cuts rather than establish their own programs to make up the difference, as the Administration had said they would. Nathan and Doolittle discovered that the states were using funds available under the federal Emergency Jobs Act of 1983—a one-time windfall—to replenish the funds of some social programs. On the whole, Nathan and Doolittle found that programs for the poor—welfare, food stamps, and community service projects—had suffered more severe cutbacks than programs aimed at the middle-class had.

The Job Training Partnership Administration (JTPA), Reagan's smaller-scale replacement for CETA, is the focus of a different study. JTPA is supposed to avoid the kind of make-work projects for

which CETA was criticized, by using boards of businessmen to oversee the program, and by requiring the organizations that do the job training to meet a "performance standard"—to prove that they place a high percentage of their trainees in real jobs. The result is a program that is quite small—in Houston there are fewer than 500 JTPA jobs—and that is oriented toward what's called, in the job-training business, "creaming." That means accepting into the program people who are most likely to find permanent jobs quickly—high school graduates and the like, as opposed to truly dead-end kids. The programs are "more geared to private-sector needs and not the multiple-problem individual," says William Grinker, who is doing a two-year, thirty-six-state study of JTPA for a group of foundations. In Houston, where the program has been under way for less than a year, not one person with a JTPA job is from a family on welfare.

BY FAR THE most-studied poverty program—in fact, the only one for which it's possible to say with some precision how the cuts have affected people—is welfare. Every expert of note except Robert Carleson, Reagan's former special assistant for policy development, expected that the loss of work incentives—chiefly, the thirty-and-a-third program, the 150-percent-of-need ceiling on income, and most of the child-care and work-related expense deductions—would cause working people on welfare to leave their jobs.

It is possible to find people who have behaved as predicted. For example, I met a woman in Bridgeport who had quit her job as a private-duty nurse in order to get back on Medicaid so that she could afford treatment for her chronic bronchitis. She was living on her welfare checks and doing volunteer work. But the statistics show that her story is atypical and that of the working people thrown off the welfare rolls by the changes, most have not returned. Last year the Research Triangle Institute, in North Carolina, published a study of forty welfare districts; it found that people leaving the welfare rolls after the cuts were actually less likely to return to welfare than people who had left the rolls when all the work incentives were still in place. Subsequent studies have confirmed the finding. Even the liberal Center for the Study of Social Policy reported low rates of return to welfare among those thrown off the rolls in 1981; it found that in New York City more than 80 percent had worked in the twenty-seven months since the cuts took effect.

The most ambitious and thorough study of the welfare cuts was published this year by the General Accounting Office. The GAO analyzed all welfare cases in the country and found that Reagan's cuts have reduced the case load by roughly one seventh—about 493,000 people. It held interviews with 668 people in five cities (Boston, Dallas, Memphis, Milwaukee, and Syracuse) who had left the rolls because their jobs had rendered them ineligible. Again, a low rate of return to welfare was discovered. But the lack of food, gas, electricity, clothing, and medical care was often severe.

The 668 people surveyed had lost as much as $198 a month (the average loss in Milwaukee) in welfare payments.

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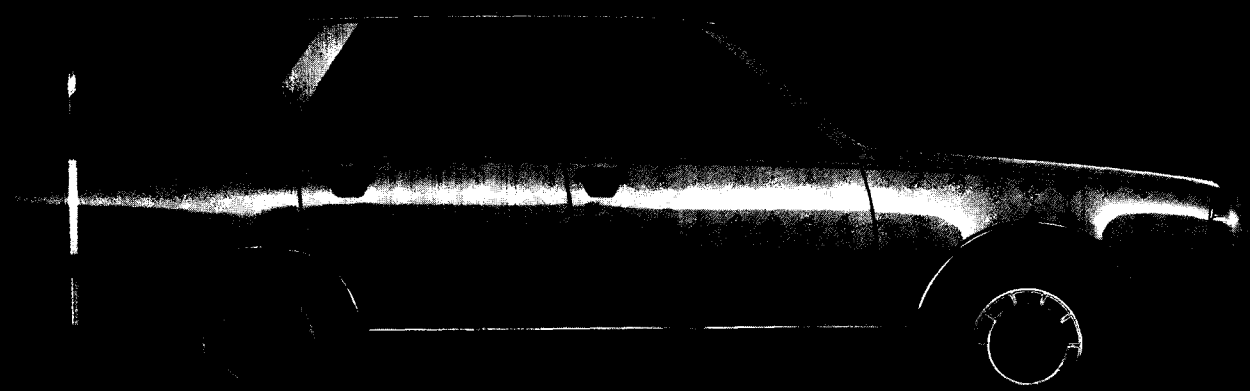

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RENAULT

THE ONE TO WATCH

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Their earned income was significantly higher (by $176 a month in Boston) than it had been when they were on welfare, because they were working longer to try to make up the difference. Even so, their total household incomes had fallen—by $115 a month in Boston, $264 a month in Dallas, and $246 a month in Memphis. Although the Administration had said that lower welfare payments would be offset by more generous food-stamp allotments, the GAO study found that for most, food-stamp allotments had declined too. According to the study, a high percentage of those dropped from welfare—nearly 60 percent in Dallas—had no medical insurance. In the states where benefits are high, people reported having depleted all their savings since leaving welfare. About a third would not seek treatment of a dental problem, because of the expense. Nearly half said that they were not eating as well. Many said that they were borrowing money and that their utilities were being shut off more often.

Why, then, didn't these people go back on welfare? Dealing with aggregate numbers, one can only speculate. Certainly, the working former welfare recipients that the GAO studied don't fit the popular conception of people on welfare. Only about a fifth of the GAO group had been on welfare as children, and they hadn't gone on welfare themselves until four or five years, on average, after the birth of their first child. Most of them had been working steadily for the same employer for more than three years. More than half were high school graduates. Perhaps the GAO's subjects represent an unusually self-reliant group within the welfare population which has left behind on the rolls a newly winnowed-out underclass. Perhaps the work ethic is so strong, and the long-term benefits of getting off welfare so obvious, as to outweigh whatever short-term benefits accrue to staying on it. In any case, the GAO study does seem to show that taking away work incentives does not cause people to stop working, and that it may even encourage people to work more hours.

The Administration was not at all surprised by the finding that work incentives aren't necessary. It was both proud of the reductions in the welfare rolls and skeptical of the discovery of material deprivation among the working poor. When the GAO briefed officials of the Department of Health and Human Services on the report, the officials strongly challenged the report's contention that people who had left the welfare rolls were in need. The officials asked, Why didn't you find out if they smoke? Maybe they spend their money on cigarettes instead of food. Do they really need the money they have lost? Aren't there people elsewhere in the society who live on less? The Administration seemed to be fixated on absolutely preventing anyone from living the life of Riley on welfare while others, engaged in honest toil, have to struggle.

It isn't right to dismiss out of hand the idea that welfare can pay more than a job. The gross income from four forty-hour weeks at the minimum wage is $536; a welfare mother in Bridgeport with three kids gets $532 a month, tax free, plus Medicaid. But in states where benefits are low, the income from welfare is nowhere near that from a job at the minimum wage. In a system with wide disparities between one state and another, a reduction that stings in Connecticut burns in Texas.

The GAO study found that 85 percent of the respondents in Memphis—working people who had lost their welfare benefits—were living on incomes below the federal poverty line. What remains of the working population still on welfare is hardly prospering. I met a welfare mother in Houston named Myrtis Newton, a fried-chicken cook at Ron's Drive Inn and Bail Bonds (a one-story cinder-block emporium with a couple of gas pumps in front and a sign that says "24 HOUR ARMED GUARD ON DUTY"). She had recently started working part-time for about $3 an hour, bringing home $30 a week, and was angling for a full-time job. Her welfare check was $116 a month, her food stamps amounted to $253, and her rent was paid by the government. She lived in an apartment complex across the street from Ron's; she had found her job there after the Houston office of the Work Incentive program, whose staff had been cut under Reagan from fifty-four to seventeen people, had failed to find anything for her. Her three sons, aged seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen, were living at home. Her phone and utilities had been cut off for months.

Myrtis Newton had been on and off welfare for ten years. She had five sons in all. The oldest, by her account, was an unemployed drifter, but the second was married, with children, and had a steady job as the manager of Ron's. Of the three boys at home, one was working, one was doing nothing, and one was in high school. After the Reagan Administration had cut off the AFDC subsidy for children eighteen or older, Mrs. Newton's check had been reduced twice, when each of the two older boys turned eighteen. In a year she would be off welfare entirely, work or no work.

It was obvious that her circumstances were terribly meager. "My older kids aren't on Medicaid anymore," Mrs. Newton told me. "If I take them to the doctor, I pay cash. If they have dental work, I have to pay. They're all on food stamps, but can you imagine how much $253 would feed four people in a month? We have to eat plenty of beans, plenty of rice, cornbread—we eat like folks on a plantation. I can't fix meat, vegetables, dessert, or stuff like that. On Saturday and Sunday I try to have meat. I can't complain, because I'm thankful."

She had been working more hours lately, and she knew that her next welfare check and food-stamp allotment would be smaller as a result. So her plan was to talk the owner of Ron's into employing her full-time, even though the job would mean losing her welfare check altogether, and with it Medicaid and therefore regular treatment for her varicose veins and high blood pressure. The day I saw her she had been working so hard, she said, that she had almost passed out over the frying grease. "If working throws me off AFDC," she said, "I have no choice but to accept it. If you're making any kind of little money, you're off."

IT SEEMS POSSIBLE that a little more money might soon come the way of people on welfare and food stamps. President Reagan's own task force on hunger, a staunchly conservative group, has recommended slight increases in food-stamp allotments and less-strict criteria for eligibility. This summer Congress, in its tax bill, extended part of the earned-income disregard from four months to a year, raised the income limit for welfare households from 150 to 185 percent of the state's need standards, and made recipients who leave the welfare rolls in order to work eligible temporarily for Medicaid. The House version of the bill went some way toward establishing a national standard for welfare, but that idea died in conference.

If the government's charter is only to provide the poor with food, clothing, shelter, and medical care, then these questions of eligibility and equitable

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benefits are all that need to be settled. Because of the Administration's handling of the budget, we are not fulfilling the charter completely now, but fulfillment is possible, for probably less than one percent of current federal spending.

If the charter extends further than that, as has been presumed for the past twenty years—if it extends to helping poor people dependent on the government to become self-sufficient, decently educated working people—then the next step isn't nearly so obvious. Reagan has, by his deeds, renounced that part of the charter. The years of trying to transform communities of the poor which seem to breed failure into communities in the ordinary sense of the word—repositories of friendship, progress, and mature values—seem to be ending.

When the federal government was ardent in its effort to solve the social problems of the ghettos, millions of people, especially urban blacks, left the ranks of the poor. It's a crude measure, but in the 1970s, 224,000 blacks moved from inside the city limits of Washington, D.C., to the suburbs; in Chicago, 102,000 moved out; in Atlanta, 123,000; in Philadelphia, 55,000; in St. Louis, 67,000. Yet, the problems that the government set out to solve have gotten worse.

The inner-city public schools have continued to decline. The crime rates have until very recently continued to rise. Drug use has become more prevalent. Housing projects have become increasingly unlivable. Unemployment in the ghettos has risen. The percentage of families that are headed by females and thus, according to statistics, are likely to be poor has risen the fastest of all. And as people have moved from the ghettos to the suburbs, they have left the ghettos poorer in terms of human capital.

Any first-hand experience with the world of the poor teaches one to be extremely skeptical of generalizations about it. Even the experts whose theories shaped the policies of the past twenty years are now prepared to say that the culture of poverty is not monolithic, and that they don't really understand what gets some people out and not others. The continuing decline of the ghettos is a terrible mystery. As long as it remains so, nothing will challenge the urge to shrug and not worry about it that has prevailed since Reagan took office.

—Nicholas Lemann

Nicholas Lemann is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

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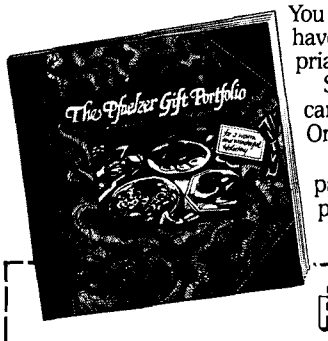

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BLOW DRY

BY JILL CRANE

WE BEGAN DESIGNING hair dryers back before the gun style was introduced, even before the development of the bonnet with the plastic belt hitch that helped you dry your hair and vacuum at the same time. In fact, we started out before the concept of towel drying, at a time when people dried their hair by sticking their heads out the window. Since then we've been allowed to design 1,139 models, both in and out of the sanatorium.

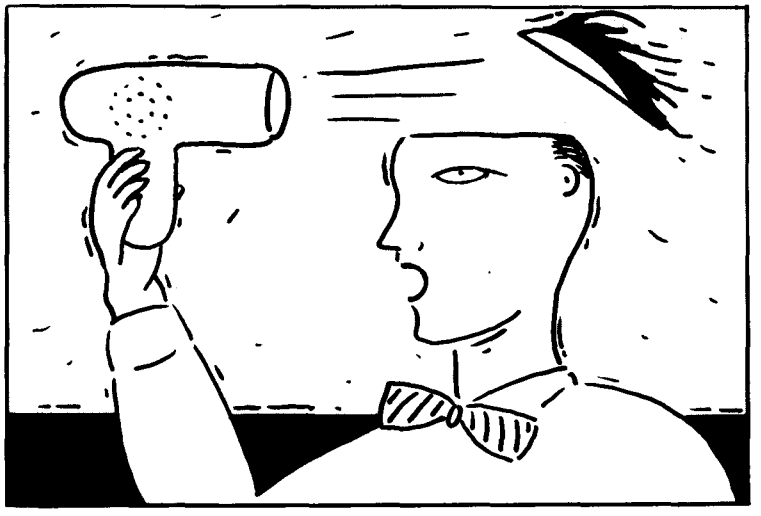
The first dryer we produced had a broad handle and a soft, feminine look, and, in fact, we needed only three attempts before we came up with "Myra," the hair dryer shaped like a voluptuous woman. Our company, Mr. Dry, didn't like where the hot air blew out, and when we refused to change it they had us put away.

After the treatments we designed a dryer with a different concept—much more sedate and, well, psychotropic. In fact, it was a hair dryer that looked like a giant Thorazine capsule, because, well, that was all we thought about in those days. It was cordless and had a cylinder that was half red and half clear, with white stuff inside. We ran into mechanical difficulties when the hot air blew inward and melted all the wiring.

When we got out, we decided, Damn it, let's have a little fun. People are supposed to enjoy themselves while drying their hair, and we're going to help them. In a frenzy we went to Macy's and smashed all the hair dryers on the floor, and after Mr. Dry paid the bail we came up with a new model. Look, the brush element snaps on and off. And the comb element, see, you can snap that on and off too, and it also has a removable roller element. The handle snaps off too, and so does the motor.

After the Macy's incident Mr. Dry decided that we should lie low for a while in a place like India, so they shipped us off with only our Japanese watch and told us to come back with some new designs. Not one person we met during our stay in Calcutta had ever used a hair dryer, but they did have this marvelous philosophy where you sit around all day and think about just one thing or a sound or a word.

We thought about hair dryers—not sometimes, but every minute of every day until they notified us of the hearing. The result was Essence of Hair Dryer. Of all the 4.5 billion people on this planet, we were chosen by God to create the ultimate hair dryer, and I'm telling you, this one is a beauty. Look at it—it's simple yet it has a lot of detail. Look at the way the nozzle attaches to the body. It screws on like a light bulb. And the on/off switch isn't cluttered with a lot of confusing speeds like low, medium, and high. The switch is simple and direct—on, off.



The day we returned from India, the judge ordered us to the home. They were very nice to us there, and to keep us quiet they gave us their entire collection of cardboard tubes—from paper towels, mostly, and toilet tissue. Despite the treatments, we soon realized that the tubes reminded us of blow dryers. We liked playing with them, and the doctors encouraged us to pretend that we were drying our own hair, and they kept asking us how our mother felt about personal hair-care products. We began to feel and to relate in ways we had never dreamed of—if you reversed two tubes and had the air blow into your sleeve, what would that do? What if you took two small, three medium, and four large tubes and connected them to a lawn mower—could you style your hair and cut grass at the same time? The ideas obsessed us until we arrived at the final product: a hair dryer that was nothing but different-sized paper tubes. It was a dryer we fell in love with. It was a dryer we wanted to do illicit things with. And in the end it was a dryer that spoke to us. That was when they took it away. Mr. Dry told us it sold very well in the stores, and that made up for every minute of the electroshock therapy.

After they found out that the electroshock had destroyed half of our brain cells, Mr. Dry thought we should design a dryer that expressed our sense of fun at having the mind of a six-year-old again. So we fashioned a dryer that was nonintellectual, illiterate, and, in the words of the television commercial, "fit for an idiot." The excitement of youth shows in what we called it—"Baby Blow," the little one, the one that leaves your hair wet no matter how long you stand there holding it to your head. We've projected the feeling of youth right through to the picture on the package—a picture of a man drooling.

We find that people are very sensitive about their personal hair-care products and in particular that they want to have an enormous emotional high when grooming. For them it's not just a matter of fixing the hair. It's plugging into the cultural voltage of a whole generation.

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Jill Crane is the editor of The Living Bird Quarterly.

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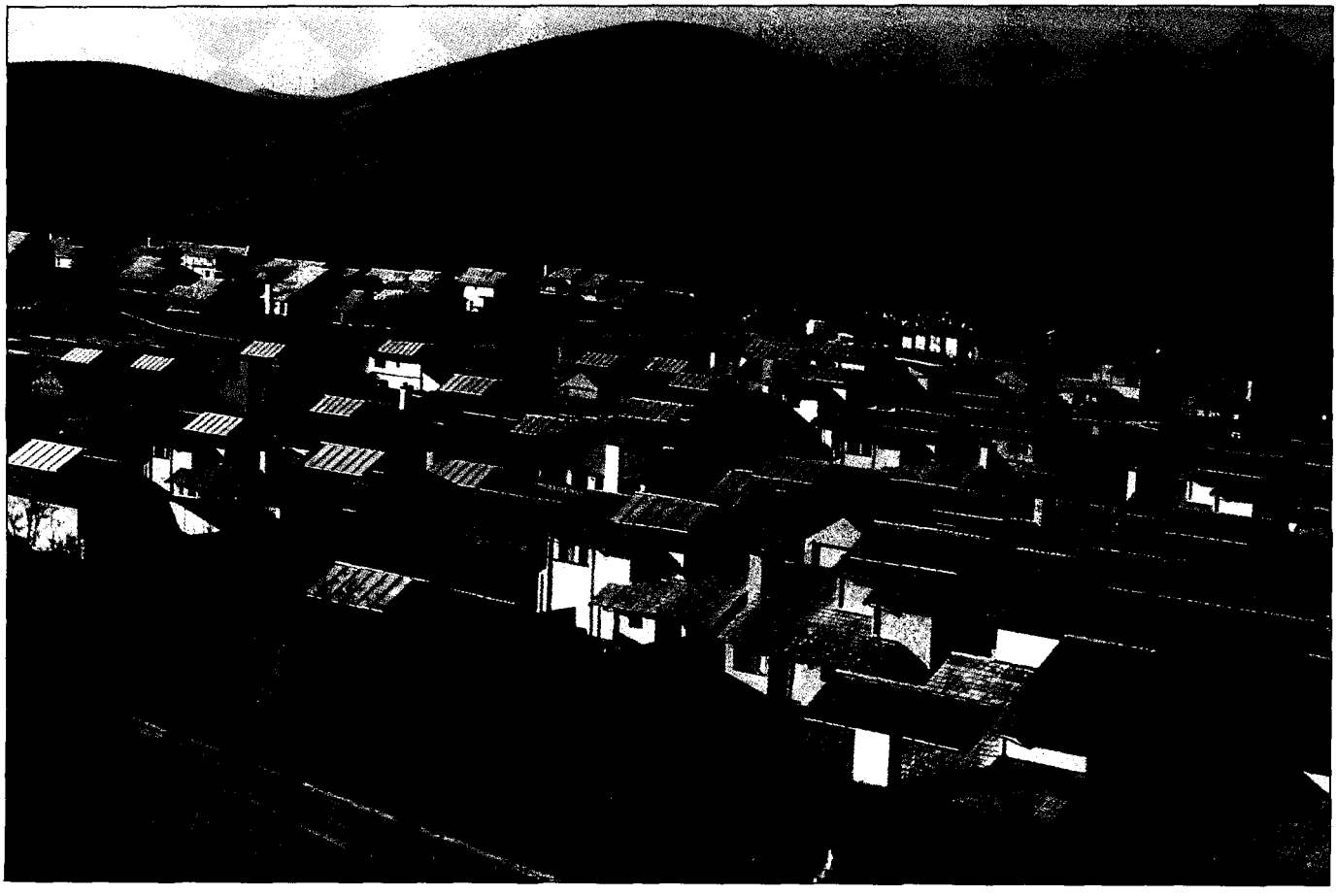
What we're building and buying in the eighties

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

BY PHILIP LANGDON



ROD HERMAN

THE VILLAGE, A SOLAR-HOUSING DEVELOPMENT IN BENICIA, CALIFORNIA

HOW WELL CRAFTED ARE TODAY'S HOUSES? HOW ENergy-efficient are they? Has housing changed significantly to accommodate singles, working women, the elderly, and other elements of society in the 1980s? In what ways are Americans' houses improving, and in what ways are they getting worse?

I began searching for answers to these questions early last year. My first stop was a national convention of homebuilders in Houston, where construction costs and whirlpool-equipped master-bedroom suites were among the major preoccupations. In the months that followed I checked on 486-square-foot condominiums in Silicon Valley, a house in upstate New York that operates without a furnace, houses on top of an office building, houses embedded in the earth, factory-built houses, solar-heated houses, log houses, and houses of unsurpassed luxury.

Many of the people I talked to said that this was a bad time to look for the new or adventurous in housing: most builders had been more intent on surviving in an uncertain economy than on innovating. As I traveled the country, it became apparent that these cautionary observations were correct in a superficial way: there wasn't a lot of daring being displayed on the exteriors of new homes. Where a new

Philip Langdon, who specializes in writing about design, is at work on an architectural history of American chain restaurants.

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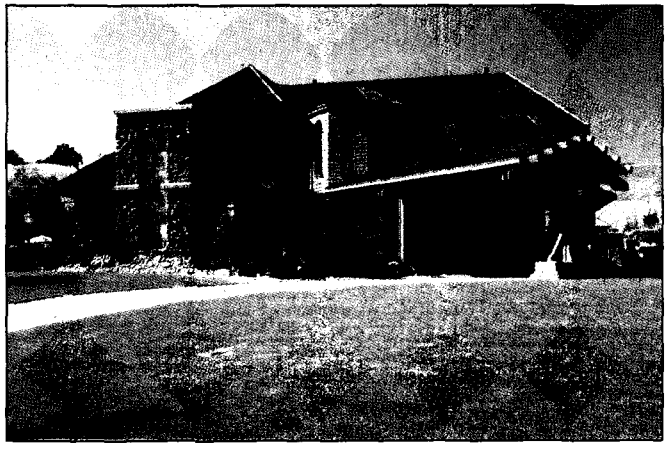
aesthetic was being tried, it usually took the form of a variation on traditional architecture rather than an attempt to evoke a high-tech future.

Those who build houses are reverting more and more to historical styles. After forty years of the back yard as the main place for outdoor relaxation, the front porch has returned, if only for appearance's sake. A revival of Victorian taste has occurred all over the country, in the work of leading architects and ordinary contractors alike.



COURTESY BLACKHAWK CORPORATION

COTTAGE-STYLE HOUSE, BLACKHAWK

In California, a state long known for its success with contemporary design, I drove over the hills east of San Francisco Bay and into the tan eastern foothills of the San Ramon Valley. There, 700 houses have already been built in a 5,000-acre development called Blackhawk, where there are planned to be 2,100 houses selling for from $300,000 to more than five million dollars.

As I passed through Blackhawk's landscaped entrance I realized just how effective traditional architectural forms are at showing off newly acquired wealth. At the end of a cul-de-sac bordered by sandbags that had combated the spring rains, I looked up at an enormous neo-Victorian house complete with a tower, many gables, and a profusion of painted white latticework.

Only a few of the houses built so far at Blackhawk are Victorian, but nearly every one makes ostentatious use of traditional architectural elements: sidelights of leaded glass, stained-glass windows in unusual shapes, cascades of roofs with a surfeit of dormers. "Our major costs go into the roof," William DeBene, one of the builders, says. "That creates the uniqueness and appeal of the housing."

What has arisen, and not just at Blackhawk, is a new picturesque movement in domestic architecture. An intricate cleverness marks much of America's newest housing. The architectural features being revived from earlier times are often used with a new twist or with such intensity that the resulting houses look anything but quietly settled. In many expensive subdivisions and in the influential pages of *Progressive Architecture* the spirit that prevails is "Look at me!"

Designers for the prominent firm Centerbrook, formerly Moore Grover Harper, in Essex, Connecticut, say that by using traditional elements in untraditional ways they have put playfulness into houses. Playfulness seems a peculiar attribute to give something that will stand as long as a house will. It's like telling the same joke day after day: the effect wears thin.

Indeed, outside the circles of high-fashion postmodern architects with a penchant for irony, playfulness does not sell well at all. The intention of the builders at a development like Blackhawk is considerably different: this is straight-faced stuff. The builders' use of visually complex, traditional forms is meant to convey emotional power, and it does so for the simple reason that an elaborate house seems bigger, more lavish, more expensive.

Neither playfulness nor a lavishness inspired by tradition was supposed to be a fundamental concern of American housing in 1984. When the Arab oil embargo struck the United States, in 1973, a number of architects envisioned a new kind of design: the solar house, built and sited to soak up the sun's warmth through the day and to draw from that supply during nights and cloudy periods. Architects began to make use of the sun the overriding consideration in their designs. In Concord, Massachusetts, Acorn Structures still produces contemporary houses with solar-collector panels on the roof. The panels' fiber-glass top surfaces are wavy, partly to enhance their structural strength but also because the waviness creates a distinctive and conspicuously solar appearance. Even today, some people like their solar obvious.

Most designers, however, have become less enamored of the "solar look." Solar architects showing slides of their work from the mid-1970s frequently act as if they're confronting a period of youthful fanaticism, now cooled. Overall, today's solar homes look much more relaxed about their reliance on the sun. In a house in the Catskills that Paul F. Pietz designed, there is a great south-facing sun space, but its glass is divided into traditional small-paned windows culminating in an exuberant arch. The shapes and the shingled walls give the house a Queen Anne character. Jefferson B. Riley, of Centerbrook, designed a house at the edge of Long Island Sound in Guilford, Connecticut, whose heat comes

COURTESY BLACKHAWK CORPORATION

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH TUDOR, BLACKHAWK

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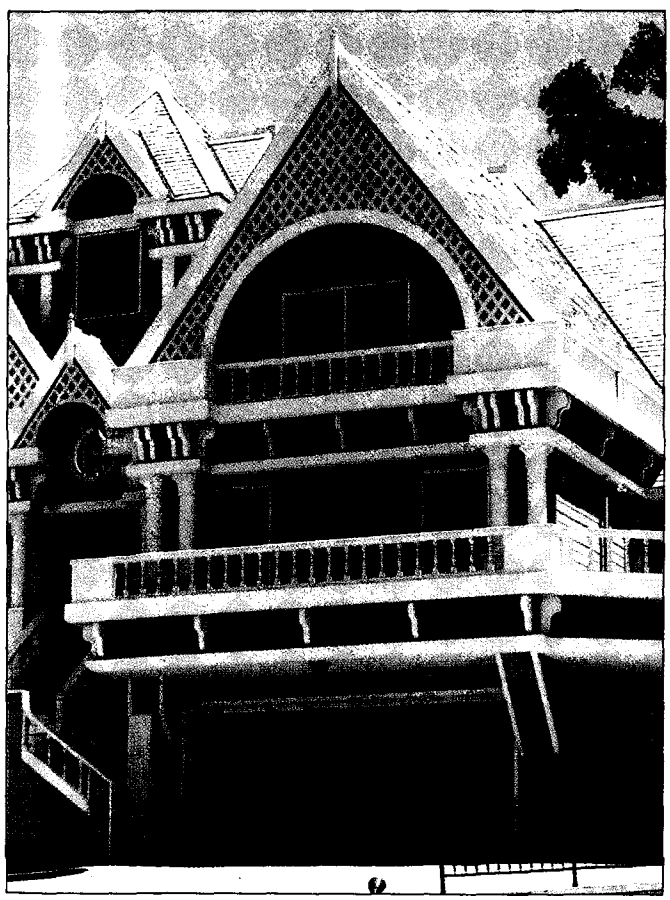
largely from collector panels placed at arm's length—on an adjacent wedge-shaped gazebo. Their visual impact is softened by cedar shingles. In the densely suburbanized hills above Benicia, California, north of San Francisco Bay, sits a subdivision called The Village. Houses in The Village satisfy some of their energy needs through active and passive solar design. Indeed, the solar features are so important to the marketing plan devised by the developer, the Southampton Company, that the models are named Mercury, Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Orion, and Apollo. And yet the designs show an awareness that innovations, especially innovations brought on by scarcity, must not disrupt long-held notions about a home's appearance if they are to be accepted in a mass market. "When you're in a cul-de-sac, you don't see the panels," Victor Freeman, a partner in Southampton, says. "We don't want to make this look like an alternative-lifestyle development."

A house in Florida has different goals: near Disney World, Roy Mason, a Washington architect, has built "Xanadu," which he unabashedly describes as "the home of the future," a dwelling shaped by technology, distinguished by curves and bulges on the outside and sophisticated electronics on the inside. It was constructed by spraying plastic foam onto large balloons; Mason calls the resulting form "organic." In truth, this is an outdated vision of the house of the future. Odd shapes enjoyed their heyday in the late fifties, when Eero Saarinen could design a hockey rink at Yale with the contour of a whale. Enthusiasm for novel space-age or even organic shapes is virtually dead now.



COURTESY BLACKHAWK CORPORATION

NEO-VICTORIAN DETAIL, BLACKHAWK

Note the failure of the geodesic dome to win widespread acceptance. Last spring, as southeastern Pennsylvania was coming into bloom, I followed a winding road outside Philadelphia to the executive offices of U.S. Geodesics, one of the largest of America's approximately twenty dome-home builders. U.S. Geodesics, with a Texas affiliate, turns out about 200 domes a year, a negligible figure in a country that produced 1,062,000 housing units even in 1982, a severely depressed year.

The dome industry remains in a missionary stage. Many of the people who sell domes got into the business because they believed in domes enough to build them as their own homes. They have to convert others from conventional housing, and it is hard to make converts. Even if the unusual look and the unique room configuration of a dome appeal to the prospective buyer, dome houses are not inexpensive. If cost per square foot is your main concern, says John Reshetar, president of U.S. Geodesics, you're better off buying a basic ranch house.

The cheapest of all is the mobile home, which a decade ago was capturing an increasingly substantial share of the market. In 1972 one of every five new homes was mobile; 576,000 were shipped from Indiana, the mobile-home heartland, and from other states. And then the surge ended. In 1983 mobile-home manufacturers shipped 295,000 units—less than 15 percent of America's overall housing production. More than a quarter of them were double-wides, intended to simulate the layout and proportions of a standard contractor-built house. Astute manufacturers are embarrassed by the "trailer look"—the bowed front, the flat metal roof, the narrow sliver of living space. They would rather their product look like "regular housing."

The quest for a conventional-looking factory-made house has come closer to succeeding in modular housing. Typically, a modular factory turns out a series of boxes, ranging from twelve to fourteen feet wide and from twenty-eight to fifty-six feet long, and these boxes are assembled into a house. One of the first things pointed out to anyone who visits a modular-housing plant is how hard it is to tell a standard home built on site from a home put together from components made in forty-eight hours in a factory.

At Contempri Homes, in the blackened, strip-mined countryside near Scranton, Pennsylvania, the storage yards outside the plant are lined with boxes that hold special truss roofs. On the highway the roof remains folded down to pass under bridges, but when it arrives at its destination, it is unfolded and takes the pitch of a typical site-built roof.

At the largest modular-housing company in New England, Continental Homes, in Nashua, New Hampshire, a sales lot near the executive offices displays two furnished models: a ranch-style house and a two-story house with a gambrel roof. A few years ago a one-story house was all

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that modular manufacturers could produce. Then they mastered bi-level, split-level, and two-story houses. A two-story house is made by joining two boxes side by side and then putting two more boxes on top. Manufacturers are learning how to connect the boxes to form townhouse and apartment projects three stories high. They hope that efforts like these will help modular housing to increase its share of the market above its current four percent. Many hold an unshakable belief that anything that looks unconventional will be regarded as inferior.

MOST FAMILIES ARE PRICED OUT OF THE NEW-HOME market and have been for years. In April the median price of a new single-family house rose above $80,000—an increase of 24 percent since 1979, even though houses built this year are probably slightly smaller than those of five years ago. From 1979 to 1983 the median house size slipped from 1,650 to 1,580 square feet.

During the recession in 1975 there were attempts to bring new houses within the financial reach of more people by eliminating such "frills" as fireplaces. The austere dwellings that resulted were called "back-to-basics" houses; by the time they had been on the market several months, they were also called failures. Perceptive builders learned that rather than buy houses stripped of elements they expected, people put off buying any housing at all. The strategy for the eighties, then, was to reduce the square footage of the house or the land or both without making the final product seem impoverished or peculiar.

ROBB MILLER

SHARED ENTRYWAY AT MISSION VERDE

No builder has devoted greater attention to this squeezing-down than Barratt, a British company described by its executives as the largest builder of private homes in the world. Barratt began moving into California in 1980, buying established American home-building firms. From England it brought its experience in constructing tiny housing units to be sold to singles and couples—Studio Solo and Studio Duo, the company calls them—who can't afford large ones but would rather own than rent.

There was an unusual amount of opportunity in California. The booming job market in Silicon Valley had pushed up real-estate prices to such an extent that San Jose had become the nation's fourth most expensive metropolitan area for owner-occupied housing. Where were lower-echelon workers to live? Barratt, recognizing that a portion of the housing market was not being served, estimated how much a single person or a couple in their twenties could afford to pay, and designed housing to fit that budget. The result was condominium units in San Jose containing as little as 486 square feet.

In a noisily commercial area a few hundred yards from the Guys & Dolls Lounge, the San Jose Hotline Thrift Store, and a tired-looking barbecue stand, I walked through one of these condos. It was a short walk; for $49,950, you get to sleep in your living room on a roll-out bed. The condo did not feel quite as small as it is. Windows placed so that your attention easily extends outward are a visual antidote to claustrophobia but an only partially successful one, since the vistas consist in large measure of driveways, a drainage canal, and neighboring condos. A chest-high partition is all that separates the kitchen and the living room, so that both rooms feel somewhat larger. Joseph Head, the director of Barratt's Bay Area operations, says, "Four hundred eighty-six square feet for most people is a perception situation rather than an actual situation. You can make it as good as six hundred square feet."

Head says that Barratt's designers asked themselves, What are the hallmarks of conventionality? What features are most strongly associated with homeownership? Thus they called for a washer and dryer in each dwelling rather than the shared laundry room typical of apartment complexes. Appliances are smaller than normal, but closets are not. The bathroom, as well as the tub and shower, is standard-sized. Each unit has a small patio or deck, and a garage underneath: cars are important. Barratt has spent money on overhangs and projections that give the front of the complex (but not the back) some character and soften what would otherwise be a spartan appearance.

Such small condo units outside of a city full of high-rises have to be considered experimental. Yet there is little visible acknowledgment that buyers are participating in something unusual. These tiny units come with all the reassur-

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ingly familiar associations that interior decoration can summon up. On the kitchen wall of "The Buckingham," a one-bedroom, 576-square-foot unit selling for $63,450, hangs a drawing of a kitchen from long ago. In the drawing a curtain blows at an open window. On the windowsill a pie cools. Outside the window is a white picket fence. This idealized slice of domesticity is even dated: a calendar says Wednesday, July 13, 1904. The real view from The Buckingham is nothing like the picture, of course, and even if it were, life within the condo's twenty-by-twenty-nine-foot confines would bear little resemblance to life at the beginning of the century. In this complex, called Castlemont but far removed from genuine castles and mountains, the developer's task is first to innovate and then to disguise the innovation with an atmosphere of pleasant familiarity.

In Fremont, several miles north of San Jose, Barratt has produced condos even smaller: 432 square feet. Within three weeks of the opening, all sixteen units of that size in the project were sold. Other builders and architects have been compelled to watch Barratt's progress closely. Nonetheless, many make jokes. "That's not a house, that's a closet," exclaims Christopher Hanson, of Broadmoor Homes, a northern California builder that has won numerous design awards over the years. Hanson's main objection is, "What will the resale value be?"

It's a widely raised question. Barry Berkus, a Santa Barbara architect who has been involved in designing housing in more than half the states in the country, says, "Buying housing in the U.S. has always been part of the beginning of a process of working toward that bigger house on a bigger lot—of moving up in equity. The units that had flexibility sold much better in the resale market. If a builder begins to develop a product that will not resell well, he cheats his buyer." Berkus adds that by selling units in which areas for socializing and sleeping are merged, like some of Barratt's small units, "you're causing people to buy something that over the long run will be difficult for them to deal with."

Richardson Nagy Martin, an architectural firm in Newport Beach, California, has studied the question of how small a unit with long-term livability can be and has come up with the answer of 550 square feet. Rodney Friedman, an architect in San Francisco, has found that the vast majority of developers are uninterested in producing units of less than 600 square feet. At 600 or 550 square feet, there's room for a bedroom, and the cost of building one is considered by many to be insignificant. Bedrooms are uncomplicated and cheap. It's kitchens and bathrooms, with their plumbing and fixtures, that do the most to drive up the cost of a house.

Population growth in the United States is greatest in nonmetropolitan areas, where housing is cheapest. Since 1970 America's rural population has grown at one of the fastest rates in this century. People will live on the edge of the Mojave Desert to get a three-bedroom house on an acre or more of land for $55,000. But among those unwilling to commute long distances, the trend is toward housing that is packed together more tightly. The most advanced thinking on how to accomplish this originates in California. The phenomenal increase in California's real-estate values during the past decade has generated a lot of pressure. In 1973, $72,000 was the price of new 2,800-square-foot four-bedroom houses in Turtle Rock, an upper-middle-class section of the Irvine Ranch, an immense suburban development in Orange County, about forty miles southeast of Los Angeles. In 1983 the same houses were reselling for $350,000.

PHILIP LANGDON

PHILIP LANGDON

ZERO-LOT-LINE HOUSING AT VISTA FILARE

In 1964 Rodney Friedman and Robert Fisher helped draw up the blueprints for some of the nation's first "planned-unit" developments—large suburban tracts built up at more than the customary suburban density, but laid out to fit the terrain and incorporating open space reserved for common use. Local government, as its part of the bargain, freed the developer from highly specific requirements on such planning and zoning matters as lot sizes and street widths. The developer, in return, promised to treat the land more imaginatively than civil engineers seemed capable of doing.

Today Fisher-Friedman Associates is one of the most successful design firms in the United States, having planned or designed 100,000 housing units in the past twenty years—dwellings that have won so many awards

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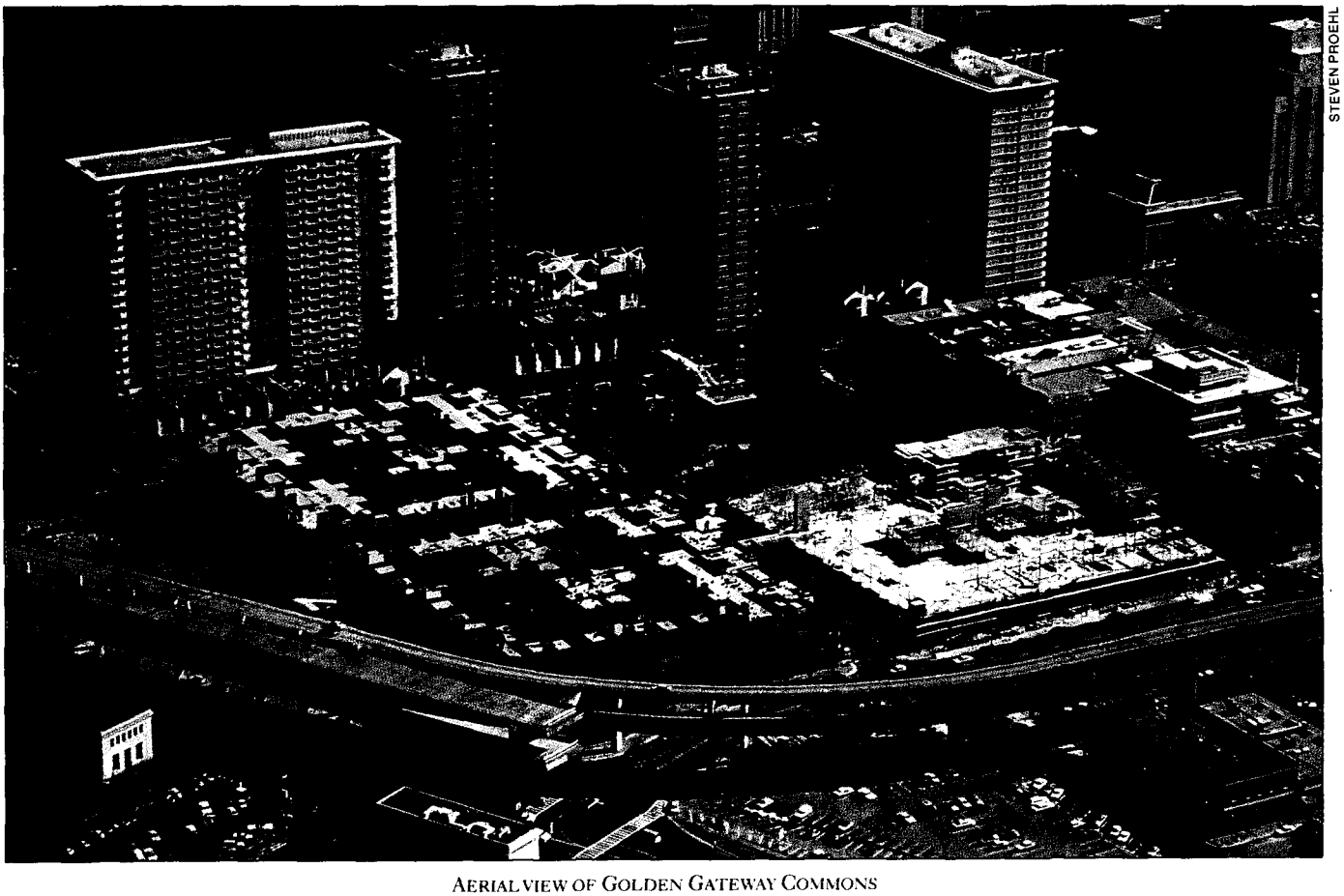
that Friedman may well be justified in boasting that they will be remembered as "this century's best housing."

Fisher-Friedman, in San Francisco, Berkus Group Architects, in Santa Barbara, Richardson Nagy Martin, in Newport Beach, and several others are a new kind of professional firm—one that gets involved in the building process early, not just designing the houses but also deciding what form of housing is best suited to a particular piece of ground. The firm's job is to tell the developer what to build and where to build it for both a successful sales program and an environment satisfying to residents. This expanded role, which is still not prevalent in much of the United States, helps explain why many of the new developments in California manage to be highly livable in a suburban manner despite their high density.

Off the Ventura Freeway in Camarillo, about halfway between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, I walked through Mission Verde, a condominium complex with tile roofs and rough-textured stucco walls, designed by Barry Berkus. Prices are about $100 a square foot, a common figure in California. For $86,500 a buyer would live on the second floor in a unit containing only one bedroom. Yet it would convey a dignity out of proportion to its size. Coming home to your 844 square feet, you would walk up your own outdoor stairway—not one shared with neighbors, as at Barratt's San Jose development. An arched entryway heightens the sense of arrival and avoids the institutional feeling of most large housing developments.

On the exterior of the simplified Spanish Colonial-style complex are decks with walls high enough to provide privacy. You could sunbathe on a second-floor deck without being seen from neighboring windows. Berkus says that the goal is to build housing that is "exciting, flexible, and stimulating enough—not just a filing cabinet, a cube." In many of the units an open staircase leads to a second-story walkway commanding a dramatic view of the living area and entry. Rooms explode upward, using height to compensate for a scarcity of floor space. The attic, recycled, is the hidden resource in today's housing; it is where designers found extra volume to add to the rooms below. One area of the house freely opens into another. The openness makes the small house feel larger.



STEVEN PROEHL

AERIAL VIEW OF GOLDEN GATEWAY COMMONS

In Irvine I went through the Woodbridge Summerfield subdivision of cluster houses, one- and two-story dwellings that represent a cross between row houses and detached single-family residences. Cluster homes share some walls with their neighbors, but in the ones at Irvine, the absence of windows on those walls is hardly noticeable because of small outdoor courts that can be seen and entered through sliding glass doors from practically every room.

At Irvine's Vista Filare development, where $133,000 to $158,000 single-family houses have been built on lots

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averaging thirty-six by eighty-six feet, the yards seem if not generous then at least enjoyable, because the houses have been arranged according to the "zero-lot-line" concept. This means that instead of having narrow, shared side yards on both sides, the houses typically are pushed up against a side boundary. The side of the house hugging the boundary has no windows, so that each house gets a wider side yard that has privacy.

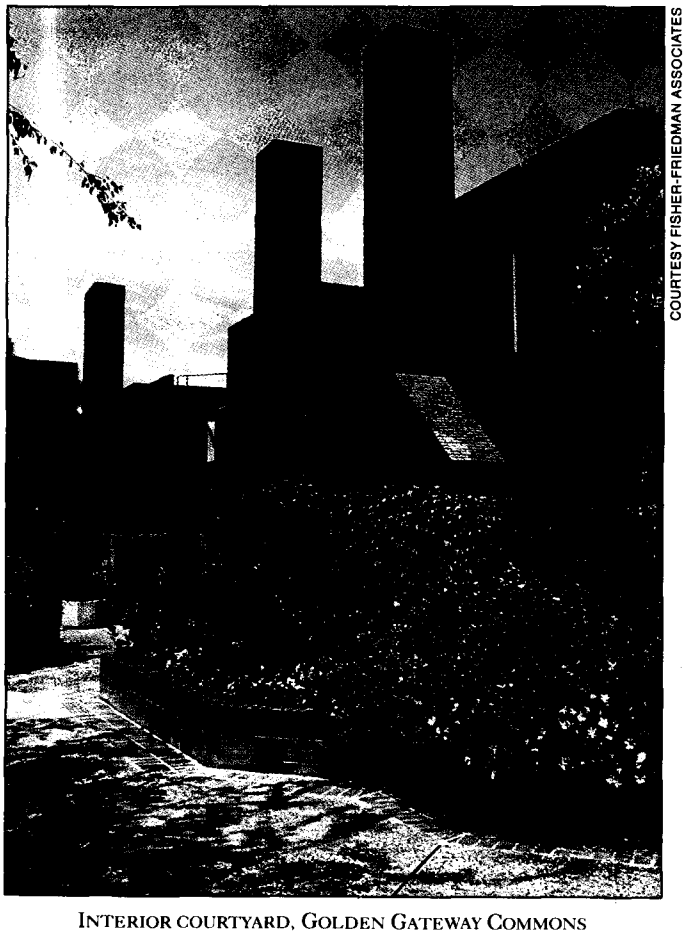
At the Scottsdale Ranch, in Arizona, and at about half a dozen developments elsewhere, Richardson Nagy Martin has introduced the "staggered zero-lot-line," or "sawtooth plotting," which places each house and its garage at an oblique angle to the street. This plan eliminates long straight views of parallel house fronts and avoids monotonous garage alleys like those behind the Vista Filare houses.

In 1972 a group of progressives won control of the city government in Davis, California. The city allowed a predominantly single-family 260-unit development called Village Homes to be built without the usual underground piping system to dispose of storm water. Graveled or planted depressions to carry off rain on the surface saved about $800 per lot. Much of this was used to pay for planting twelve acres of "edible landscape" of vineyards and plum, peach, apricot, and cherry trees, along pathways and peripheral roads and in open space near the center of the development. The landscape provides some food for residents and some jobs for teenagers during the harvest season. "What I did here flies in the face of everything I learned in school," says Michael N. Corbett, the designer-builder, who explains that he was intent on creating a neighborly and environmentally responsible development. "The traditionally educated city planner and city engineer are stuck on 1950s concepts."

In fact many other communities are experimenting with changes in expensive engineering and development practices. A number of local governments, professional organizations, and private groups, led by the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, are cooperating to build thirty "affordable-housing" subdivisions around the nation, unencumbered by many of the usual regulations. At the Cimarron development, in Phoenix, landscaped retention ponds periodically fill up with run-off from the surrounding mountains and provide open space the rest of the year; it is estimated that $3,700 per housing unit was saved on the drainage system in combination with narrower-than-usual streets and eliminated curbs. Many other communities are considering allowing similar innovations.

Nonetheless, the single most effective means of reducing the cost of housing is increasing zoning density, and such zoning often runs into opposition from current homeowners. As one official put it, "Nobody who currently owns a house wants the cost of housing to be lowered considerably."

On the edge of San Francisco's financial district three stories of newly built apartments and townhouses sit on top of two stories of offices and shops. A sound wall of brick and glass block had to be built to deflect the noise from the Embarcadero Freeway, nine feet away. Windows are double-glazed with acoustic-rated glass and gasketed for the same reason. The development, Golden Gateway Commons, designed by Fisher-Friedman, offers a vision of what urban living can be for those who can afford it. Inside the blue steel gates that separate the elevated pedestrian walkways of the Embarcadero Center from Golden Gateway Commons is a private oasis of flowers, shrubbery, meandering brick walkways, and secluded patios.



COURTESY FISHER-FRIEDMAN ASSOCIATES

INTERIOR COURTYARD, GOLDEN GATEWAY COMMONS

"Remember the three little pigs?" Friedman asks as he passes a brick-veneered townhouse. "The brick house was the one that lasted. People really associate brick with quality, and they're right." But even brick is not as desirable as vegetation. Ivy was planted at the base of the building; on the east side it has already climbed to the third floor. "The idea is to get the ivy growing up the whole building someday," Friedman says. He is intent on promoting a style of urban living free of the common urban harshness. "I want you to stand next to landscaping instead of vertical walls. When they're covered with vegetation, walls become very benign."

Friedman believes that Golden Gateway Commons will be an influential model for successful city development. Indeed, developers and designers in every part of the United States expect housing to be placed increasingly on

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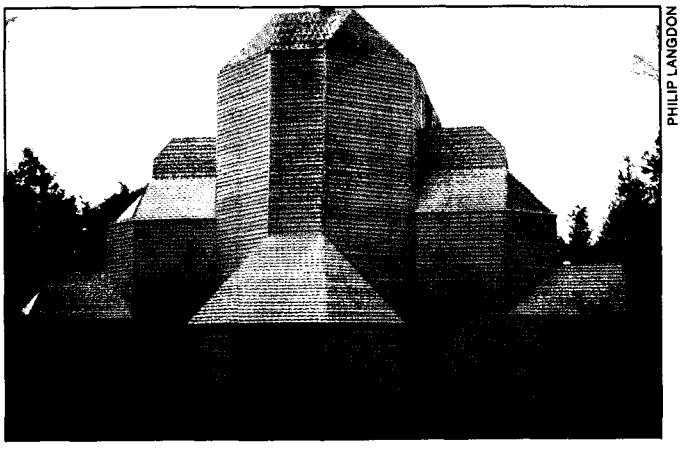
sites that once seemed too nonresidential in character—sites close to huge shopping centers or heavy traffic or noisy industry. "They need a lot of mitigation on the outside," Berkus says of such housing complexes. "You have to plan them so that they focus inward, so that the buyers live in a park setting."

The use of landscaped courtyards, clubhouses, community swimming pools, and other amenities to overcome the discomforts of the nearby environment comes at a price, of course. One-bedroom, 914-square-foot condos at Golden Gateway Commons sold for $220,000 in 1980, and are already being resold for $300,000.

Developers don't have to provide such splendor, at least not everywhere. In highly desirable sections of Los Angeles one current method of developing new housing is to rip down an old single-family house and jam a multiple-unit building onto its site, with just enough room for a walkway on one side and perhaps for a minuscule outdoor sitting area on the other. Such units will sell if people want the location.

"The most underserved are single parents with young children and low incomes," says Mui Ho, an architect in Berkeley, California, who helped design a subsidized development in the nearby town of Hayward so that it would appeal to single women with children. The single-parent family, she believes, has particular needs. Since a single parent doesn't have much time to devote to maintenance, lawns should be small. However, there should be enough land nearby for children to play, and a day-care center. Also, Ho believes, houses should be arranged in clusters, with entrances for, say, five units in a common courtyard, so that people get to know each other and feel confident about asking favors; single parents depend on their neighbors.

PHILIP LANGDON



PHILIP LANGDON

PASSIVE-SOLAR HOUSE BY PAUL BIERMAN-LYTLE

Features like these are hard to obtain for those who have little money. The Reagan Administration has sharply reduced federal support for housing for the poor. And even when federal or state governments support housing for people of limited means, they typically go about it with an attitude that subsidized housing should not be too attractive—an outlook that contrasts dramatically with that in Western Europe, where public housing is regarded as a respectable environment for a lifetime. Ho specified bay windows for the project in Hayward, partly because they would serve as passive solar devices, but state housing officials insisted that most of the bay windows be removed, saying they looked "too posh."

Singles without children fare better. They may not have enough money to buy a home individually, but often they can by joining another person. Many condominium complexes offer "dual master-bedroom suites" and other features to suit two people who are not romantically involved. Kitchen, dining, and living areas are shared, but each person has separate and approximately equal bedroom, bathroom, and closet space. The two suites are often not identical. For example, one may have a truly private bath while the other has a bathroom that is accessible to the rest of the house.

Those who buy these units jointly may sign agreements specifying that each person will continue to contribute half the monthly mortgage payment for three years or so. Without an agreement of some kind, each buyer is in danger that the other person will move out and make continued ownership impossible. After all, the average American moves thirteen times in his life.

CONCERNS ABOUT ENergy have had more impact on house design in the past ten years than in the previous fifty. Solar energy has become an important influence. Housing design that is responsive to the sun, which became a national preoccupation at the time of the Arab oil embargo, has ancient origins. As early as the fifth century B.C. the Greeks began to build cities whose buildings faced due south, even on irregular terrain, and they used porticoes to keep the sun out of the houses during summer and to let it in during winter.

In the United States there was a spate of interest in solar energy in the 1940s, when the introduction of insulating glass was making the picture window a standard component of new homes. In 1947 Libbey-Owens-Ford, the developer of Thermopane, collaborated with Simon & Schuster to publish *Your Solar House*, a book containing one solar-house design for each of the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia. These were what are now

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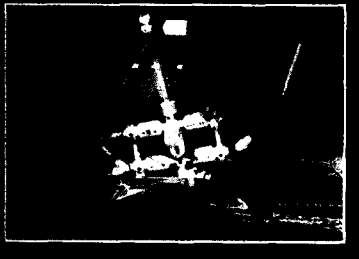

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

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called "passive" solar houses, dwellings that take advantage of the sun without any special machinery.

But fuel did not cost enough to force people to think about glass as a means of gathering energy. Even when all-electric houses proliferated, in the 1950s and 1960s—consuming a form of energy generally two to three times as expensive as oil or gas—the cost of running them spurred no revival of interest in solar alternatives. Thicker insulation and better methods of blocking air infiltration seemed to be sufficient improvements.

When the price of electricity and other conventional fuels skyrocketed, the rush in which solar technology was developed made for rampant problems with the design and installation of new mechanisms. The dimensions of this widespread failure would be better known today if the people who bought solar houses were less reluctant to acknowledge how erratically they performed. According to Donald F. Luebs, of the National Association of Home Builders Research Foundation, rather than admit defeat solar enthusiasts will "wear three sweaters and turn blue." It is, however, largely because of the pioneers' willingness to experiment that the solar houses built today function far more reliably than their predecessors.

At least half a million houses in the United States now depend partly on solar energy. In New Mexico, Colorado, and Connecticut—states with centers of technological expertise and with either high-priced conventional forms of energy or the auspicious combination of cold winter nights and sunny days—pockets of solar home-building have become well established. In Florida, Arizona, and California, collector panels on rooftops are a common source of domestic hot water.

In contrast to the passion that went into solar design in the 1970s, a much more restrained, cost-conscious approach now prevails. Houses now produced by Acorn Structures, of Concord, Massachusetts, rely on a combination of solar techniques, each of which was chosen for reasons of economy. For example, rather than use three-by-eight-foot collectors, which capture the maximum amount of solar heat per square foot, Acorn manufactures its own four-by-twenty-foot panels, which are somewhat less efficient but much cheaper and consequently a better value.

PAUL F. PIETZ

CONTEMPORARY SOLAR HOUSE WITH A QUEEN ANNE LOOK, BY PAUL F. PIETZ

Many people, including Joseph Sherman, the director of building technology for HUD, now think solar collectors are best limited to domestic hot-water systems. During the 1970s Sherman supervised several thousand installations of collector panels for residential space heating. He saw 40 to 60 percent of them fail. Solar space-heating systems are still too complicated and unreliable for the average homeowner to cope with, he believes. "What happens when someone goes away for a week? The critical thing is that the difference in time between a minor problem, which

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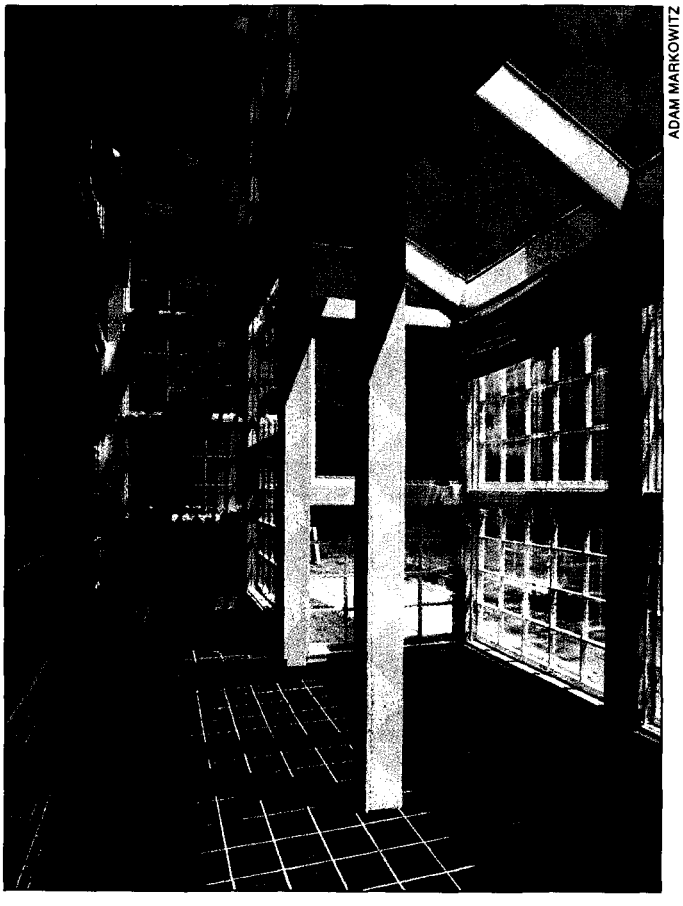
you may not even know about, and a major failure is an hour. The failures are expensive. If you have a leak and the water drains out, you might have temperatures of four hundred, five hundred, six hundred degrees in those collectors. You've baked them dead. The glass can bond together. I think there's a market for active solar space heating, but it's not a mass market."

Mindful of such problems and of costs, solar designers have been moving away from active systems and toward passive techniques, such as concentrating the house's windows on the south side and installing a six-inch-thick masonry floor, topped with tile or brick, to absorb sunshine and gradually release heat hours later. Passive solar devices are becoming increasingly sophisticated. Trombe walls—thick masonry walls recessed a few inches from an exterior wall of glass—were briefly popular among solar designers, but they interfered too much with views to attract a wide market. Big plastic tubes filled with water to absorb heat have encountered similar resistance because of their obtrusiveness. The favored instruments of solar today demand no aesthetic sacrifice; some even add to the pleasure of the environment. One common device is a fireplace with an enlarged chimney wall situated so that it catches the sun several hours a day. A house in the middle or upper price ranges would have had a fireplace anyway, and a wall of stone or brick adds beauty that no basement rock bin for solar heat storage ever would.



ADAM MARKOWITZ

SUN SPACE IN THE PIETZ HOUSE

Donald Watson, an architecture professor at Yale University and an authority on solar energy, notes that builders have learned to sell potentially energy-saving features by emphasizing something beyond energy consumption. Thus the revival of the attached greenhouse or solarium: it can save energy if the homeowner does not pack it with furniture and if he remembers to extract the heat from it on sunny winter days and to close it off at night. But what really clinches the sale is that it's a pleasant place to be in.

Many passive solar houses are long and thin, one room deep, because heat will not travel far without mechanical help. Some houses curve to track the sun from morning to evening; for example, the sleek, sensuous back of a house in Orange, Connecticut, designed by Paul Bierman-Lytle, does this. Interiors are usually open, to help the heat spread, and fans are often installed at the top of solar houses to expel heat during the summer and recirculate it in the winter.

At least four states have already enacted laws protecting the access of buildings to the sun. At the University of Southern California, Professor Ralph Knowles arranged cardboard models on the floor of his architectural studio to demonstrate that with such protection solar housing could be developed comfortably at densities of twenty to forty units an acre. In practice, developers and architects usually abandon solar ideas by the time the density reaches twenty units an acre.

"My best guess is that anywhere from seven to ten percent of all houses built today use some form of passive solar," says Michael Bell, of the National Association of Home Builders (NAHB). "You don't have a Ryan or Ryland or U.S. Homes [three large conventional home-builders] doing passive solar. I think it's a way off for production-type housing. Most of the builders doing solar do ten to twenty houses maximum a year." When considered in light of the home-building industry's long-standing aversion to change—"Fans and pumps were resisted for more than twenty years, until the turn of the century," Everett Barber, an engineer who teaches at Yale's architecture school, says—the progress in solar over the past eleven years need not be regarded as disappointing. Recent progress is, in fact, impressive, in that it has come in spite of the Reagan Administration's cutback three years ago of federal support for solar projects.

In his book *Sun Rhythm Form* Knowles suggests that solar could be more than a heating system: "a new source of aesthetic inspiration." It could bring human beings back into the natural rhythms of the changing hours, days, and seasons—rhythms that have been suppressed by the twentieth century's reliance on mechanical heating, lighting, and cooling. Knowles's vision has a poetic dimension. Whether it will be shared by builders and buyers pursuing lower utility bills is another matter.

"Underground" houses are no longer built. Now they are "earth-sheltered" houses. A new name had to be de-

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vised if people were to be enticed into houses partly submerged in dirt, and this one has connotations of protection rather than of living in a cave. There were probably 300 such houses in 1979, according to Bill Baker, publisher of *Earth Shelter Living*, a magazine whose first issue came out that year. "Now there are 4,000 to 5,000 residential structures with an earth roof that we know about, and there may be twice as many," he says. Most have been built in a band of central states from Oklahoma north to Minnesota, which is the state with the most earth-sheltered houses. Generally, they are planted into hillsides or small man-made slopes, facing south so that large windows or greenhouses on the front can let in as much light as possible.

People find it easy to picture sod houses defying the severe winters of the Great Plains, but in fact they combat extreme heat as well as cold. At Village Homes, in Davis, California, several houses with native and Mediterranean plants on their roofs use the earth in which these grow to moderate daytime temperatures that reach the low hundreds in the summer. In Kansas and Oklahoma earth-sheltered houses are valued for being less vulnerable than others to prairie fires and tornadoes. Baker expects them to become increasingly popular with retired people, because of their resistance to break-ins.

COURTESY EARTH SHELTER LIVING

COURTESY EARTH SHELTER LIVING

EARTH-SHELTERED HOUSE IN MISSOULA, MONTANA

Five years ago James Zanetto and his brother Jeff built a 1,000-square-foot earth-sheltered, passive-solar house in Davis for $28,000. The first year there were no leaks, despite a wet winter. The second year the Zanettos unknowingly punctured the roof's moistureproof barrier while putting plants in the eight-inch-deep sod. That winter, water penetrated their north bedroom, and to their distress, nothing could be done until dry weather arrived and they could dig up the leaky section of the roof. "With earth-sheltering," says James Zanetto, who is an architect, "it's important that the work be done right the first time."

On a chilly day in late March, R. John Magar and I rode in his pickup across the rolling country southeast of Rochester, New York, on our way to look at a house he had built without a furnace in the rural town of Cuylerville. A westerly breeze of 10 miles an hour or more routinely blows through this farming section of the Finger Lakes, and winters are severe. Yet Magar had calculated that his customers, Carl and Helen Chichester, and their two small children would be able to heat their new three-bedroom, 1,276-square-foot house with the warmth given off by their own bodies and by their appliances and light bulbs.

The key is the "double-wall superinsulation" system, which makes the ceiling and walls an extremely effective buffer against the cold. The wall cavities are fourteen inches thick, consisting of a two-by-four framework on the inside, another one on the outside, and a seven-inch space in between. All three layers are packed with cellulose fiber. Hardly any heat can escape. "It's like a thermos bottle," Magar says. A family of four can generate 2,000 British thermal units an hour. The appliances in one kitchen usually generate 1,200 BTUs. Lights and miscellaneous electrical sources give off another 1,000 BTUs. In the typical leaky house this heat is rapidly lost, because, according to Magar, a conventional house has a seventy-two percent air change per hour; he claims that his zero-heat house has a four percent air change per hour. With air infiltration so dramatically reduced, the Chichesters' house requires a mechanical air exchanger—a wood-veneered box mounted high on a wall in the dining area. As the stale air is exhausted, 82 percent of its heat is recaptured and used to warm the incoming fresh air. The system works so efficiently that the Chichesters, who moved in on January 1, 1983, have rarely needed to turn on more than an extra light or two to raise the temperature to comfortable levels, even on the coldest days. Magar supplied a quartz space heater, just in case. By the end of the first winter the family had used a total of sixty-four cents' worth of electricity to operate it, and during the second winter they didn't use the heater at all. "I don't think I've ever put a sweater on," said Helen Chichester. "In the morning, when I get up, I turn on a kitchen light, and within fifteen minutes it's warm." The cost of building this superbly insulated but otherwise ordinary L-shaped house, with a typical number of windows, was $52,000—about $5,000 to $6,000 more than a conventional house of the same size and shape would have cost.

The methods used to produce the zero-heat house were

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developed in Canada by the provincial government and builders in Saskatchewan in the late 1970s. How well the methods work depends largely on the meticulousness of the builder. Magar used 100 tubes of silicone sealant to plug every tiny opening that could have let cold air seep in. "You've got to care," he says. "Builders can pick up on these things, but if they're in it for the money, it's not going to get done."

Yet an impressive amount of energy-efficient building is being done. Buffalo Homes, in Butte, Montana, is manufacturing a high-quality modular ranch house with three bedrooms which has R-values—measurements of resistance to heat loss—of 38 in the walls and 60 in the ceilings. (The higher the R-value, the better.) The electric bill for heating one such house from February 5, 1981, to February 13, 1982, was $29.98 in a climate so harsh that it is calculated to exceed 8,000 degree-days a year. (In comparison, there are 4,848 degree-days in an average heating season in New York City.)

In every section of the country, houses are much more energy-efficient than they were a decade ago. The NAHB Research Foundation estimates that the overall energy efficiency of new American housing has risen 30 to 50 percent since 1973. The ceiling of the average single-family detached house had an R-value of 13 in 1973; by 1982 the R-value had risen to 24. The average rating of insulated sidewalls increased from R-11 to R-14. The use of insulating glass in windows has doubled. About 1,000 builders, primarily in the northernmost states, have "superinsulated" at least some of their houses—a term that usually denotes a wall R-value of at least 25, brought about by airtight construction. R-30 ceilings are the industry norm in the moderate Washington, D.C., climate. Even in the South, insulation is used much more than it used to be, and so are double-glazed windows. Both materials help keep the house cool in summer. Also, southern homeowners are bringing back into favor the whole-house fan, which pulls cooler outside air through the house during the night, allowing air-conditioning to be used more sparingly.

Such technical developments are accompanied by vehement feelings. When I noticed that there were no windows on the south wall of the Chichester house, Magar at first explained that western New York gets only fifty-two sunny days a year—a reasonable enough response. Then he added, "I didn't want to rely on solar at all. I didn't want people to say, 'You were able to cut the heating costs because of the southern windows.'" J. D. Ned Nisson, the editor of *Energy Design Update*, a newsletter, says, "The solar people and the superinsulation people aren't talking. They don't invite each other to their conferences."

The advances in sealing houses against the environment have not all been perfected. Cracks may form where interior walls meet the ceiling, because the insulation is doing such a thorough job of keeping heat from getting to the attic. Roof-truss sections in the cold upper portions of the attic absorb moisture in the winter and expand; the comparatively warm truss sections below the insulation may contract, causing cracks in the surfaces of walls. That is purely cosmetic damage—nothing to worry about compared with the potential problem of poisonous gases in airtight houses. Carbon monoxide from furnaces, water heaters, and especially from wood stoves can begin to collect if exhaust fans in the house create negative air pressure. Nisson sees continuous mechanical ventilation as a necessity in superinsulated houses.

A large array of issues like these is beginning to appear. The discovery in the 1970s of the health hazards of urea formaldehyde foam insulation was only the first in a series of controversial incidents suggesting that alterations in the physical characteristics of houses cannot automatically be presumed safe.

"THE HOUSES OF THE EIGHTIES PROBABLY WILL be sized very much like the houses of the forties," says Robert Martin Engelbrecht, an architect in Kingston, New Jersey, who has spent much of his life focusing on the future of housing. "But we're going to just cram them with what we call amenities."

One amenity highly valued, especially by the elderly, is security. At Laguna Hills Leisure World, off the Santa Ana Freeway in Orange County, 22,000 people over the age of fifty-two live behind gates that are guarded twenty-four hours a day by a force of their fellow residents, who are paid. In late afternoons Buicks and LeBarons are backed up onto the access roads while guards amiably check for identification and ask guests to sign the register. Only the larger or richer developments can afford a permanent security force. Many others rely instead on gateposts that open automatically when a resident punches in a code. Or developers construct gateposts and leave them unmanned in the belief that an aura of security is more important than the actual deployment of guards. Those excluded can take malicious satisfaction in the knowledge that walled enclaves are not without problems. In one expensive Detroit-area development that installed gateposts in the late 1970s, residents found teenagers racing their cars with impunity; the kids had learned that municipal police do not patrol private streets.

In theory, a less obtrusive way of deterring intruders is to lay out subdivisions so that they will function effectively as neighborhoods where people know one another and form networks against threatening behavior. However, 57 percent of the families who buy new single-family houses today have two wage-earners, so there are few eyes left to watch over the home grounds during working hours—a problem that security-oriented design can't help. It is not surprising that approximately nine percent of America's homes are equipped with security systems and that the percentage is growing rapidly. In higher-priced houses, burglar alarms are often standard equipment.

Most amenities provide convenience or comfort rather than security. Dishwashers, garbage disposers, trash compactors, and "luminous ceilings," with fluorescent lights

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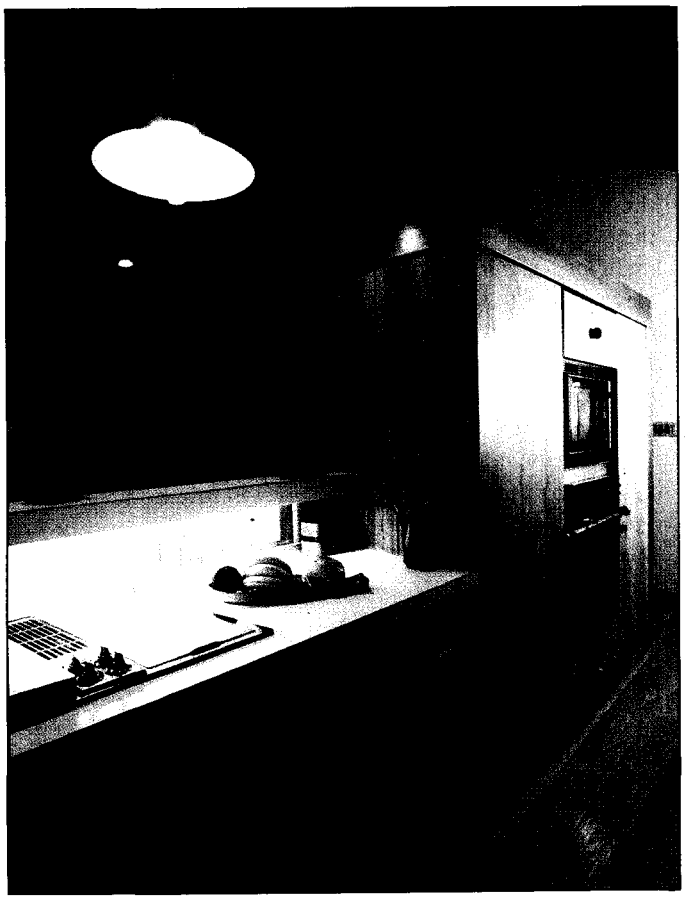

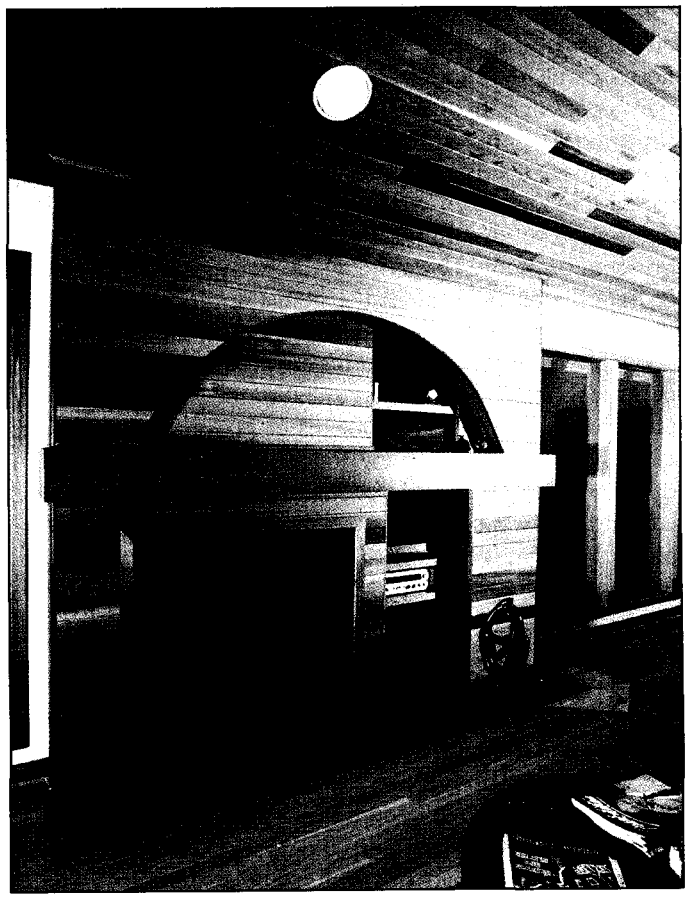

BEDROOM, KITCHEN, AND LIVING ROOM WITH BUILT-IN AMENITIES, BY ROBERT KAPLAN

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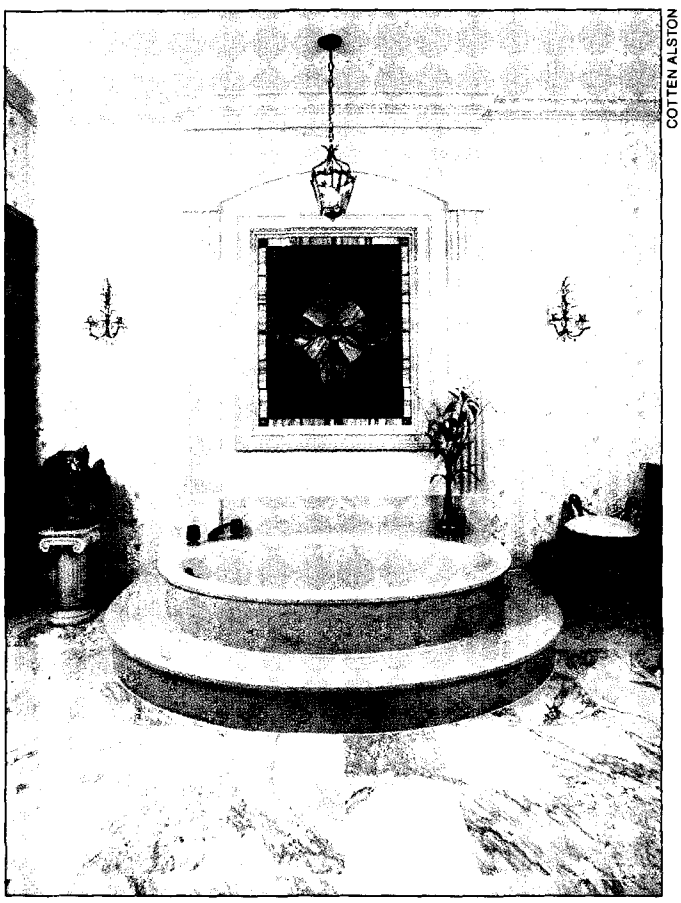
hidden behind translucent panels, in the kitchen—these are commonplace features in new houses. The more expensive houses may offer intercoms, central vacuum systems, built-in food blenders, built-in coffeemakers, combination microwave and conventional ovens, downdraft grills for indoor barbecuing, and a tap by the sink that instantly supplies water just below the boiling point. A custom house will typically offer, in addition to the most recent time-saving appliances, cabinets of solid oak and floors that are either the best low-maintenance vinyl on the market or tile or wood with a protective finish. The result is that the kitchen is by far the most expensive room in the house. But even with skylights, a sink island covered with butcher block, and windows designed to hold potted plants, it is rarely the most glamorous. That designation is reserved for the bath.

In a rural area of southern New Jersey, I had stopped to see a solar house, but what caught my eye was the bathroom, with its wall of glass block and its abundance of plants. A while later I was in Columbia, Maryland, talking to John McDonough III, a builder of custom-designed $100,000 to $500,000 houses, and he remarked, "Just about every house we do has a Jacuzzi in it." In Atlanta I sat down with John Wieland, a builder who sells more houses than any other non-national home-builder in his region. "I did my first spa bath two years ago," Wieland said. "It's the hottest thing we ever touched." Wieland seemed proud of his ability to put $2,500 to $4,000 spa baths into $100,000 houses.



COTTEN ALSTON

SPA BATH

"People are spending more time at home," Wieland explained. "People are more uninhibited. I'd hate to attribute it to the sexual revolution, but I think that's what it is." Not everyone interprets the proliferation of the spa bath in those terms; an interest in physical fitness is probably another important factor. But the whirlpool in light-filled, green surroundings is not a brand-new phenomenon. It traces its lineage to California and to the hot tub, a luxury that caught on because it cost less than installing a swimming pool.

Whatever the reasons, it is obvious that the spartan, hygienic bathroom of the past has become unacceptable to a large number of home-buyers. Today there are elegantly styled toilets, bidets, and sinks. The shower has been made into a separate compartment that is as attractive as possible; it is not mounted in utilitarian fashion on top of a tub. One of Wieland's competitors in Atlanta puts the toilet in a cubicle augmented with bookshelves, explaining that in effect "it becomes the reading room." In many houses the bathroom is also served by a walk-in closet. By the time all these features have been fitted in, a bathroom in a custom house may require as much space as a bedroom.

In an expensive house the bedroom may also have a sitting area. The ensemble of master bedroom–bath–sitting area is sometimes referred to as the "master retreat." "This is the 'me generation,'" says Robert Kaplan, an architect in Columbia, Maryland. "They rarely say anything about their kids." It should be noted that there are functional reasons for the rise of the master suite. Since the Second World War the American house has given up so many partitions that when adults want privacy they have little choice but to resort to the bedroom or the bathroom.

A luxury house that Kaplan designed in Simpson Woods, a few miles from Columbia, has a master suite with his-and-hers cedar-lined closets, a recessed fireplace and TV, a bed built into a platform, and a small adjoining study. The house has two stories, and the master suite is on the ground floor—a popular preference in relatively expensive houses, especially if they are built for people whose children have grown up or are soon to leave for college. It allows couples to have the pleasure of a big house without constantly cleaning, heating, and walking through all of it. In Atlanta a large proportion of the two-story houses selling for more than $100,000 have two heating and air-conditioning systems so that the systems for the second floor can be shut off when they are not needed.

A prime amenity is space itself—not only the quantity of square footage but also the modulation of it in interesting ways. When you enter The Stockholm, a luxury townhouse next to a sparkling lagoon in Irvine, California, you face a plant-filled central atrium; the living room is two steps up to the left, and the family room, kitchen, and din-

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ing room are four steps up to the right. There are refreshing views through the atrium from the kitchen to the entry and from the breakfast nook to the living room. Where floor-to-ceiling partitions were once used to divide one area from another, changes of level are often employed now—differentiating living and dining areas, for instance, without closing them off into separate rooms.

Such changes of level are a mixed blessing. They make a house more interesting, but in a country with a growing number of elderly people they are also a potential obstacle. *Housing for a Maturing Population*, a set of design guidelines published by the Urban Land Institute in cooperation with the American Institute of Architects, warns that changes of level can make getting around more difficult for people who are frail or handicapped. Watching workmen build a sunken living room at Blackhawk, I mentioned that warning to William DeBene, the builder. "A lot of practical things aren't salable," he replied. "It's the old saying—give me what I want, not what I need."

Variations in ceilings are also used increasingly to give rooms a distinctive character. "Volume" ceilings, or "tray" ceilings, as they are called in Georgia, slope upward from the edge of the room for perhaps three or four feet and then become horizontal. "Escalier" ceilings rise like a step—first horizontal from the edge of the room for two to four feet, then vertical, then horizontal again. These spatial amenities are often associated with expensive single-family houses, but they are becoming standard, making their way down the economic ladder just as dishwashers and wet bars once did.

COTTEN ALSTON

WINDING STAIRCASE, CHATHAM COMMUNITIES

I WENT TO ATLANTA BECAUSE RECENT STATISTICS SHOW that it is the most vigorous home-building market east of the Mississippi, a metropolitan area that in a reasonably good year can produce 45,000 housing units—more than metropolitan Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, and Milwaukee combined.

Many of those who build and who buy Atlanta's houses have migrated from other places, but newcomers adopt the housing taste of their new region, as if by some process of protective coloration. In Atlanta they learn quickly to admire traditional styling: the distinguishing features of a medium-to-high-priced house are pilasters and porticoes, quoined corners, and Doric columns—the sort of elements that provide a link with the grand houses of the past. There are dentils under the eaves and decorative shutters next to the nine-over-nine or six-over-six windows. Most of these houses show off the South's favorite building material, brick, which is easy to obtain from the region's clay soils, affordable to work with in a nonunion labor market, and emotionally satisfying in the southern quest for dignity and permanence. Northern builders treat brick as an optional façade adornment. In the South brick is revered: it encases the house in solidity.

This is not to say that Atlanta's classically derived houses look exactly right. Their porticoes often overpower the walls and roofs they are meant to punctuate. The automobile has added to the awkwardness. Turning sixteen feet of garage door to the street is considered unbecoming, so designers in Atlanta (as in much of the rest of the country) with large building lots at their disposal try to give the impression that what they're creating is a residential extension; the garage doors are discreetly positioned to face the side of the lot. In classically inspired houses, whose charm depends in large part on delicate balance, these wings, with their bulky roof shapes, disrupt the composition. This problem afflicts $250,000 houses more severely than it does ones that cost half as much. But it is not a problem that bothers many people. Simplicity and serenity are less important than impressiveness. As at Blackhawk, in California, a multiplicity of roof lines spells worldly success.

I toured expensive new houses in the fastest-growing area of the southeastern United States, the woodsy suburban district forty-five minutes north of downtown Atlanta, with J. David Chatham, who, at thirty-four, heads one of Atlanta's most prestigious home-building and development firms, which he took over from his father.

We pulled up to a $225,000, 3,500-square-foot house constructed by one of the more than thirty builders who work in Chatham Communities subdivisions. Inside there

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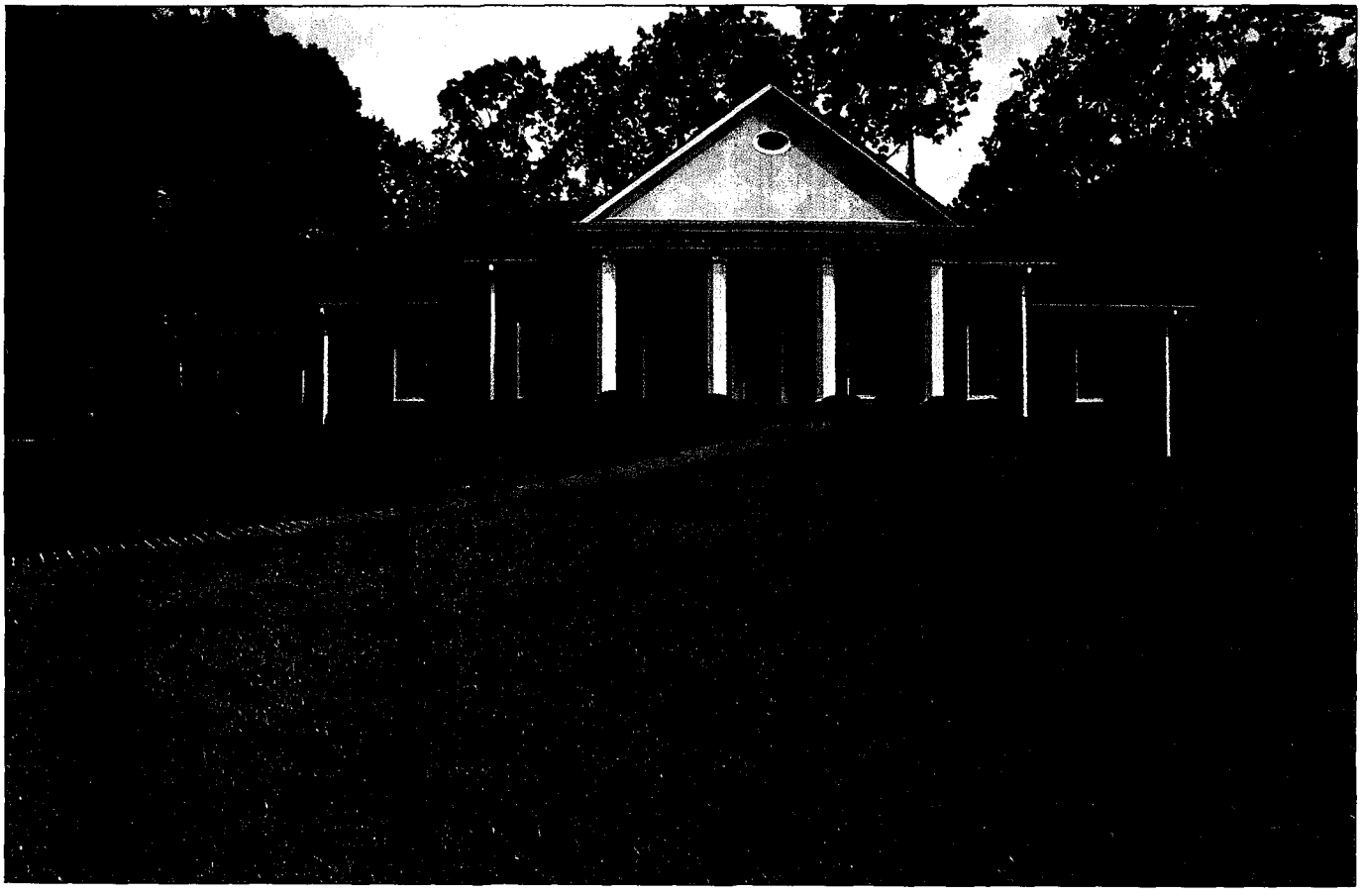
were wide fluted casings on doors, solid-oak cabinets in the kitchen, and three-inch crown moldings in the master bedroom. The dining-room walls were ornamented with "chateau molding," which, I noticed, jogged around an air register and a light switch; the carpenter had failed to coordinate plans with the electrician and the heating contractor. That was the only such error I was to find. Houses came with family rooms outfitted entirely in a glowing birch that Atlantans call "judges' paneling." Many judges' chambers are shabby by comparison. There were winding staircases with handrails made by laboriously bowing and fitting together seven long, thin strips of wood for a single continuous curve from first floor to second.

in the family room, a parquet floor in the entry, oak cabinets in the laundry, and an astounding twenty-one wooden panels in each door of the double-door entrance.

Where the builder had decided that it mattered, money was spent lavishly on materials, and to a lesser extent attention had been paid to how the materials were used. But for nearly half a million dollars the house had disturbingly uneven workmanship. Why were circular pieces of wood used to attach rectangular railings to the walls, except to allow a carpenter to do his job without the pain of precision? When some builders talk about craftsmanship and "quality construction," what they mean is expensive materials used here and there for emphasis, rather than consistently me-



COTTEN ALSTON

FIVE-BEDROOM HOUSE, CHATHAM COMMUNITIES

Finish work of such high caliber is uncommon. An ad in the *Los Angeles Times*, promising "the ultimate in craftsmanship" in the hills of Glendale, offered an instructive contrast. I climbed a twisting road almost to a fire trail. On the steep slopes a company with the grandiloquent name of Park Ambassador Homes had built 165 houses, most of them selling for $450,000 to $495,000. "There are forty physicians in the development," said the salesman, in a kind of verbal shorthand. The assertion seemed to be that doctors choose well. Certainly there was a great deal of luxury on display. In the house I toured, aside from the extraordinarily ample dimensions of the space itself—more than 4,500 square feet—there were leaded-glass cabinets

ticulous design and installation of whatever materials are used. The realtors' phrase "curb appeal" means just what it suggests: many houses intent on charming the customer are not meant to be examined close up.

There is also a style—it might be called Contractor Swank—that insists on entrances with double doors but isn't demanding about the quality of the doors themselves. Even builders who advertise economy sometimes try to engage in this impressiveness from afar. In a rapidly developing metropolitan area in California, highway signs advertised homes at dramatically low prices. I exited to a cul-de-sac of four model homes. On one of them, a 2,450-square-foot house selling for $172,500, an extremely

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competitive price in California, there were improperly assembled wooden double doors with nine panels each. I could see light shining through what should have been solid wood. The façade was an ostentatious mixture of stone and half-timbered stucco with a decorative diagonal insert of brick—but the bricks lacked mortar, and none of this intricacy carried around to the house's other sides. There, all was common California stucco. Inside these houses equipped with wet bars and fireplaces and oak kitchen cabinets were mortar joints that crumbled when touched, walls with their gypsum-board seams showing, handrails with a dangerous couple of inches of give, and salvaged bricks (a popular nostalgic touch) used without regard to whether their corners were broken off.

COURTESY NEW ENGLAND LOG HOMES, INC.

INTERIOR, LOG HOME

Black plastic muntins had been glued to the windows to make them look as if they had small panes. In much of the United States builders use either plastic muntins—"pasties," one irreverent California architect calls them—or snap-on wooden muntins to make windows either fancy or cozy. But already these muntins were popping off. The afternoon sun streaming through a bedroom window outlined a trail of glue where the muntins had come unstuck. The light also revealed a hardened bed of glue that had oozed outward from the edges of the muntins that were still intact.

In expensive and cheap houses alike, ceilings are composed of a sprayed-on substance, not of plaster spread on with skill. Plastering has almost disappeared, partly because plaster develops bothersome cracks, but mostly because it slows the building process. In almost every new house the walls consist of a half-inch of gypsum-board over two-by-fours. It doesn't sound the same as dense plaster when you rap on it. It doesn't block the transmission of noise as well. It's like the hollow-core doors that are used on interior doorways: adequate to the purpose but not weighty enough to be reassuring.

There seems to be a discontent in much of America about the quality of trimwork in new houses and about the general quality of construction, which trimwork is felt to represent. The extent of this discontent is difficult to gauge, but responses to it have taken several forms.

One has been the development of a deliberately heavy appearance—the "fat-wall look," as Doug Taber, an architect in Santa Monica, California, calls it. Instead of using two-by-fours to frame the house, the builder uses two-by-tens or two-by-twelves. They add a little to the cost and they slightly reduce the usable living space, but neither disadvantage matters, since the fat-wall treatment is generally reserved for expensive houses of 3,000 square feet or more. These large framing members create thick arches near the entrance and deep window openings in the public areas of the house, giving an impression of solidity and permanence. But the fat walls are only for show. "Kids' bedrooms nearly always get the thin-wall treatment, while master bedrooms tend to be a bit of a toss-up," Taber observes. "Presumably," he adds, "if the master bedroom and bath have such other allures as triple sinks or a garage-sized bathtub with a built-in hanging fern rack above, a builder could well get away with thin-walling the master bedroom."

But this is Hollywood stuff by comparison with other kinds of responses that have been occurring, particularly in the eastern states. In 1969, when New England Log Homes was founded, it was one of a handful of log-home makers. Today it is a leading member of an industry made up of more than 250 companies producing close to 40,000 houses a year. The log-home revival can be attributed partly to the fact that people can assemble a log house themselves and save money. But much of the appeal lies in the performance and the aesthetics of a log house. It is indeed solid, and its sturdiness is announced with wood exterior walls that may be ten inches thick.

The back-to-the-land movement and the revival of interest in traditional arts and crafts in the late 1960s and early 1970s led a number of people all over the country to rediscover another form of pre-modern construction: post-and-beam, which relies on large wooden rafters, joists, posts, and beams that are exposed on the interior. Post-and-beam was the means by which most American houses were built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, before the adoption in the nineteenth century of the

JOSEPH ST. PIERRE

POST-AND-BEAM INTERIOR

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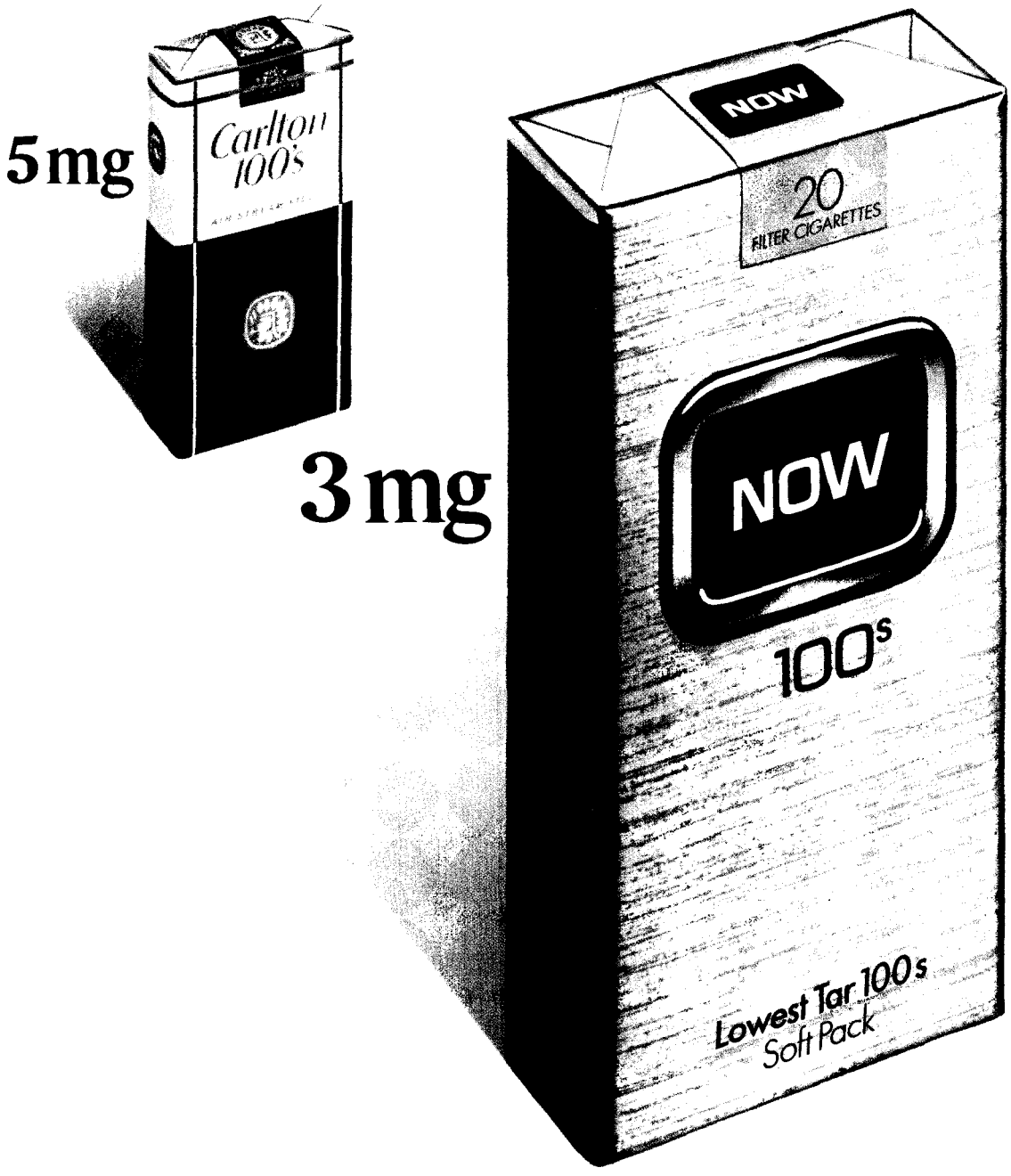

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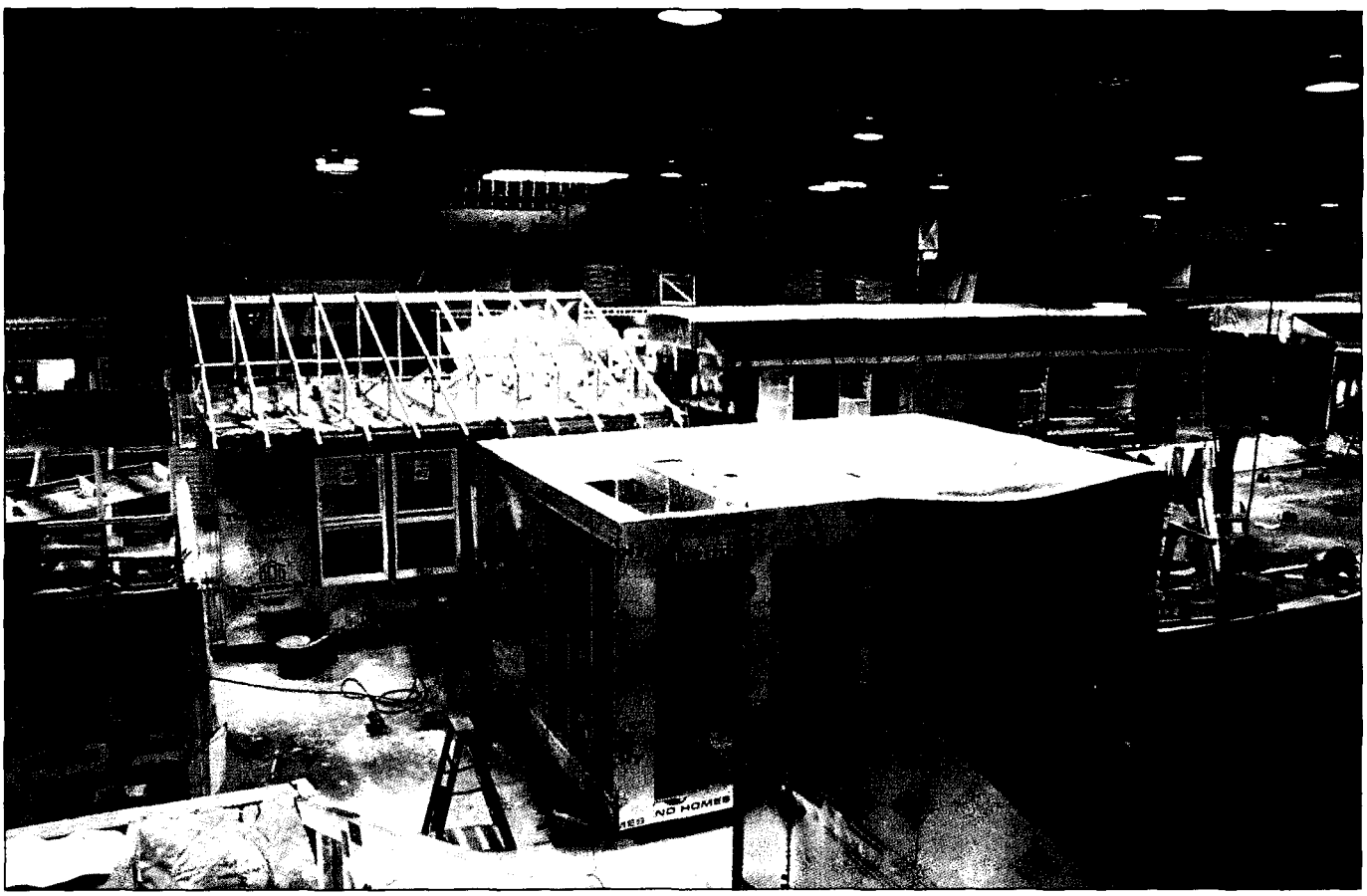
technique of balloon-framing with lighter, more convenient two-by-fours. It has become popular more for appearance than for practical advantages. The Maine Post & Beam Co., the leader in this method of construction, has in the six years since it was formed expanded to the point where it now builds about 450 houses a year, from Maine to the Carolinas. Its unusual production plan, in which the home-buyer can act as his own general contractor (thus cutting costs), accounts for much of the company's success. The construction method—which employs heavy pine beams to carry the house's weight—is a major attraction too, particularly for people who are convinced that many houses are flimsily put together.

ing hauled along the highways, modular-home factories typically use more than one method of fastening. Walls are glued as well as nailed. The nails are grooved around their shanks to prevent them from pulling loose. Some sections are secured with metal stitchplates—flat, rectangular pieces of metal with dozens of sharp projections that bite into a piece of wood and hold firm.

Some modular-housing companies go so far as to argue that in quality and workmanship modular potentially has an advantage over construction. Ryland Homes, one of the nation's largest conventional home-builders, opened its first modular-home factory in 1982 in New Windsor, Maryland, and has opened two more since then. Dick Jenkins, a



COURTESY THE RYLAND GROUP, INC.

RYLAND HOMES FACTORY

Misgivings about the quality of construction affect nearly every segment of the housing industry. Along U.S. 6 north of Scranton, Pennsylvania, I stopped at a modular-home lot and talked to Frank Bayer, a salesman. "I've had people come in and push on the walls and ask how it is in the wind," Bayer said. The visitors need not have been so doubtful. With effective supervision the construction of modular houses is in fact sturdy. At Pennsylvania's Contempri Homes each house is inspected as it is pushed along lines resembling railroad tracks, and when defects are found, the workers who made the mistakes are required to repair them on their own time.

To make sure that the finished units can withstand be-

Ryland executive, observes that the housing industry is very cyclical: "when you go through a downturn, people get out of the business." When housing rebounds, quality suffers, Jenkins says, because there aren't enough carpenters and other skilled people to do the work correctly. Factory production backed up by dependable quality-control procedures sidesteps these problems.

What is unresolved is whether modular housing's adequate solidity can be combined with individualized designs and high-quality trim and finish. In Costa Mesa, California, Heritage Homes has used the best aspects of modular—its inexpensively produced, quickly assembled kitchens, bathrooms, and bedrooms—and has relied on

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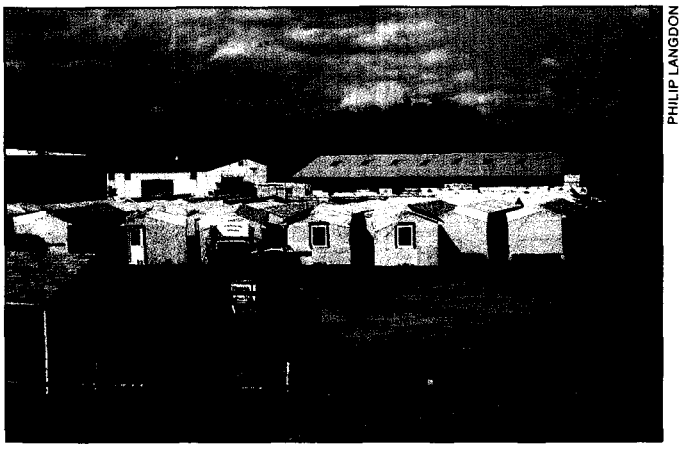
conventional methods to add to its houses oak stair rails, octagonal stained-glass windows, attached two-car garages, roofs with complex shapes, and sunken living rooms with cathedral ceilings. The resulting combination, 60 percent modular and 40 percent site-built, has the stylishness necessary to compete in the upper half of the housing market.



PHILIP LANGDON

PRE-ASSEMBLED HOUSING STOCK

But there is a stumbling block: finding reliable modular manufacturers who are consistently able to meet the unusual demands of builders wishing to customize units at the building site. The modular-housing industry, says Duf Sfreddo, vice-president of Heritage Homes, is afflicted with the same problems of organization and attitude that have troubled Detroit's auto industry: it is accustomed to selling its products indirectly, through dealers, and it is not adept at accommodating the varied and changing desires of customers. "When you're building Mustangs and there's an order for eight T-birds, it's a difficult transition to make," Sfreddo says. "They want to tell us what product to sell."

It is likely that the modular industry will increase its share of the nation's housing production beyond its present four percent, and that modular homes will be found increasingly outside of where they are now concentrated: small towns and rural areas where home-building talent and supplies are scarce. But modular housing is just one, relatively minor, aspect of the industrialization that has come into home-building over the past thirty years. In 1952 the metal connector plate that made roof trusses feasible was invented. Today the factory-made roof truss—two-by-fours with metal joints—is used in perhaps 95 percent of site-built houses. In 1970 the floor truss was invented. Today it is used in probably 80 percent of site-built houses, according to Don O. Carlson, the editor of *Automation in Housing* magazine. Prehung doors and preassembled stairs have become commonplace. Builders are increasingly turning to "panelized" construction, in which an entire wall, complete with windows, doors, wiring, exterior siding, and interior finishes, is produced in the factory and quickly erected at the building site.

Components like these have brought uniformity and predictability to house construction. There is no question that some of the materials used today in houses are inferior to those used in the past. Donald Baerman, an architect who teaches courses at Yale on the problems of building, says, "The quality of wood available for railroad ties a hundred years ago is not available for cabinetwork today. We took the best first." But today there is much more knowledge about how to get the most strength from the least material. A modern house built with two-by-fours that are really only one and a half by three and a half inches and that have been harvested from fast-growing but weak species of trees possesses all the strength that is necessary. It is more reliable than the houses built in the decade after the Second World War, a period in which homebuilders—increasingly large firms that did little to correct their mistakes once a house had been sold—began using components like plasterboard and prefabricated wall panels, components that were in a relatively primitive stage of development.

Significant differences remain between the best and the worst builders. Carol Braun, an engineer who designs houses for her husband's suburban Atlanta firm, J. M. Braun Builders, says, "The lumber company will send you an order of floor joists, and some will be good and others will be bad. They have knots or they're warped or not cut properly. A good builder will put those aside and call for some good ones. It slows you up. It's inconvenient, but that's what a good builder does. It's not that they'll crack or buckle, but you'll get sags and creaks. Arches will crack. Tape joints will crack."

"I've seen houses built on filled ground," Carol Braun says, "and it settles, and a year later people can't open and close their windows, and they don't know why." Even poorly constructed houses do not collapse—roof trusses and other components built to computer-engineered specifications to handle the expected loads prevent complete structural failure. Douglas B. Spohn, a former president of the Homebuilders Association of Metropolitan Atlanta, estimates that perhaps ten percent of all home-buyers, even in the Atlanta area—where craftsmanship is widely considered to be above average—will end up unhappy with what they've bought.

PHILIP LANGDON

MODULAR HOME, ASSEMBLED

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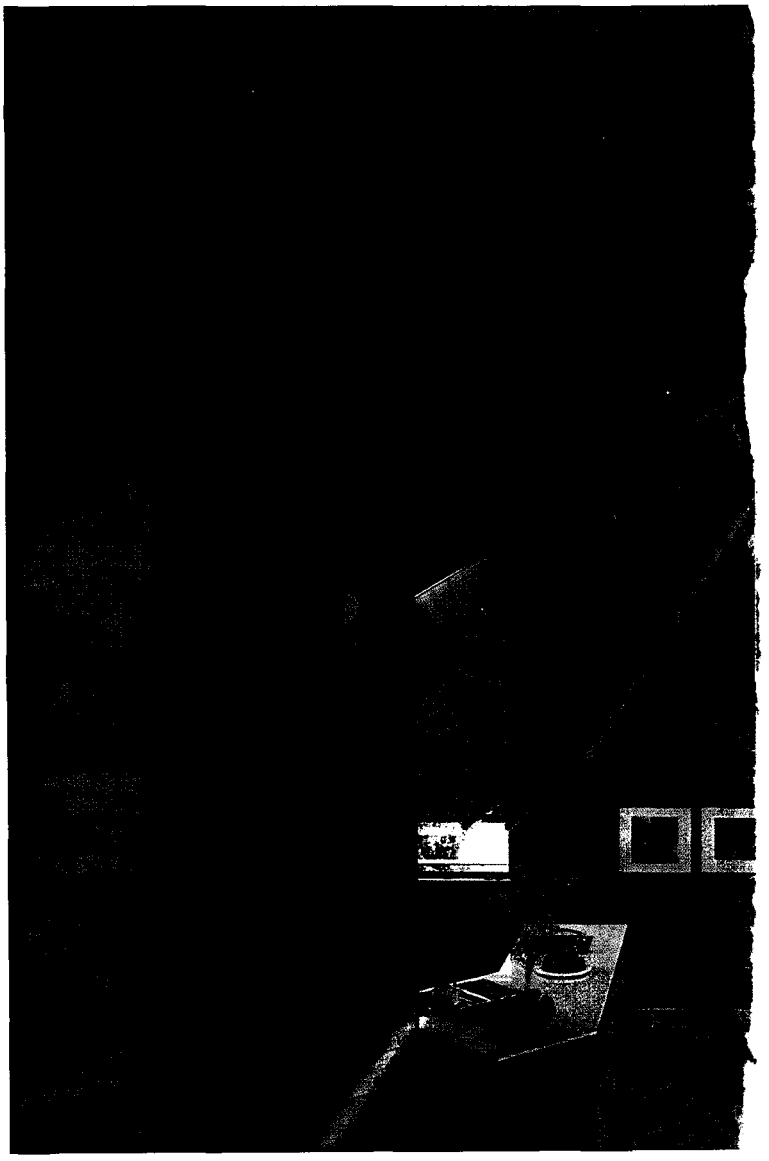
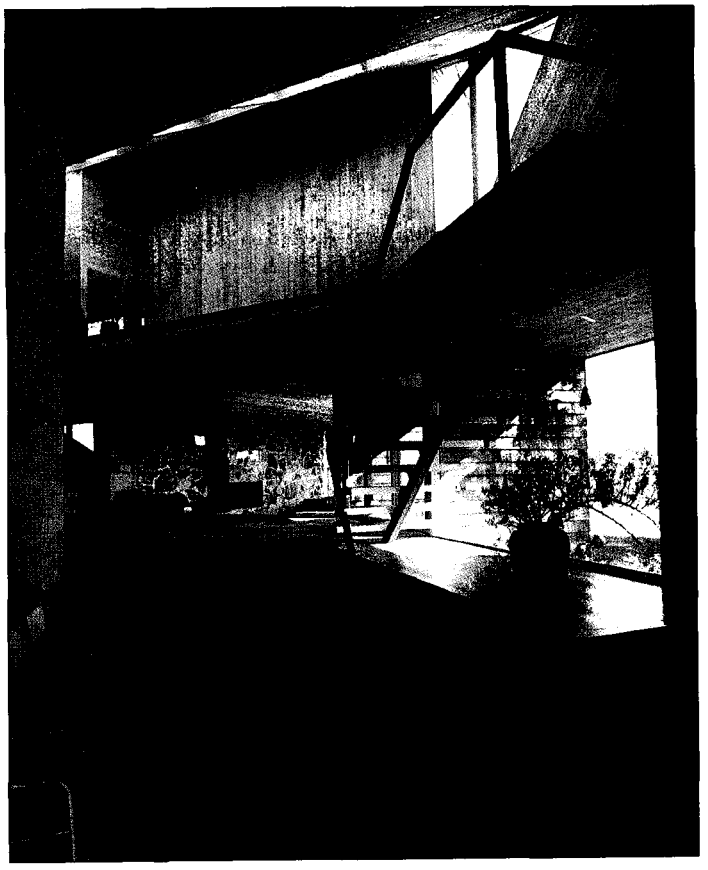
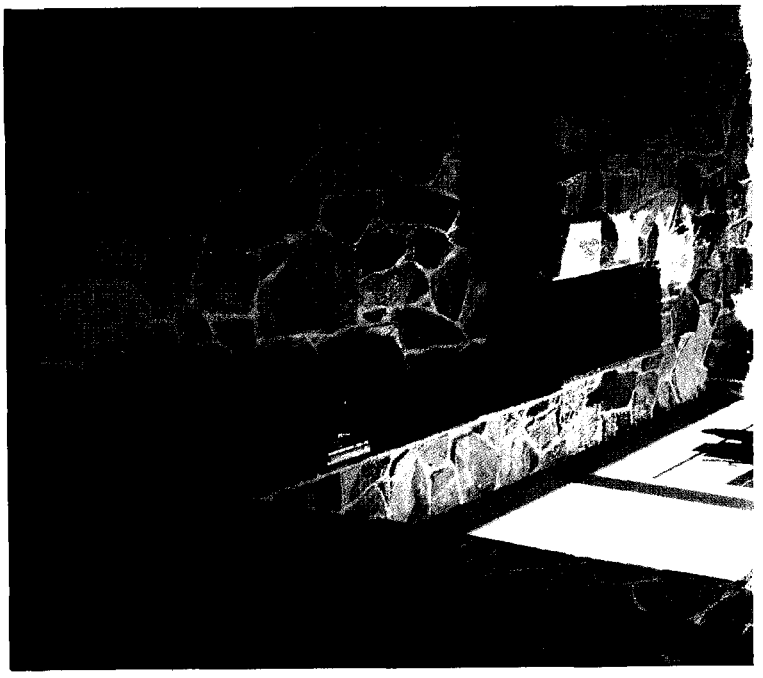
THE ULTIMATE AMENITY, THE KEY TO A QUALITY that goes beyond luxurious materials, expensive appliances, or generous size, is the full involvement of a talented architect. Robert Gutman, a sociologist at Princeton, has estimated that architects and engineers have a hand in the design of as much as three quarters of America's new housing, but, he says, their involvement is often brief and superficial—for instance, supplying stock house plans to builders and mail-order customers.

Custom designs by architects are usually reserved for expensive houses, costing perhaps $200,000 and up. And even in this price range the degree of the architect's participation varies widely—as does the cost of the service. Most of the people who buy Chatham houses in Atlanta for $170,000 to $600,000 work with independent architects and get sets of elevations and floor plans—layouts, but neither lists of materials nor on-site supervision—for $500 to $1,000. At Blackhawk, in California, where the architect does more than supply a plan for an essentially traditional house, a fee of $12,000 to $20,000 is common on the houses that cost from $400,000 to $950,000. In some major cities an established architect will charge 10 to 15 percent of the project's cost for full service. The most telling results of incurring the additional expense come from the architect's superior ability to fit the house to its site, to give the house distinction, and to shape the interior and exterior so that they complement the way the occupants live. What follows is a look at five especially successful houses designed by architects working in diverse styles.







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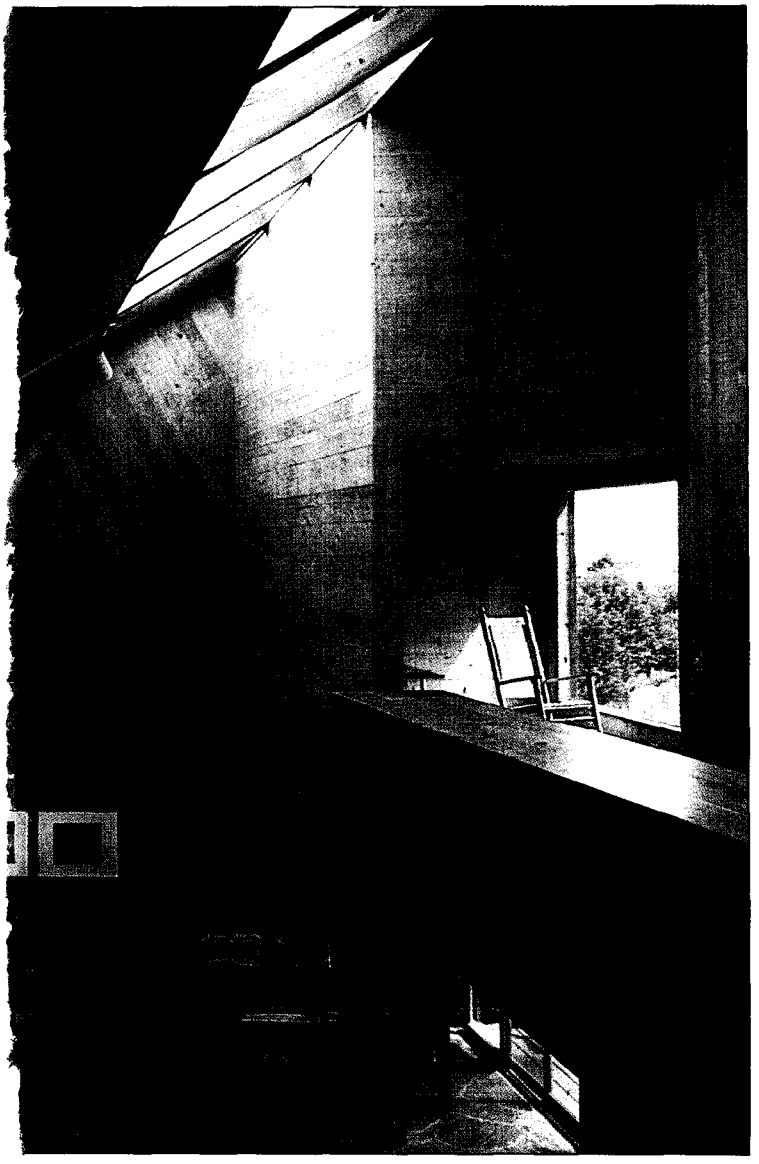

PHOTO TOP LEFT BY ARMEN KACHATURIAN, ALL OTHERS THIS SPREAD BY BILL MARIS

SINCE THE LATE 1960S NORMAN JAFFE, OF BRIDGEHAMPTON, New York, has been designing powerful houses in the sophisticated resort towns of eastern Long Island, sometimes for the famous but almost always for the rich. Jaffe does not believe in reticent buildings. "The little building is an annoyance on God's vast landscape," he says. The recently completed Hillman house in East Hampton, Long Island, is more tranquil than many of Jaffe's houses, and yet the characteristic boldness comes through in the house's angled profile, its big chunks of Delaware River stone in the living room, and its magnificent, soaring ceilings of rough-sawn pine. The 3,000-square-foot house has only two bedrooms—all that were needed for a vacation house—but it also contains a darkroom for Mrs. Hillman's photography, not hidden away, as darkrooms often are, but on the first floor, next to the study. The kitchen is dramatically open to the rest of the house, making it easy for whoever is cooking to remain engaged in conversation. A second-floor gallery displays the Hillmans' collection of paintings. A sunken living room offers some of the intimacy that is lacking elsewhere, and if anyone wants coziness with a view, it can be found on a sheltered exterior deck under a wood ceiling as low as Frank Lloyd Wright could have asked for. The manipulations of space and materials are breathtaking. Jaffe designs houses that stir the spirit. "I try to remember," he says, "that I'm designing with the light. I've gotten up before sunrise to watch the light on a house. It's such a miracle. The light on the rough-sawn pine makes the shadows strong."

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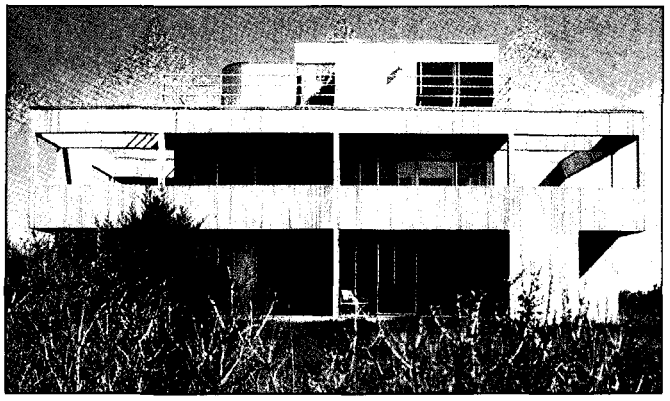
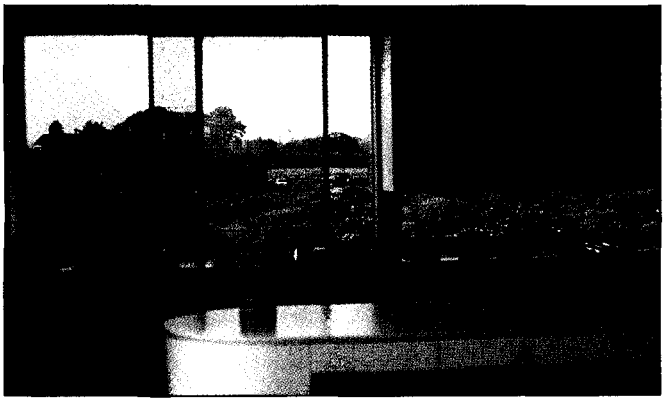
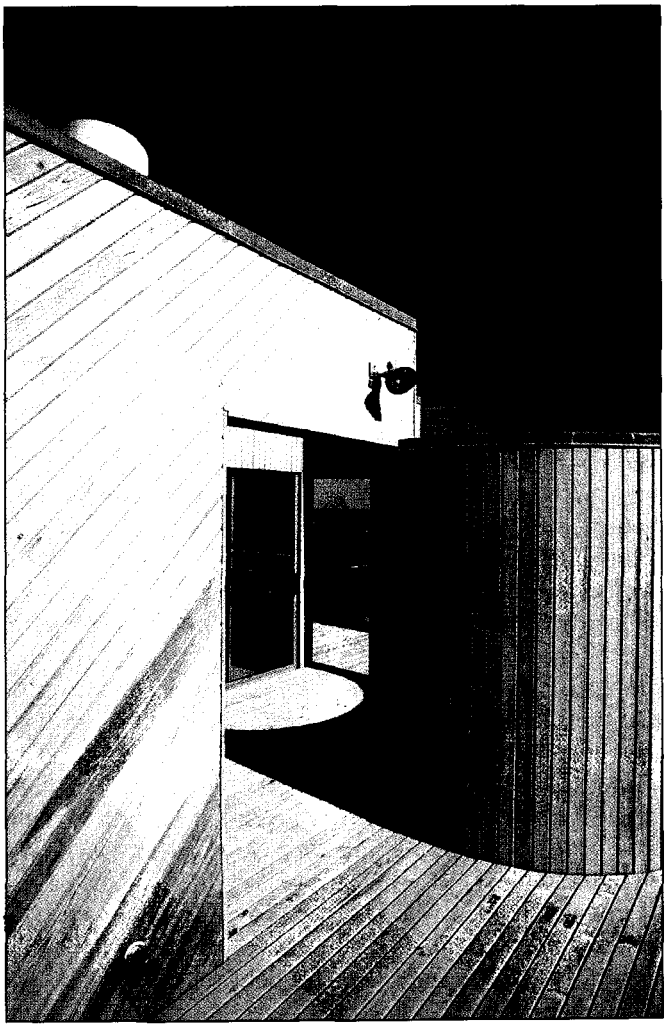




EMBLEMS OF MAINSTREAM MODERNISM ARE CENTRAL TO A vacation house at Sagaponack, Long Island, by New York architects Julian and Barbara Neski. It has roofs as flat as those designed by Le Corbusier, the pioneer of modernism, in the 1920s. Style merges with function. The New York City judge who commissioned the house wanted as much deck space as possible for informal gatherings and for his own enjoyment. Even the highest roof has a deck offering a view over the dunes to the Atlantic Ocean.

Serene, with just enough curves to balance the severe right angles, the house hovers above a low green landscape. Rectangular cutouts in the cedar cladding frame some views; liberal expanses of glass capture others. Between the top of the kitchen counters and the bottom of the wall cabinets a strip of glass eighteen inches high and nine feet long has been inserted, creating a vista of bayberries, beach grass, and wildflowers—where a typical builder would unthinkingly have put gypsum-board.

For all its apparent openness, the house is rigorously zoned. Between the first and second floors is a closed, circular staircase that allows children or guests to be by themselves in the ground-floor bedrooms while others socialize above. On the penthouse is the judge's master-bedroom suite, situated so that he can see the surf while lying down.



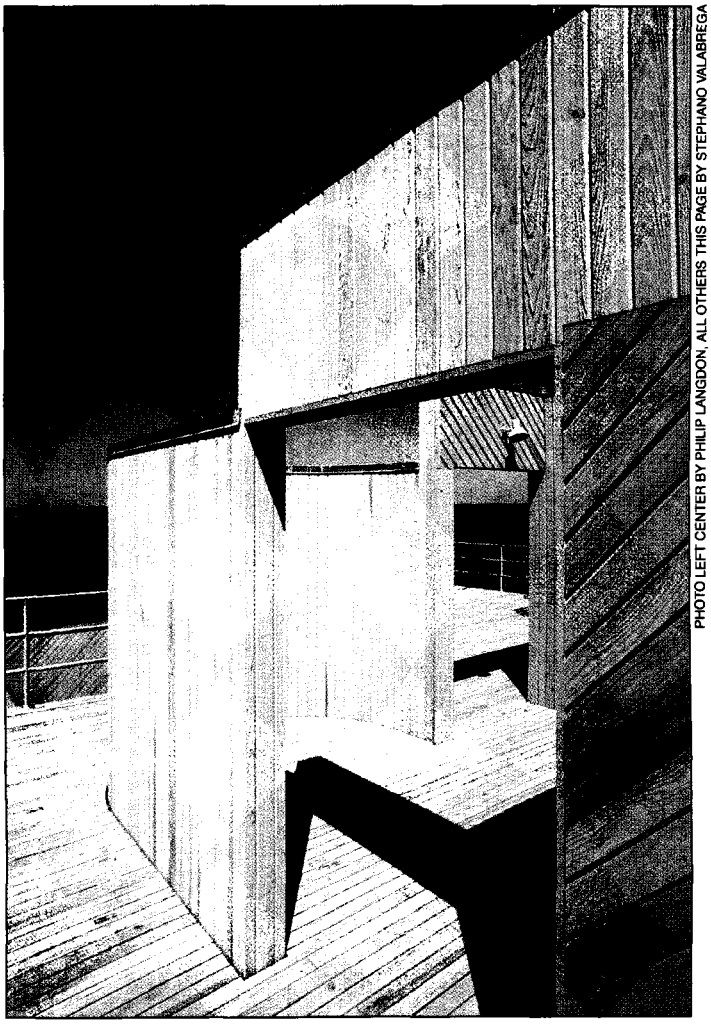


PHOTO LEFT CENTER BY PHILIP LANGDON, ALL OTHERS THIS PAGE BY STEPHANO VALABREGA

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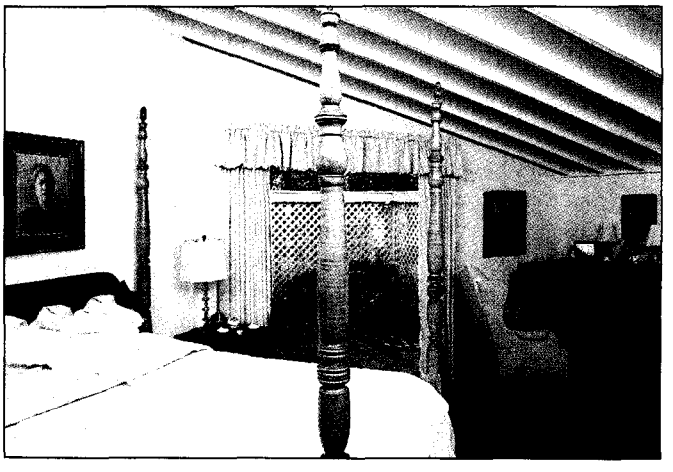
ON A HILLSIDE ABOVE THE CONNECTICUT RIVER IN ESSEX, Connecticut, sits a retired couple's house designed by William H. Grover of Centerbrook, the Essex firm with a proclivity for using venerable forms in ironic ways. Some of the firm's houses have an arbitrary feeling, a sense of historical elements being forced into uncomfortable shapes for no greater purpose than to display the designer's erudition. Even at the Essex house, the arch over the entry walk feels willful.

Yet the other aspects of the house are a tribute to Grover's skill in satisfying the needs of both its owners and its environment. The design enables the couple to use the possessions they have acquired over the years rather than requiring them to buy new furnishings to fit the house. Though the house contains only 2,050 square feet, it feels larger, because painted rafters carry the ceiling at an angle, tentlike, from the tall center in the living room to the exterior walls. The sloping rafters, extending through bedrooms and baths, tie all the sections of the house together visually, offering a reminder that even the smallest room is part of a larger whole.

Lattice is used in many postmodern houses, but here it rises above the merely decorative to enclose a sitting area off one of the bedrooms, a place for the woman of the house to be outdoors with a degree of privacy. Colors have been thoughtfully chosen—a cheerful yellow facing a little-traveled road, but a muted brown on the side above the river to avoid calling attention to the house. Even such details as the floor covering in the foyer have received the architect's care: Grover designed sky-blue tiles punctuated with white tiles, echoing the patch of sky visible through a tower he placed directly overhead.



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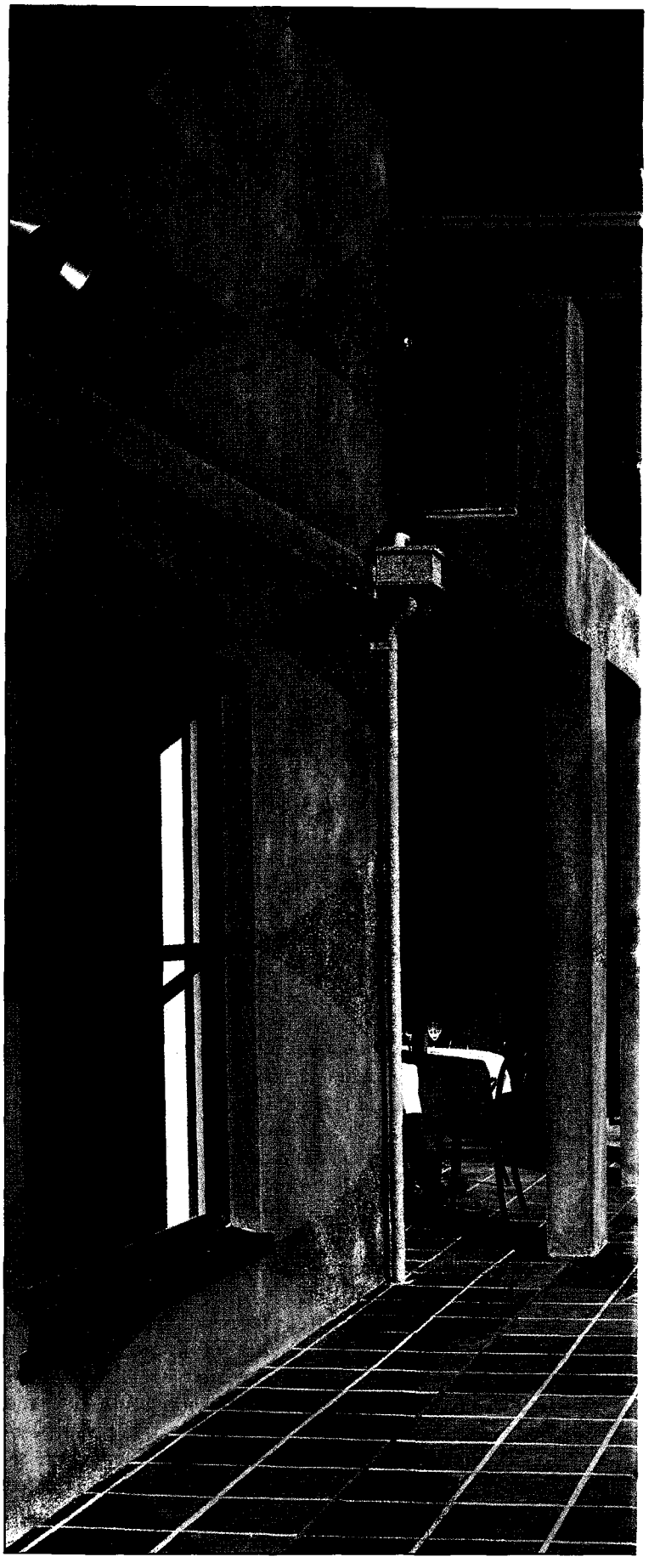
IN THE RURAL HILLS OF MARIN COUNTY, THIRTY MILES north of San Francisco, the Maoli house rises from a steep slope in much the way that villas jut up from hillsides in the Italian province of Tuscany, conspicuous yet in character with the rolling landscape. The exterior of the 3,000-square-foot house conveys a degree of tension. Overhangs are tight. The terra-cotta-colored stucco is almost as flat as the cardboard model that the architects, Richard Fernau and Laura Hartman, of Berkeley, constructed in an early stage of the project. Such stringency might have detracted from a simpler house, but here it focuses attention on the rhythms generated by windows, awnings, piers, and gables—rhythms complex enough to encourage sustained looking.

In the Maoli house many different purposes are skillfully reconciled through one aspect of the design—the succession of four gabled projections that push out from the house's long, narrow spine. The gabled projections allow high, pitched ceilings in the four second-story bedrooms and create a unifying visual pattern for a house that

stretches 108 feet from the doors of the two-car garage on the south to the tiled fireplace of the living room on the north. They enable the rooms to catch more of the southern sun, and define a series of terraces—some serving as play areas for the Maolis' two small children, others as places where adults can have dinner or relax outdoors with panoramic views of Lucas Valley.

By breaking the house into a sequence of discrete rooms, the projections and recesses help to organize an alternative to the usual open modern interior. The architects saw that separate rooms offered energy-conservation advantages; warmth can be more easily contained in a room of limited size. Since the house is essentially one room deep, breezes in the summer easily blow in from the valley side and out the back, where a series of high dormer windows on the second-story hall facilitates natural ventilation. The result is a house in which vistas, comfort, low utility bills, and compatibility with the surroundings are intertwined.



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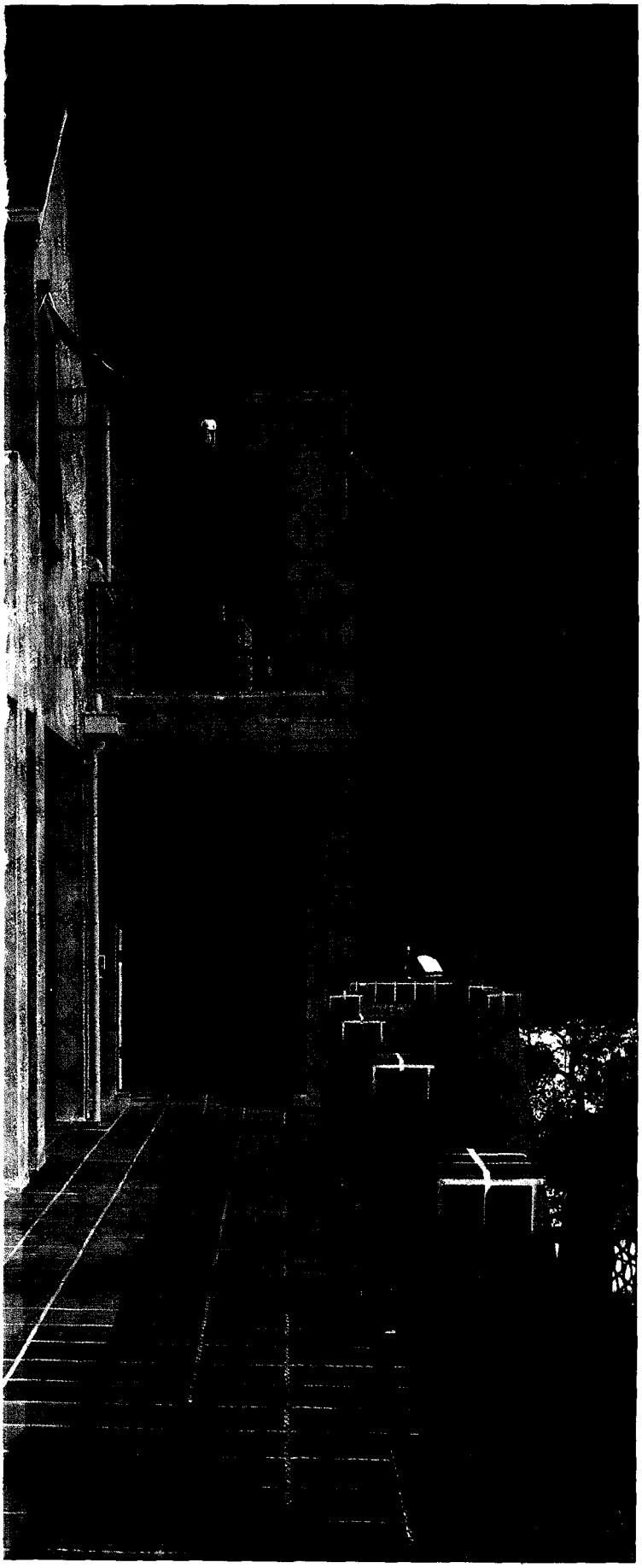

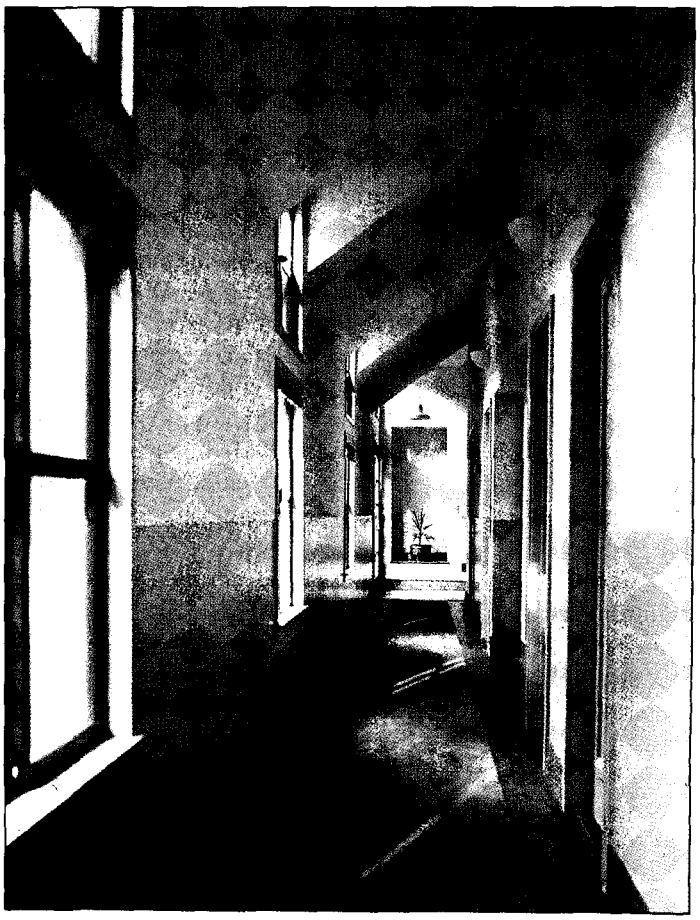

PHOTO FAR LEFT BY MARK CITRET, ALL OTHERS THIS SPREAD BY TIM STREET-PORTER

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IN MCLEAN, VIRGINIA, THE FOSTER HOUSE, DESIGNED BY the Washington architectural firm of Hartman-Cox, sits on a similarly uneven piece of land, a hillside with a view through the trees to the Potomac River. But the house is twice as large—it is a primary residence of 6,000 square feet—and is an attempt to combine the feeling of a nineteenth-century Virginia farmhouse with some of the simplicity and openness of modern interiors.

By breaking the house into three staggered segments that follow the hillside's contour lines, the architects were able to meet two of the Fosters' main objectives: that all the main living space be on one level, including a central living and dining area for formal entertaining, and that the various spaces be separated enough for privacy.

For a couple whose youngest children are in prep school and college, it made sense to put the children's bedrooms at the opposite end of the house from the master-bedroom suite. In between, on a balcony above the living room, is a study that accommodates the Fosters' book collection and lets light from crisp white dormer openings penetrate to the first floor.

The house's large size is somewhat deceptive. When the children are away and no entertaining is being done, the Fosters can live almost entirely in one end of the house—upstairs in the master bedroom, with its his-and-hers bathrooms, and downstairs in the combined kitchen and family area, with its fireplace and adjacent screened porch. Because the cooking and refrigeration equipment has been carefully placed away from sight lines, the room exudes an old-fashioned atmosphere undisturbed by the metal- and plastic-surfaced appliances that turn so many kitchens into exhibits of domestic technology.

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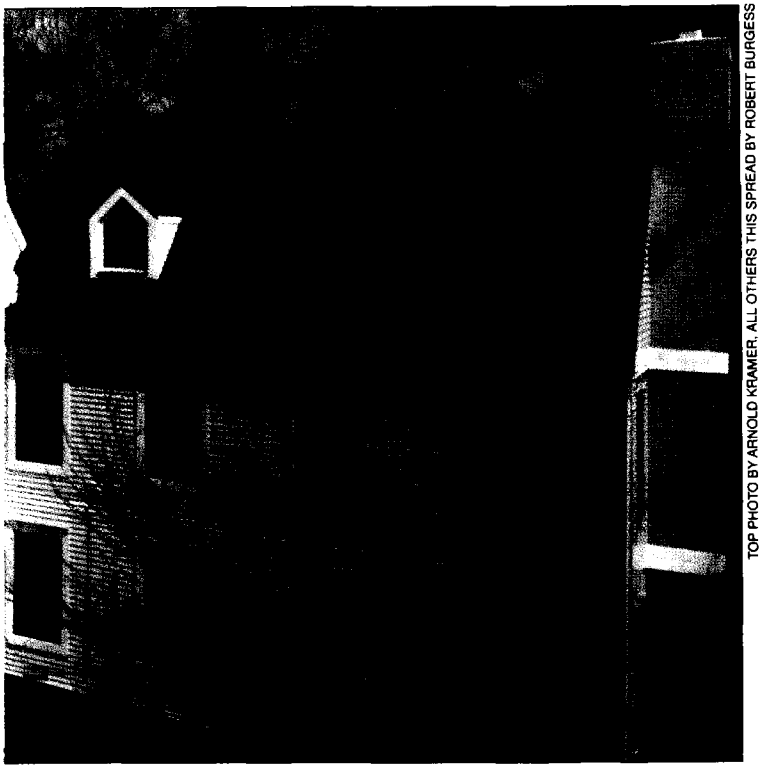

TOP PHOTO BY ARNOLD KRAMER. ALL OTHERS THIS SPREAD BY ROBERT BURGESS

"VIDEOS OR BRICKS." THIS IS HOW DOUG KELbaugh, an architect in Princeton, New Jersey, characterizes the dilemma in which American domestic architecture finds itself. Bricks: plastering, stone-laying, woodworking, and all the other labor-intensive crafts that give quality and precision of detail to a house. Videos: the electronic systems and mass-produced goods that deliver satisfactions that compete with architecture, and compete all too successfully because they benefit from the economies of the production line.

The rich can have both videos and bricks. Much of the rest of the population decides in favor of videos. Even those who think that they are getting craftsmanship often get only an inauthentic veneer of it. Most of the money goes for more videos: In-Sink-Erators and burglar alarms and refrigerators dispensing ice cubes through the door. The balance within the American home has been shifting away from the pleasure of genuine materials well crafted and toward the satisfactions of mass-produced objects that fit into the family room, the kitchen, and the bath. Thus we can acquire comforts that were once unimaginable, yet complain that houses aren't built as well as they used to be.

But before accepting the notion that mass production has brought the downfall of architecture, we should note two things. First, architecture is not confined to craftsmanship. It is even more importantly the shaping of space in interesting and rewarding ways. Strong evidence can be presented that we are becoming progressively more adept at shaping space. Stimulating, open interiors have pretty much ended the reign of the rectangle. Second, mass production helps make possible this growing flexibility of space. It is our facility with gypsum-board and insulated sheathing, with two-by-fours and new composites—all of them generated by factories and mills—that permits us to obtain these new shapes at prices we can bear.

Mass production cannot be considered an enemy unless we place no value on homeownership itself. The years since the Second World War, years in which home-building has become increasingly mechanized, are the only period of American history in which more families have owned their own homes than not. More than 64 percent of housing units, at last count, were owned by their occupants.

What is remarkable is that homeownership has grown while the social unit presumably best suited to homeownership—the family—has lost its dominance. The country abounds with single people, divorced heads of households, childless couples, and new pairings of unmarried individuals. All of them buy homes.

The 1980s is the first decade in which it is impossible to describe a "typical" American house, the way one would have described the three-bedroom, one-and-a-half-bath, single-family house as typical of the 1960s. There has been an explosion of variety in housing to correspond with the growing heterogeneity of the population. The housing industry has coped. In an era of spa baths and dual master suites, nearly two thirds of America is connected to a conservative, stabilizing institution: homeownership. □

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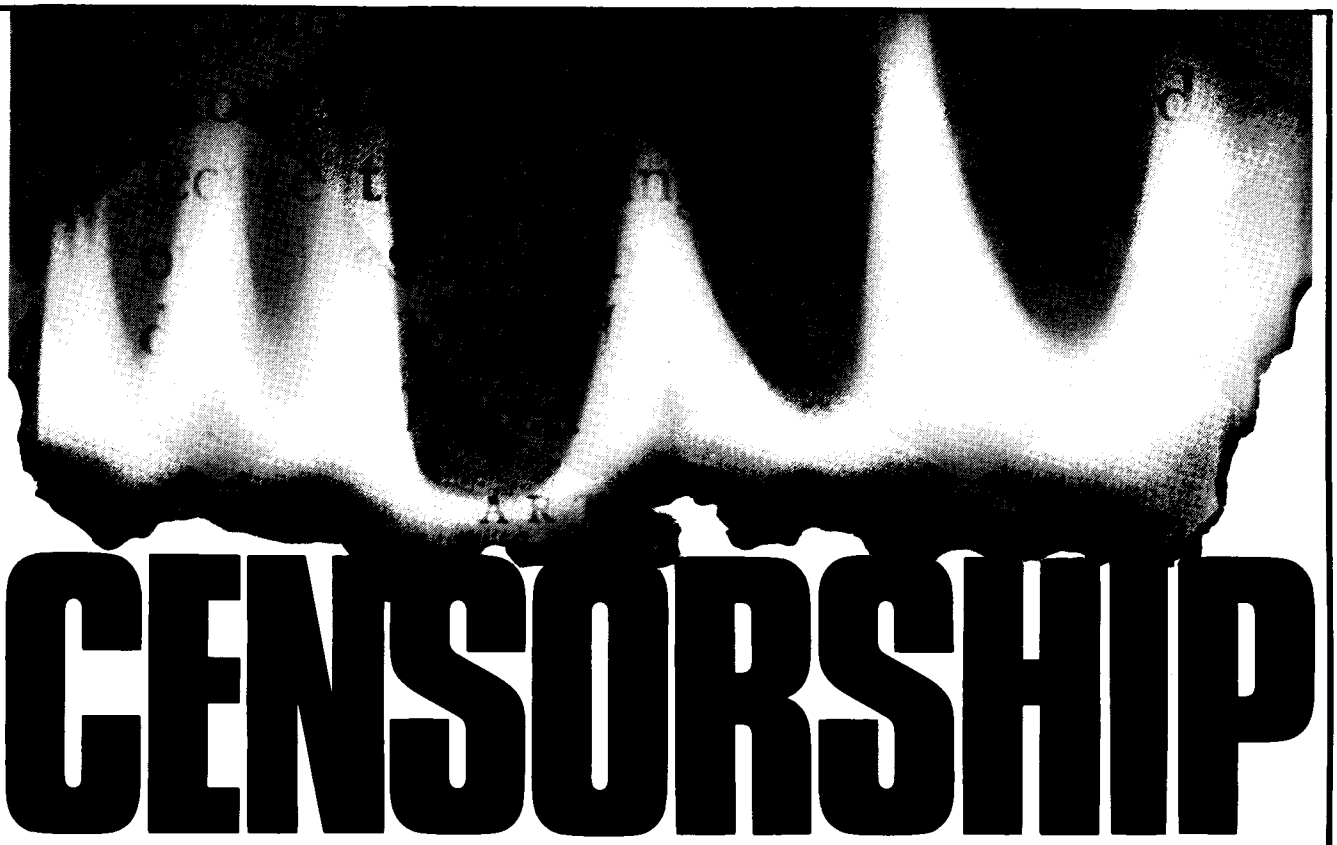

CENSORSHIP

500 YEARS OF CONFLICT

The New York Public Library announces the most comprehensive exhibition ever mounted on the burning issues of censorship. *CENSORSHIP: 500 YEARS OF CONFLICT* presents the never-ending struggle between freedom of expression and the threat of oppression in an extraordinary exhibition of books, prints and manuscripts, drawn from the Library's world-renowned collections.

On view in the newly restored D. Samuel and Jeane H. Gottesman Exhibition Hall, the exhibit illuminates the conflict between the censor and the censored from the advent of printing to the present. Featured will be first editions, rare copies and original manuscripts by Martin Luther, Galileo, Voltaire, Mark Twain, D.H. Lawrence and many more.

The Library's exploration of censorship encompasses five months of cultural and educational events including specialized exhibits on censorship in Eastern Europe, Black America, theatre and libraries, as well as a film series and public forums examining contemporary issues. For more information call: 869-8089.

Open from June 1st through October 15th, 1984, the exhibition is free. See the words, the books, the declarations and manifestos that have turned philosophers into rebels, artists into outlaws and set the world afire.

CENSORSHIP: 500 YEARS OF CONFLICT

Made possible by The National Endowment for the Humanities, Exxon Corporation, The J.M. Kaplan Fund, Inc., The New York Times Company Foundation, Inc., Time Inc., and other donors.

Exhibit Hours: Monday-Saturday 10:00 am-6:00 pm. Free Tours: 12-1 pm, 2-3 pm.
(For Group Tours call 930-0501)

The New York Public Library

Fifth Avenue & 42nd Street, New York City

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THE STATE OF POETRY

HOW TO BEGIN

From a recipe by Ari the Learned in his twelfth-century *Book of the Icelanders*

To make a poem, catch a goat;
Draw a knife across its throat.

When all life has left the creature,
Skin it; dip its hide in water.

Add old lime and stir the pot
Till the mixture seems to clot.

Then throw the clotted stuff away
And add fresh water every day

For a week, in winter more.
When the water's clean and clear,

Make a frame to stretch the skin,
Set well away from heat and sun.

Let it dry, then moisten it
And scrape the skin when it is wet.

On the flesh side of the skin
Pour fine pumice; rub it in.

Now make the skin tight in the frame
And wait a day before you trim

The vellum you have made. Then scan
The sky for raven, goose, or swan

(Some bird of size that does not sing)
And pluck a feather from a wing.

A left-wing feather if you can
Because such feathers fit the hand.

For ink, you need the bearberry,
And bark stripped from a willow tree.

Boil the mixture. When you spill
A drop that forms a little ball,

The ink is done. The vellum waits
The issue of the murdered goat,

The plundered raven, swan, and tree,
The music of the bearberry.

—*Leonard Wolf*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIRO MALISH

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THE ATTACK OF THE ZOMBI POETS

One morning they were everywhere: the lawn,
the cafeterias, the swimming pools.
They chatted at the parties, went on and on.
They taught the little children poetry-in-the-schools.

"What's the strangest thing you can think of?" they said.
"Let's listen to the silence, loosen the knots
that hold the night together, pretend we're dead."
They reviewed each other's books by carload lots:

"It is not indefensible to declare
so-and-so is conceivably among
(though this last book's a falling-off) the four
or five dozen of our most promising young . . ."

They spoke of subtleties and of nuance,
twelve shades of gray to sketch a loss of nerve,
as if their rigor were the only dance,
and hardballs at a hundred didn't curve.

All masters of the verbal knowing nod,
the merest ghosts in their own work, and proud
they'd done away with bad old ego (God
help those who said what they meant or laughed out loud),

they still were their own only subject—could
not praise without considering that praise
was suspect in our century. What good
devising (sure, they *could*) some elegant phrase,

when Angel de Pilotes, a close friend,
lay prisoned down in South America,
a victim of the junta, and the end
(not unexpected, because of the bitter flaw

in Love itself) of another relationship
began to announce itself in studious *frissons*?
Their fathers died off at a remarkable clip:
Oh, remorse—but my true father is *Villon*.

Their favorite pronoun was *we*, their second *you*:
as in, "We understand that poetry
has as its subject, poetry: the new
poetry can never . . . ," but not as in, "We

all went out to Big Bend last week and Pappy
cooked beef stew Provençale and the wind blew
a tent down and ate my hat and I was happy";
as in, "You ask the phone for a date. You/

laugh when it/ says *Yes*. You/ whisper, *Sorry*,
wrong/ number. You/ laugh, laugh, thinking/ how, soon,
your/ mysterious caller will/ die," but not as in, "Carry
the garbage out right now you dead-ass goon."

Their favorite verbal clearly was the gerund,
mostly for use in titles: *Burning the Ladder*,
Letting the Birds Grow Feathers, *Saving Air*, and
Tearing the Shirt, to name a few that matter.

Their cadence was the musical phrase, the breath,
a natural measure, and breathlessly they each
broke free of iambic five, succeeding forthwith
in somehow manufacturing a speech

so spitless, airless, and dispirited
that stones would sigh, and computers weep to hear.
They got back to nature, but when they did,
nature was never there: oh it was clear

the wind blew emptily under an empty sky,
propelling them jerkily into drink and sex . . .
One morning they were everywhere, but why?
What mycological cycle had hit apex?

They ate Cleveland, and then they ate L.A.
They had it all, at last, and it all made
good subject matter: "The aftertaste of clay . . ."
And when one put a pistol to his head

to ratify his impact on the scene,
or walked out to the middle of a bridge and fell
(though the bridge stood), the others would stir and keen
the disappointment of the particle,

the distances and horror of the word.
—No doubt about it, the situation stank,
in fact was hopeless: No poetry occurred
thenceforward thereafter, and the screen went blank.

So much for the matinee. Now day and smoke,
traffic, the vacant lot's wild sassafras
cracking the sidewalk up with a green joke,
the sun-stunned onions in the silly grass.

—*Jack Butler*

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THE POEM

1. *The Poet to the Reader*

Dear Reader, though I spend my days and nights in hiding, wanting your attention and fearing it will be no more than the sad interest success finds in failure, my faith in you has never been shaken, for only in your genius do my poems have life. I gather the fragments of night, and only in you do they shine. There is no limit to what you make possible. That is why, for as long as I can remember, I have wanted to speak in you. Accept the enclosed poem as an attempt to present the self I have so long hidden.

2. *The Reader to the Poet*

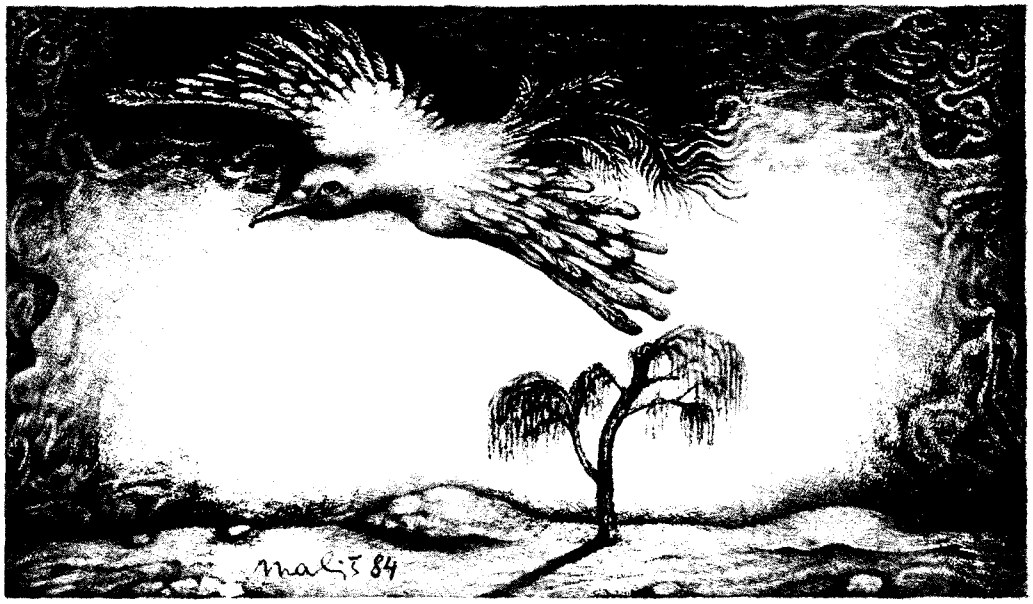
Dear Poet, thank you for the poem. I like the part about the bird and the part about the tree. Even your letter was nice. I'm not sure I'm all you think I am, but my wife says that there's more to most of us than meets the eye. I wouldn't know. Pleasing anyone is hard enough. These are difficult times and no one is safe. Lately, I have been plagued by uncertainty over our son. We live in an unfinished house. Every time I reach down there is a nail sticking up. As a poet, you will understand.

—Mark Strand

LAST INFIRMITY

O poem, poem! What possibility
has either of us got to be remembered
unless we can appeal over my head?
What if next Tuesday as I cross the street
that takes me to the cleaners I should walk
under the wheels of a truck (Calvucci & Sons/
Produce/ Revere Mass) while thinking of
a way to the right result in Nicaragua?
What would become of dear unfinished you,
crammed dogeared in a folder, vulnerable phrases
half-scratched-out? Whose hand then would smooth you,
uncrumple you, berate you? You and I
would have to take a powder together, ashes
in a tarnished urn, scraps of desperate paper
scuttling across the dump, your message whelmed
by the flurry of a thousand scavenger gulls.

—Peter Davison



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Israel's attack on an American ship during the Arab–Israeli war of 1967 has been the subject of controversy ever since. Now new evidence throws light on this "tragic accident"

THE ATTACK ON THE *LIBERTY*

BY HIRSH GOODMAN AND ZEEV SCHIFF

AT 1:59 P.M. ON JUNE 8, 1967, TWO ISRAELI MIRAGE fighters, followed by Super-Mystère jets and torpedo boats, attacked the USS *Liberty* off the coast of the Sinai peninsula. One hour and twenty minutes later the Israelis realized that the ship they had attacked with efficient ruthlessness was an American vessel. Two hours before the attack the *Liberty* had been a sophisticated intelligence-gathering ship; now it was a burning hulk, with thirty-four of its crewmen dead and scores injured.

Was the *Liberty* attacked intentionally? Seventeen years later, the question remains open. Countless magazine articles and several books—one by an eyewitness to the events—have been written about the incident, but the mystery remains.

The following account of what happened to the *Liberty* on June 8 is based on unedited, previously unpublished material retrieved by the authors over the past ten years from Israeli naval and air-force archives and on transcripts from two internal Israel Defense Forces (IDF) investigations into the affair which remain classified.

Since June of 1967, when the IDF reported to the United States the results of a preliminary investigation into the attack, Israel has remained silent. On June 10, 1967, Israel's ambassador in Washington sent a formal apology to the secretary of state, calling the attack a "tragic accident."

The American reply, sent the same day, was terse: "At the time of the attack the U.S.S. Liberty was flying the American flag and its identification was clearly indicated in large white letters and numerals on its hull. It was broad daylight and the weather conditions were excellent." The reply went on to document Israeli reconnaissance missions over the ship before the attack, continuing: "Accordingly, there is every reason to believe that the U.S.S. Liberty was identified, or at least her nationality determined, by Israeli aircraft approximately one hour before the attack."

The initial explanation for the attack came in a preliminary report telephoned on June 9 to Commander Ernest Carl Castle, the naval attaché at the American Embassy in Tel Aviv. Israel claimed that the *Liberty* had *not* been flying the U.S. flag at the time of the attack and that it had been in waters declared closed to neutrals by Egypt, the main Arab combatant in the desperate three-front war that Israel was then engaged in.

Toward the end of June the Israeli military released to the American government, again through Castle, the findings of an IDF Commission of Inquiry into the attack, which admitted error, but at the same time decided that the attack had not been a deliberate one. The commission found that the ship had tried to hide its identity and that it had had no right to be in the war zone without having first informed the Israelis. The commission's inquiry concluded that on the basis of all available evidence, the attack on the *Liberty* was "done without malice and was an innocent mistake."

Mistakes are common in war. Indeed, just the day before the attack on the *Liberty*, Israeli aircraft had bombed an Israeli armored column south of the West Bank town of Jenin; on November 3, 1956, Israeli war planes mistakenly attacked a British ship (Britain and France were allies of Israel in the Sinai campaign) in the Red Sea; in the June, 1982, war in Lebanon more than twenty Israeli servicemen were killed by Israeli Phantom jets in the eastern sector when their tanks were mistakenly identified as Syrian. During the battle in Grenada, American jets mistakenly bombed a mental hospital. Such tragic accidents have happened to every army in the history of modern war.

But many reasonable people have not been able to accept Israel's attack on the *Liberty* as such an accident. The *Liberty*'s dead have long been buried, and Israel has paid compensation to the bereaved families and the injured; but the *Liberty*'s ghost will, somehow, not be given up. Bumper stickers on cars and trucks in the United States still proclaim "Remember the Liberty." And on the seventeenth anniversary of the *Liberty* incident *The New York Times* carried an advertisement, sponsored by America First, Inc., that read: "In memory of U.S.S. LIBERTY/ On this day: June 8, 1967/ 34 American sailors killed/ 171 wounded/ in a deliberate attack/ by Israeli jets/ and/ torpedo boats." Plainly, some groups, believed by Israeli intelligence to be funded by the Arabs, want to keep the issue alive.

Stephen Green's *Taking Sides*, published earlier this

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MURRAY TINKELMAN

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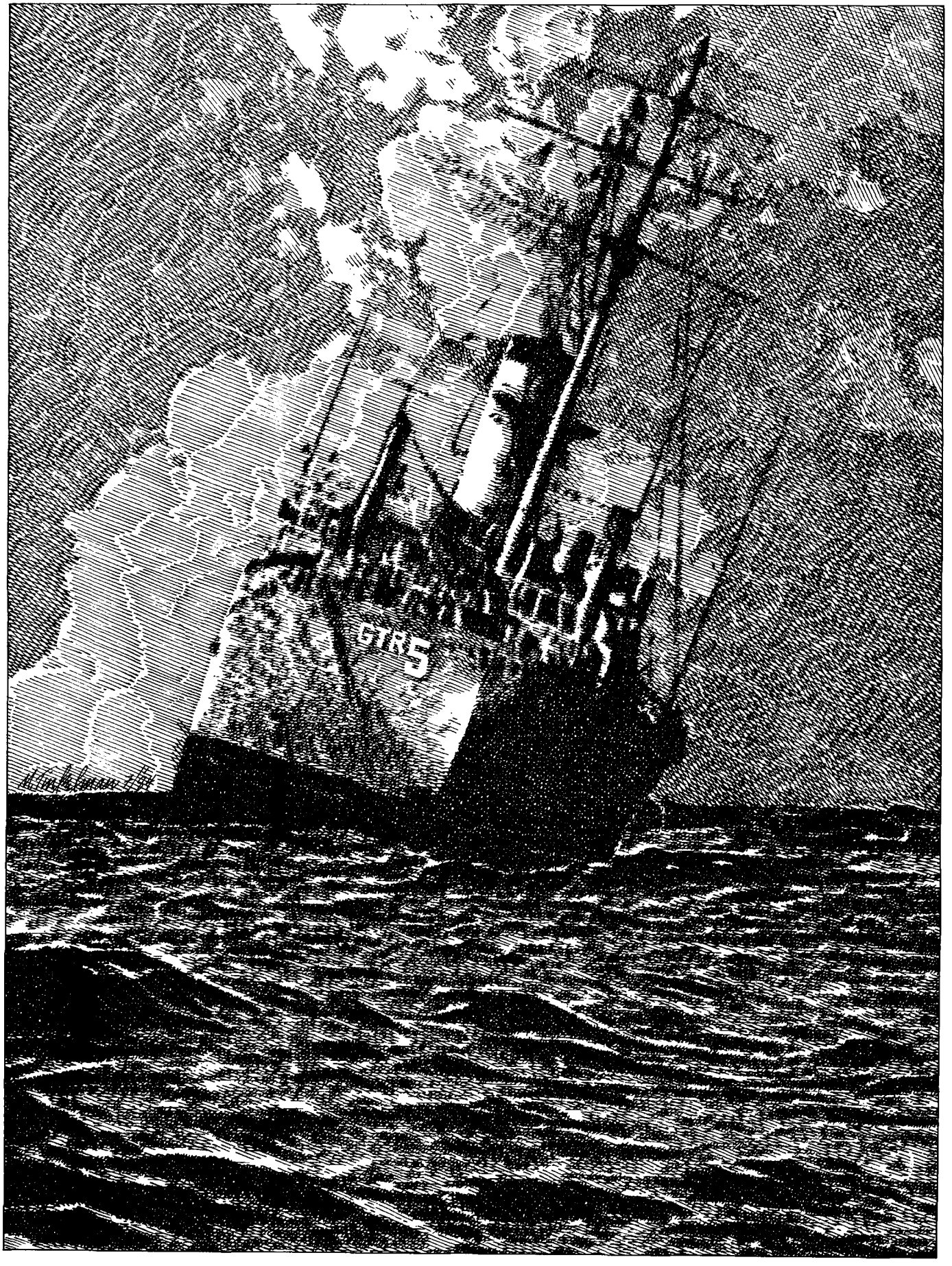

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year, and similar books continue to propagate the theory, presented as truth, that the *Liberty* was attacked because the Israelis feared she would hamper their military goals.

Some variations on the theme have been fantastic in their inventiveness. For example, a 1976 article published in *Penthouse* claims that the Israelis, worried that the *Liberty* would intercept an Israeli electronic-intelligence effort to "manipulate" phone conversations between Egypt's President Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein, decided to destroy the ship. Israeli intelligence, the article claims, had plugged into a telephone line connecting Nasser to Hussein and was distorting the Egyptian President's conversations with Hussein so as to give the impression that the war was going well for the Egyptians.

THE DECISION TO DISPATCH THE *LIBERTY*—OFFIcially described by the U.S. Navy as a technical-research ship, but known to one and all to be a spy ship—from off the west coast of Africa to the Mediterranean was controversial from the start. Against a backdrop of rising tension in the Middle East, the Defense Department, wanting intelligence in the imminent war, ordered the *Liberty* to leave Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast, in late May of 1967 for Rota, in Spain. After taking on supplies, three Marines, two Navy petty officers (both were killed in the attack), and three civilian specialists in the Russian language, the ship was to proceed to the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The crew was ordered to hold a course that would bring the ship to within thirteen miles of the Sinai peninsula, where Israeli and Egyptian forces were expected to be soon locked in battle.

The decision was taken against the opposition of Francis A. Raven, a senior official in the National Security Agency, who argued that the *Liberty* would be defenseless and vulnerable so close to a potential war arena. Raven was not alone. According to James M. Ennes, Jr., who was an officer assigned to cryptologic duties on board the *Liberty*, "From the beginning there was great fear among the crew that these orders were unwise, that tempers were too hot to permit a lightly armed, neutral intelligence vessel to patrol casually within sight of what could very soon develop into full-scale war. Officers tried to reassure the chiefs, chiefs tried to reassure the men, and we all tried to reassure each other, but everyone was uneasy about this assignment."

The ship's captain, Commander William L. McGonagle, was also uneasy about the assignment. Like the other officers on board, he was convinced that if war broke out, either the ship's orders should be changed or an armed escort should be provided.

When war did break out, on June 5, and neither a change in orders nor an escort materialized, McGonagle drafted an appeal to Vice Admiral William Inman Martin, the commander of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, who had assumed operational control of the *Liberty* when the ship entered the Mediterranean, that a destroyer be sent to within five miles of the *Liberty* to provide protection and to act as an auxiliary communications center. Martin denied the request on June 6. From then on, a tattoo of errors, both American and Israeli, commenced to guide the ship toward catastrophe.

For three days, from June 6 to June 8, messages to and from the *Liberty* disappeared into a communications labyrinth—one of the world's most sophisticated communications vessels was not able to communicate with those responsible for her operation and safety. A message from Vice Admiral Martin ordering the *Liberty* to "maintain a high state of vigilance against attack or threat of attack" and to "report by flash precedence any threatening or suspicious actions" never arrived. Neither did a crucial message sent by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, at the request of the Defense Department, which directed the ship to remain at least twenty miles off the Egyptian coast.

"The message [did not] leave the JCS communications center for fourteen hours," according to Ennes. "When it *was* finally transmitted, it was sent in error to the Naval Communication Station in the Philippines."

Finally a message from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, telephoned at 2:00 A.M. (ship's time) on the morning of June 8—exactly twelve hours before the vessel was attacked—which ordered the *Liberty* to steam at least 100 miles from the coast, was lost as well. It was delayed for four hours by a duty officer at the London headquarters of Admiral John S. McCain, Jr., the commander in chief of U.S. naval forces in Europe. Another copy passed from the Joint Chiefs to the armed-forces headquarters in Europe, again to Admiral McCain's office, on to Vice Admiral Martin, and from there into oblivion. Had the message of June 8 from Vice Admiral Martin to the *Liberty*, ordering the ship "not [to] approach coast of UAR, Israel, Syria or Lebanon closer than one hundred miles, and Cyprus no closer than twenty-five miles," been received, the tragedy could have been averted.

It could also have been averted if fatal mistakes were not being made at the same time by an overworked Israeli general staff.

JUST THIRTEEN DAYS AFTER THE *LIBERTY* SAILED FROM Norfolk for the African coast, on May 2, 1967, Egypt's Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser started moving huge forces across the Suez Canal into Sinai.

On May 23 Nasser blockaded the Strait of Tiran, a route essential for all Israeli maritime traffic—including vital oil supplies from the Persian Gulf—from the Far East and Africa to the port of Eilat. A few days before, Nasser had also ordered the withdrawal of the United Nations forces that had been serving as a buffer in Sinai since the 1956 Arab–Israeli war.

A decision by the Syrians to declare a state of alert on the Golan Heights served to increase tension. King Hussein, who apparently could not afford to remain out of a concerted pan-Arab attempt to deal a death blow to Israel,

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started mobilizing his forces. Even the Iraqis joined the fray, moving substantial forces toward Israel's northern border.

Israel, meanwhile, was being deserted by its friends. France, its closest ally and largest supplier of weapons, decided to cool relations and declared a partial embargo on weapons sales to Israel. America extended sympathy, but little else. Israel felt beleaguered. The pressures on its general staff were severe. The chief of staff, Yitzhak Rabin, later to be prime minister, broke down under the strain and had to be replaced for twenty-four hours.

It was clear to the Israeli military that to achieve victory against the numerically superior combined Arab armies, Israel would have to resort to a pre-emptive strike making maximum use of its air power.

Israel's major problem, however, was the defense of its long maritime border and of the Mediterranean ports that were its only link with the outside world. Israel's navy was the weakest link in the country's defenses. Whereas the Egyptian navy was equipped with Soviet Osa- and Komar-class missile boats, the Israelis had only one operational submarine, three Second World War destroyers, and five operational torpedo boats deployed in the Mediterranean.

More than 90 percent of Israel's population and industrial infrastructure lies along the Mediterranean coast. The general staff was convinced that the Egyptians would use the sea not only to cut off Israel's lines of supply but also to shell Israeli cities. The navy was consequently ordered to focus its attention on coastal defenses. It was into this zone of fear that the *Liberty* sailed, undefended, on June 8, 1967—patrolling thirteen miles off the coast of Sinai, its presence unknown to the protagonists.

On June fifth Yitzhak Rabin informed Commander Castle, in Tel Aviv, that "Israel intends to defend its shores from attack by the Egyptians. This will be done by combining our Air and Naval forces." The quotation, taken from Rabin's autobiography, continues: "If threatened we will not be able to delay our response. We request therefore that the United States either withdraw all its vessels from our shores, or inform us of the exact location of all vessels close to our shores."

Rabin's warning could have been prompted by a report, received earlier that day, that two Soviet intelligence-gathering vessels had been detected off Israel's northern coast. Both ships stayed well clear of Israeli territorial waters. Nonetheless, their presence caused a great deal of consternation in the Israeli military.

AT FIVE A.M. ON JUNE 7—THE DAY BEFORE THE ATTACK on the *Liberty*—Israeli naval intelligence reported sighting three Egyptian submarines off the Israeli coast. The commander of the navy, Admiral Shlomo Erel, ordered Israel's three destroyers out to locate them. At 5:37 A.M. a periscope was sighted off the coast of Tel Aviv, and at 6:50 P.M. another periscope was reported seen outside the port of Ashdod.

Adding to the general tension was a feeling of failure among the naval command: that morning members of an elite frogman commando unit had been captured by the Egyptians in Alexandria after having managed to sink several boats. The capture of the frogmen was a severe loss to the navy.

Thus June 7, the third day of the war, found the Israeli naval command frustrated and fearful, underequipped to defend Israel's shores, and dependent on the air force and human observation for long-range early warning.

June 8 began early for the Israeli navy. According to the war log, from which many details of this account have been taken, an air-force Nord aircraft took off from an unnamed airfield at 4:00 A.M. with a navy spotter on board. Its mission was to patrol Israel's shores to ensure that no enemy vessels had penetrated Israeli waters during the night. The use of the aircraft and a human spotter for early warning was necessary because of Israel's limited radar capability at the time.

At 5:45 the duty officer in the navy's war room was informed by radio that the Nord had sighted a ship some seventy miles west of Gaza. The spotter aboard the aircraft said he thought the ship was a destroyer. The duty officer immediately ordered a red marker placed on the battle-control table in the navy's war room. Red was the color used to designate an unidentified target.

At 6:03 the spotter aboard the Nord filed a supplementary report in which he identified the ship as "an American naval-supply vessel." Though the ship had now been positively identified as American, and therefore neutral, no move was made in the command bunker to change the ship's designation on the control table from red to green—the color used to designate a neutral target.

In the evidence he presented to the official IDF Commission of Inquiry, the duty officer responsible for updating the battle-control table testified that he had refrained from changing the color code because "identification had been vague and uncertain."

FROM 6:00 A.M. TO 9:00 A.M. THE *LIBERTY* WAS ALMOST forgotten. The navy's attention was diverted to a suspected enemy-submarine penetration west of the town of Atlit, where a huge oil slick had been sighted. At 8:50 the navy dispatched the destroyer MV *Haifa* to the area. The *Haifa* detonated five depth charges at 9:02, but with no success.

While the hunt for the submarine was on, Admiral Erel entered the underground war room to take personal command of the situation. As he familiarized himself with the battle-control board, he questioned the duty officer about the red marker west of the Sinai coast. Told that the marker designated an American supply ship, he ordered it changed to green. Erel then concentrated his attention on the pursuit of the submarine.

At 9:29 five more depth charges were detonated off the Atlit coast (apparently with some success: the *Haifa*'s crew

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reported air bubbles and oil rising to the surface). At the same time, the war room received a cable saying that an Israeli pilot reported being shot at by an "unidentified ship off the Sinai coast." Questioned after landing, the pilot said that he had *not* been fired on, but that he had seen a ship, which he described as being "gray, wider than usual, and with a bridge in the middle." The information was filed and forgotten.

Shortly before 10:00 A.M. the Nord aircraft returned to base. During debriefing the navy spotter reported that he had clearly seen *GTR-5* on the side of the vessel he had sighted. The spotter's information was passed on to a Major Pinhassi at the naval-operations room at Naval Headquarters, who, after consulting *Jane's Fighting Ships*, identified the ship as the *Liberty*, an American intelligence-gathering vessel. Pinhassi's findings were double-checked by naval-intelligence officers, who reported back to the operations center that the GTR-5 was an American intelligence vessel named the *Liberty*.

This correct identification, however, came to naught. At 11:00 A.M. duty commanders in the navy war room changed shifts. Lieutenant Colonel "L" (his name remains classified), who took over temporary command, made a decision that proved fatal for the *Liberty*: he ordered the green marker designating its position removed from the battle-control table. "I wanted the battle-control table as uncluttered as possible," he explained later.

Though consistent with standard naval operating procedure—whereby officers were under instruction to keep the battle-control table as simple as possible—L's decision wiped out all reference to the presence of the *Liberty* off the Sinai coast. From 11:05 that morning the *Liberty* was no longer a known quantity for those operationally responsible for conducting the fast-moving three-front war from their underground bunker.

Nineteen minutes later, at 11:24, the *Liberty* was rediscovered, this time under tragic circumstances.

At 11:24 the air force reported to Colonel Issy Rahav, naval chief of operations, that the Sinai coastal city of El Arish, captured by Israeli forces the day before, was being shelled from the sea. Hardly had Rahav given instructions to recheck the information when, at 11:27, a second, independent, report came in, this time from Southern Command Headquarters, that El Arish was being bombarded. The report added that the shells were falling short of the shoreline.

Explosions and smoke from El Arish were also noticed by the *Liberty*'s crew. In his book, *Assault on the Liberty*, Ennes, who was duty officer on the bridge that morning, reports that a few minutes after the *Liberty* had executed a right turn to new course 238 degrees, at 11:30 A.M., "a huge explosion rocked the town of El Arish."

After the war it was discovered that El Arish had not been shelled at all, but that an Egyptian ammunition depot had exploded. On the morning of June 8, however, the IDF general command assumed that the city was under attack from the sea.

THIS ASSUMPTION WAS THE SECOND ERROR SEALING the *Liberty*'s fate. In response to the presumed attack, Colonel Rahav, at 12:05 P.M., ordered three torpedo boats from the 914 Squadron to depart the port of Ashdod and proceed in the general direction of El Arish. At 12:15 P.M. the captain of the flagship, Lieutenant Colonel Moshe Oren, was ordered to sail to a point twenty miles north of El Arish and patrol the area. At 1:07 he was informed that upon sighting the target he was to call for an immediate air strike.

At 1:41 Second Lieutenant Aharon Yfrach, the radar operator aboard T-204, the flagship, reported that he had picked up a "target" on his scope, and that the ship was twenty nautical miles northwest of El Arish, fourteen miles off the Bardawil shore, and moving west at a speed of thirty knots.

The target's speed was a crucial factor in determining whether or not it was a ship of war. Standard operating procedure for the Israeli navy in 1967 decreed that any ship moving faster than twenty knots in a battle arena was to be presumed hostile. A second radar check was ordered. Now the target's speed was given as twenty-eight knots.

This was the third Israeli mistake. Both radar readings were incorrect, but those speeds were sent back by T-204 to Naval Headquarters, and both were registered in the command's log book.

When asked during the official hearings to explain this discrepancy, Yfrach said that "the mistake could have been caused by what is known as 'radar jump,' or by an erroneous reading by the radar operator, or by incorrect logging by the radar operator, or a combination of any of these three factors." Admiral Erel, in his evidence, said that it was not unknown for the radars of torpedo boats to be "inaccurate." At the time, however, the information reaching headquarters from T-204 led Colonel Rahav to two conclusions: that the target in question was a warship, and that it was sailing on an evasive course in the direction of Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal.

At 1:45 P.M. Rahav decided to order an attack on the ship. Since the three torpedo boats that he had at his disposal were still twenty nautical miles away from the target, and since they could develop a maximum speed of only twenty-eight knots—the same as the target—he called for an air strike.

Rahav's request reached Air Force Command at 1:48. The senior air-force battle controller, Lieutenant Colonel Shmuel Kislev, ordered two Mirage III C fighters, on their way back to Israel from an air patrol over the Suez Canal, to be diverted to the target. The Mirages reached the target a few seconds before 2:00 P.M. The lead plane dropped to an altitude of 3,000 feet and circled the target twice. The second aircraft circled the target only once. On the second turn the lead pilot reported back to Air Force Headquarters that the ship was not Israeli; it was painted battle-gray and had two cannons in the forecastle, a mast in the front, and one funnel.

Major-General Mordechai Hod, the commander of the

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Israeli air force, who was in direct contact with the pilot, asked if any flag was visible. The pilot reported back, "I see no flag or other signs of identification." (The question of whether or not the *Liberty* was flying a flag remains a major point of contention. The point, however, is moot: the pilot's report left those assessing the target's status with the impression that no flag was being flown—a key factor in their decision that the ship was hostile.)

Seconds after this radio exchange the order to attack was given. By 2:06 the two pilots had each strafed the *Liberty* four times. The pilots reported that they had scored "good hits" and that a fire had broken out on "the left-hand side of the ship."

WHILE THE ATTACK BY THE MIRAGES WAS STILL IN progress, Air Force Command ordered two more aircraft diverted to the *Liberty*, this time Super-Mystère jets en route to a bombing mission over the Mitla Pass, in central Sinai. They arrived on the scene just as the second Mirage was completing its last strafing run. Though the Super-Mystères were armed with napalm bombs, which are not suitable for attacking targets at sea, it was decided to use the aircraft anyway. The planes made two bombing runs each, but only one bomb hit the ship.

There was no return fire from the *Liberty*. This lack of response puzzled the lead pilot, who did another swoop around the burning ship and noticed that *P-30*, or what he thought to be *P-30*, was painted on the hull. Still puzzled, he dropped to ninety feet above the waterline and completed a second swoop around the vessel. This time he reported seeing *CTR-5* on the hull: "The ship's identification is Charlie-Tango-Romeo-five. I see no flag," he said.

The pilot was told to report on damages and leave the target area. He radioed back that the ship was covered with heavy smoke, that the upper deck was badly damaged, and that he thought he could see men jumping into the water. At 2:16 the air-force controller in the central-operations room dispatched two helicopters to the area to pick up survivors.

At 2:18 the commander of the torpedo-boat squadron ordered his crew to prepare for an attack. Two minutes later the naval-operations room ordered him to hold off "pending further clarification." The delay was ordered by Naval Headquarters after it received the news that the ship under attack had the identification markings *CTR-5* on its hull. Obviously, doubt had arisen as to the true identity of the vessel.

Though they held their fire, the three torpedo boats continued to speed toward the target. By 2:24 they could see the burning ship. Thick, acrid smoke enveloped the entire vessel, except for the hull and part of the bridge—but even this limited view convinced Lieutenant Colonel Oren that the ship was not a destroyer.

"I understood then," Oren subsequently told the Commission of Inquiry, "that it could only have been an Egyptian naval-supply ship, or perhaps even a merchant vessel."

At 2:27 P.M. Oren ordered the signalman aboard T-204 to flash the message "What ship?" to the stricken vessel.

The *Liberty* replied, "AA," meaning "Identify yourselves first."

The *Liberty*'s captain could not have chosen a more unfortunate answer. Eleven years before, during the Sinai campaign, exactly the same exchange had taken place between an Israeli destroyer, the MV *Yaffo*, and an Egyptian ship, the *Ibrahim-el-Awal*. Oren, who was a young officer on the *Yaffo*'s bridge at the time, remembered the incident well. If he still had any doubts that the burning vessel ahead of him was Egyptian, they were now dispelled.

While he was deciding whether to attack, a burst of machine-gun fire erupted from the ship's forecastle. That shots were fired has been confirmed by American seamen aboard the *Liberty*. It seems that one of the crew, Seaman Apprentice Dale Larkins, did not hear Captain McGonagle's "hold-fire" order, issued minutes before, and fired several volleys in the direction of the torpedo boats until he was told to stop.

Oren still hesitated. He consulted the Israeli navy's book identifying the ships of the Arab navies, and concluded that the ship in question was the Egyptian supply vessel *El Quseir*. An independent check by the captain of one of the other torpedo boats came up with the same identification.

The court later questioned both officers at length on the contradiction between their conclusion that the ship was a supply vessel and the report that the vessel was doing "twenty-eight or thirty knots" at the time it was detected. Oren replied that he had assumed that the ship was a straggler, left behind by a larger Egyptian force that may have been in the area. The radar reading could have pertained to one of the other ships, he said.

At 2:37 Lieutenant Colonel Oren gave the order to attack the *Liberty*. Covering their advance with rapid cannon fire, the three torpedo boats sped toward the target. At 2:43, T-206 fired off the first torpedo, from 1,000 yards, and followed up with another, from 550 yards. At 2:44, T-203 fired two torpedos from 2,000 yards; one went wide, the second hit the right side of the ship, just below the waterline. A fifth torpedo was fired by T-204, but it went way off course and was lost to sight.

Oren followed up the first attack with a second—this time from the *Liberty*'s left side, his goal being to sink the ship. While T-204 was crossing the ship's bow, however, one of the young officers aboard noticed the letters *GTR* on the hull of the ship. Oren immediately issued a hold-fire order and transmitted the information to Naval Headquarters. The time was 2:47.

Oren was ordered "to pick up survivors and to finally and positively establish the ship's identity." At 2:51 he radioed back to headquarters that "the ship could be Russian because of the letters on its hull."

The news hit the IDF general staff like a thunderbolt.

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Rabin called an emergency meeting of his advisers to discuss the possibility of large-scale Soviet military intervention on behalf of the Arabs, now that one of the Soviet Union's ships had been attacked.

It was only at 3:20 P.M.—a full half-hour later—that Oren, who had in the meantime looked the ship over closely, recontacted Naval Headquarters and said that he had been mistaken: the ship was not Russian but American.

At 3:30 the news was conveyed to Commander Castle, in Tel Aviv.

Meanwhile, the two Israeli helicopters arrived on the scene, but after circling the ship for twenty minutes and finding no men overboard they returned to base.

At 4:02 two tugs were readied for departure from Ashdod in case they were needed to tow the ship in. At the same time, Admiral Erel ordered Oren to use his bullhorn to try and make contact with the American vessel and offer help. Under no circumstances, he was told, should he try to board the ship.

At 4:40 Israel's offer of help was rejected.

At 5:04 the three torpedo boats were ordered to return to base. They turned due northeast, in the direction of Ashdod, and at 5:50 the *Liberty* disappeared from their radarscopes.

There was one more attempt to make contact with the ship. At 6:15 P.M. Commander Castle was flown to the area in an Israeli helicopter. He was able to do nothing other than circle the ship and throw down to the survivors on the burning deck a message packet containing his calling card, with a hastily scrawled message on the back: "Have you casualties?" There was no reply. Crippled, the *Liberty* then sailed for Malta.

ON JUNE 12, 1967—FIVE DAYS AFTER THE ATTACK—the Israeli chief of staff appointed a special commission of inquiry into the incident. It was headed by Colonel Ram Ron, who later became a member of the Israeli parliament.

On Colonel Ron's recommendation, the IDF's advocate-general, Colonel Meir Shamgar, today the chief justice of Israel's supreme court, decided that "due to the importance of the issue in question and the seriousness of its repercussions" an investigative judge should be appointed to reconsider the evidence. On June 21 Lieutenant Colonel Justice Yeshayahu Yerushalmi was named to head a judicial investigation into the affair.

Yerushalmi heard thirty-four witnesses over a period of one month. While the hearings were still in progress he issued an interim judgment that Lieutenant Colonel "L"—the officer who had ordered that the green marker be taken off the battle-control board—could be charged with negligence. But in his final judgment, rendered on July 21, 1967, Yerushalmi found no grounds for the prosecution of any of the officers or men involved. Yerushalmi's decision was confirmed by Advocate General Shamgar on July 24, after the latter completed a comprehensive review of the evidence placed before the court of inquiry.

Both Ron and Yerushalmi found that "the attack on the ship was not conducted out of malice, nor independently in summing up and passing judgment was there any evidence of criminal negligence. It was a genuine mistake."

Yerushalmi isolated the five crucial factors that he believed led to the mistake: the report that El Arish was being shelled from the sea; the report that the *Liberty* was moving at thirty knots per hour; the report from the Mirage pilots that it was a ship of war; the identification of the *Liberty* as the *El Quseir*; the ship's inexplicable closeness to hostile shores in a time of war.

On June 10, 1967, in a formal apology, the government of Israel undertook to pay compensation to the families of the men killed and to the men wounded in the attack. A year later Israel paid out a total of $3,323,000 to the families of the thirty-four servicemen killed, and in April of 1969 it paid another $3,566,547 to the wounded.

However, Israel refused to pay the $7,644,116 demanded by the U.S. government, on July 1, 1968, for repairs to the vessel. The reason given by the Israeli government at the time was that Israel did not accept the contention that it alone was responsible for the circumstances leading to the attack.

The question of damages has bounced back and forth over the years with no results. Finally, in January of 1980, Israel agreed to negotiate a settlement, but none has been negotiated to this day.

To this day, as well, the wounds have not healed. The issue resurfaces periodically, and with it the pain. □

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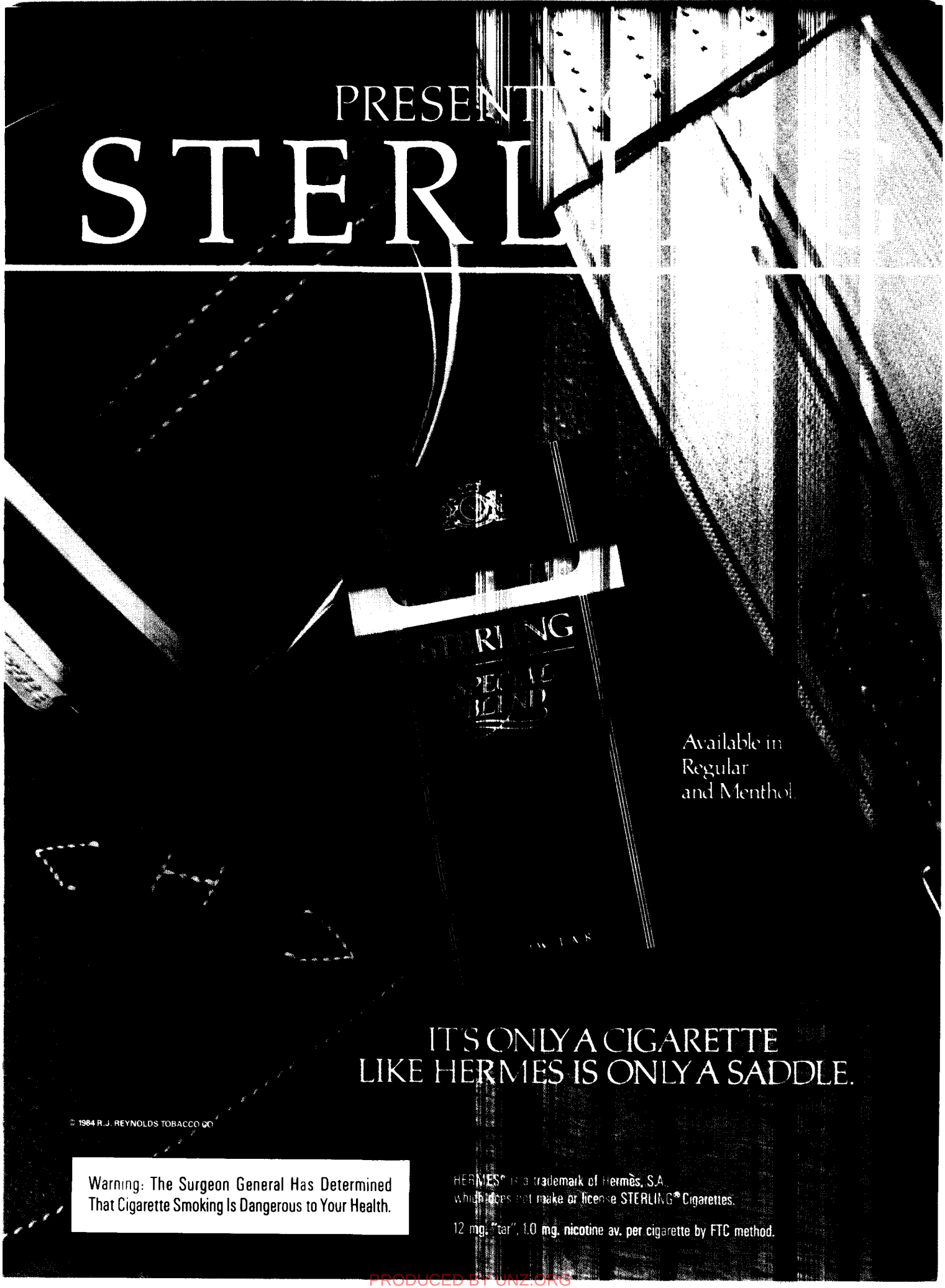

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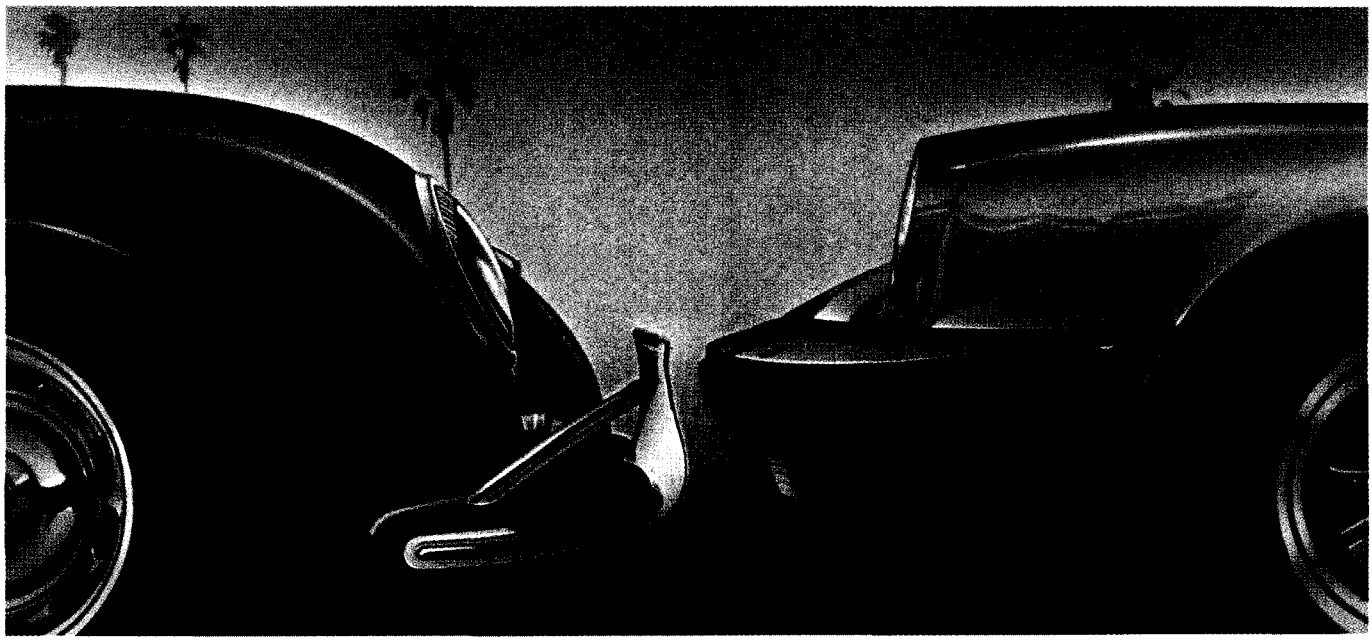
A Short Story

THE POOR ARE ALWAYS WITH US

BY TOBIAS WOLFF



THE TROUBLE WITH OWNING A PORSCHE IS THAT there's always some little thing wrong with it. At least it seemed that way to Russell. This time it was a sticky brake pedal. Russell had planned a trip for Easter weekend, so he left work early on Friday afternoon and drove up to Menlo Park to have Bruno, his mechanic, take a look at the car. Bruno was an Austrian. The wall behind his desk was covered with diplomas, most written in German, congratulating him on his completion of different courses in Porsche technology. Bruno's office overlooked the bay where he and his assistant worked on the cars, both of them wearing starched white smocks and wielding tools that glittered like surgical instruments.

When Russell pulled into the garage, Bruno was alone. He looked up, waved, and bent back down under the hood of a vintage green Speedster. Russell walked around the Speedster a couple of times, and then watched over Bruno's shoulder as Bruno traced the wiring with a flashlight whose thin silver beam looked as solid as a knitting needle.

"So?" Bruno asked. After Russell described the trouble he was having, Bruno grunted and said, "Sure, sure. No sweat, old bean." He said that he would get to it as soon as he was finished with the Speedster—forty-five minutes, maybe an hour. Russell could wait or pick it up on Monday.

Russell told him he would wait.

There were two men in Bruno's office. They glanced up at Russell when he came in and then went on talking above the noise of a radio that sat on Bruno's desk, playing music from the 1950s. Russell couldn't help listening to them. They were friends; he could tell that by the way they kept insulting each other. They never let up, especially the bigger of the two, a black guy who wore sunglasses and a safari jacket and who popped his knuckles steadily. Whenever the white guy got off a good line, the black guy would grin and shake his head and get off a better one. Twice Russell laughed out loud, and after the second time the white guy turned and stared at him. He had red-rimmed eyes that bulged as if some pressure were forcing them out. His skin was tight-looking, drawn so severely over the bones of his face that even now, unsmiling as he was, his teeth showed. He stared at Russell and said, "Little pitchers have big ears."

Russell looked down at the rug. He tried to mind his own business after that, until the two men began to talk about someone from Russell's company who had recently

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ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILLARDSON ASSOCIATES

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been arrested for selling information about a new computer to the Japanese. Russell had met the man once, and from what these two fellows were saying he gathered that they had both worked with the spy a few years back at Hewlett-Packard. Russell knew he should keep his mouth shut, but he decided to say something. He had followed the case and had strong opinions about it. Mostly, though, he just wanted to join in the conversation.

"We all got our price," the black guy was saying. "Shit, they'd put every one of us in stir if they could read our minds for an hour. Any hour," he added.

"As if everybody else in this town isn't doing something just as bad," the white guy said. "Bunch of piglets. They're just burned up because he got to the trough before they did."

"I see it differently," Russell said. "I think they should lock him up and throw away the key. He sold out the people who worked with him and trusted him. He sold out his team. As far as I'm concerned, he's a complete write-off."

The white guy fixed his eyes on Russell and said, "Groves, who is this weenie?"

"Now, now," Groves said.

"I swear to God," the white guy said. He pushed himself out of his chair and went to the window overlooking the garage, coming down hard on the heels of his boots as he walked. He stood there, hands clenched into fists, and when he turned away, Russell saw that his upper teeth were almost entirely exposed. He squinted at Russell. "A complete write-off," he said. "How old are you, anyway?"

Groves popped a knuckle. "Easy does it," he said. "Lighten up there, Dave."

Dave, Russell thought. He didn't know any Daves, but this one had something against him. "Twenty-two," he said, adding a year.

"Well, then, I guess you know it all. From the lofty perspective of your twenty-two years."

"I don't know it all," Russell said. "I know the difference between right and wrong, though." *I hardly ever talk like this*, Russell wanted to add. *You should hear me with my friends back home.*

The pants Dave wore looked too small for him, and now he made them look even smaller by jamming his hands into the back pockets. "Go away," he said to Russell. "Go away and come back later, okay?"

"We're all friends here," Groves said. He put a small silver bong on Bruno's desk and began to stuff it with brown marijuana from a sandwich bag. "Peace pipe," he said. He lit up and passed the bong to Russell. Russell took a hit and held it out to Dave, but Dave kept his hands in his pockets. Finally Russell put the bong back down on Bruno's desk. He wished that he had refused it too.

"While we're on the subject," Dave said, "is there anybody else you want to write off?"

"Unbelievable," Groves said, turning up the volume on the radio. " 'Runaround Sue.' Man, I haven't heard 'Runaround Sue' for about eighty years."

Dave looked gloomily out the window. "Is that your Targa?" he asked. Without waiting for Russell to answer he said, "How do you rate a Targa? Graduation present from Pop?"

"I bought it myself," Russell said.

Dave asked Russell where he worked, and when Russell told him, he said, "That outfit. Nothing but Jap spies and boy wonders. I swear to God they'll be hiring them out of first grade next."

"I do dearly love a Porsche," Groves said. "There isn't anything I wouldn't do to get me a Porsche."

Dave said, "Why don't you buy one?"

"Ask my wife."

"Which wife?"

"You see my problem," Groves said. He fired up the bong again and offered it to Russell. "Go on, child, go on," he insisted when Russell shook his head, and kept pushing it at him until Russell took another hit. Russell held the smoke in his mouth and then blew it out and said, "*Gracias*. That's righteous weed."

"Righteous!" Dave said. He grinned at Groves, who bent over and made a sound like air escaping from a balloon. Groves began to drum his feet on the floor. "*Gracias*!" Dave said, and Groves threw his head back and howled.

Bruno came into the office carrying a clipboard. "You chaps," he said. "Always laughing." He sat down at the desk and started punching away at a pocket calculator.

Groves said, "Oh, Lord. Lord, Lord, Lord." He pushed up his sunglasses and rubbed his eyes.

Bruno tore a sheet off the clipboard. "Seventy-two fifty," he said to Dave.

"Catch you tomorrow," Dave said.

"Better now," Bruno told him. "Tomorrow something bad might happen."

Dave slowly counted out the money. He was putting his wallet in his pocket when Groves pointed at him and said, "Name that tune!"

" 'Turn Me Loose,' " Dave said. "Kookie Byrnes. 1959."

"Fabian," Russell said.

"What do *you* know?" Dave said. "You weren't even born when this song came out."

Russell said, "It's Fabian. I'll bet you anything. I'll bet you my car."

Dave studied Russell for a moment. "Boy, you do bad things to me, you know that? Okay," he said. "My Speedster against your Targa."

Russell turned to Bruno. "You heard that."

"Get your papers," Bruno said.

Russell had his in his wallet. Dave's were in the glove compartment of the Speedster. While he was down in the garage getting them, Groves stood up and began to walk around the office. "I don't believe this," he said. Dave came back and handed the papers to Bruno, and they all waited for the song to end. But when it ended, two more songs played back-to-back—"My Prayer" and "Duke of Earl." Then the deejay came on and gave the names of the recording artists.

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"Nuts," Dave said. Then, to Russell, "You little weenie."

The whole thing caught Bruno on his funny bone. He laughed until tears came to his eyes. "You crazy chaps," he said. "You crazy, crazy chaps."

RUSSELL AGREED TO LET DAVE BRING THE CAR OVER to his apartment later that afternoon. He had legal title now; if Dave didn't show up, Russell could have him arrested for grand theft auto. Bruno was the one who made this point. Still laughing, Bruno got his Polaroid camera out of the desk and took several pictures of the Speedster to keep as souvenirs of the event.

Russell waited alone in the office while Bruno put the Targa right; then he drove home and ate a sandwich beside the pool in the courtyard of his apartment building. He had the place to himself. All the other tenants were still at work, and none of them had children. Some owned dogs, but they'd been trained not to bark, so the courtyard was quiet except for the sigh of traffic from Page Mill Road and the tick of palm fronds above the chair where Russell sat.

He hated to think of giving the Speedster back. He wanted to keep it, and he could give himself reasons for keeping it, reasons that made sense. But all of them sounded like lies to Russell—the kind of lies you tell yourself when you already know the truth. The truth was that he'd been certain Fabian was the singer, and certain that Dave would take his bet. He had smoked marijuana in the middle of the afternoon like some kind of junior-high dropout, and lied about his age, and generally made a fool of himself. Then, because his feelings were hurt, he had goaded a man into gambling away his car.

That was how the truth looked to Russell, and it had nothing to do with his dream of being a magnanimous person, openhearted and fair. Of course, not everyone would see it this way. Russell knew that most people would think he was being fussy.

Russell lived alone now, but when he first arrived in town he had roomed with a fellow from his company, an MIT graduate whose ambition was to make a bundle in a hurry, invest it, and then become a composer. He wrote moody violin pieces, which he played for Russell. Russell thought that they sounded great and that his roommate was a genius. But his roommate was also a swinger. He had girls in the apartment every weekend and sometimes even during the week, different girls, and one night he and Russell got into an argument about it. Russell hadn't said anything up to then, but his roommate knew that he disapproved. He wanted to know why. Russell told him that it seemed cheap. His roommate said, "You're completely uptight, that's your problem," and left the room, but he ran back a moment later yelling that nobody, but nobody, called him cheap and got away with it. He waved his long white hands in Russell's face and said, "How would you like a knuckle sandwich?" Russell apologized, and apologized again the next morning, and after that the two of them lived together on terms so polite that they would excuse themselves after coughing. Russell understood that his roommate had written him off.

Russell moved out at the end of the month. For a long time afterward, until he got used to living alone, he made up conversations with his old roommate in which he laid bare his soul and was understood and forgiven. "Listen," Russell would say, "I know you think I'm uptight because I don't sleep around or do many drugs or party a lot. But I'm not uptight, I'm really not. I just don't want to end up like Teddy Wells. I don't want to end up fifty years old and getting my sixth divorce and wearing gold chains and putting half my salary up my nose and collecting erotic art and cruising El Camino for teenagers."

And Russell's roommate would answer, "I never looked at it that way before, but I see what you mean and you're absolutely right."

Russell just wanted to keep his bearings, that was all. It was easy to lose your bearings when you were three thousand miles from home and making more money than you needed, almost twice as much as your own father made after thirty years of teaching high school math. "I'm doing the best I can," Russell would say. "I'm only twenty, for Christ's sake!"

And his roommate would answer, "Of course. Of course."

DAVE BROUGHT THE SPEEDSTER BY AT FIVE-THIRTY, half an hour later than he'd promised. Russell was waiting outside the apartment building when Dave drove up. A dark-haired woman in an old station wagon pulled in behind the Speedster and sat there with the engine running. Dave rolled his window down. "Did you call the heat yet?" he asked.

"I knew you'd come," Russell said. He smiled, but Dave did not smile back.

"That's funny," Dave said. "A throw-away-the-key guy like you, I figured you'd have my picture in the post office by now." He got out and closed the door gently. "Here," he said, and tossed Russell the keys. "What are you going to do with it? Sell it?" He looked at the car, then back at Russell.

"No," Russell said. "Listen—"

Dave said, "You listen." He crossed the strip of grass to the sidewalk where Russell stood. Russell felt the man's hatred and took a step backward. The woman in the station wagon revved the engine. Dave stopped and looked back at her, and then put his hands in his pockets, as he had done earlier that day. Russell understood the gesture now: it was what Dave did with his hands to keep them from doing something else.

"I wish this hadn't happened," Russell said.

Though Dave was a couple of inches shorter than Russell, he seemed to be examining him from a height. "You're nothing special," he said. "You might think you

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have ideas, but you don't. No one has had an actual idea in this business for about five years. You want to know how I got the Speedster?" When Russell didn't answer, he said, "I'll tell you. They gave it to me for an idea I had, actually a lot of ideas put together. They just handed me the keys and told me where it was parked and that was that. No speeches or anything. No plaque. Everything was understood."

The woman in the station wagon revved the engine again. Dave ignored her. He said, "You little snots think you're on the cutting edge, but all you're doing is sweeping up, collecting our stuff. The work's been done. You're just a bunch of janitors."

"That's not true," Russell said.

"You're a janitor," Dave repeated. "No way in hell do you rate a car like that. A car like that is completely out of your class." He took a quarter from his pocket and said, "Flip me for it."

"Flip you? Flip you for what?"

Dave looked down the street to where the woman sat watching them. "The wagon," he said.

"Come on," Russell said. "What kind of deal is that?"

Dave flipped the quarter. "Call it."

"This is baloney," Russell said. Then, because he was afraid of Dave and wanted to be done with him, he said, "What the hell. All right. Tails."

"Tails it is," Dave said, and threw the coin into Russell's face. It struck him below the eye and fell to the sidewalk. Dave walked back to the station wagon. He knocked on the window, and when the woman rolled it down, he reached past her, turned off the engine, and dropped the keys into the gutter.

"Hey," she said.

"Get out," Dave told her, and held the door open until she obeyed him. She was thin and pale. She had liquid brown eyes like a deer's eyes, and like a deer she looked restlessly around her as if unsure of everything.

"I'll send Groves over with the papers," Dave said. He turned and started down the street toward Page Mill Road. The woman watched him walk away, and then looked at Russell.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It wasn't my idea."

"Oh, no," she said. "Wait a minute. Dave!" she called, but Dave kept walking and didn't look back. "Don't go anywhere," she told Russell. "Just wait here, okay?" She took a couple of steps and gave a loud scream. Then she broke into a run, stopping once to scream again—no words, only the pure sound rising between the tiled rooftops into the cloudless blue sky.

RUSSELL ATE DINNER AT A CHINESE PLACE NEAR THE freeway. When he got home, he found Groves leaning back in one of the chairs by the pool. The woman who managed the building was sitting beside him. She was a widow from Michigan. The other tenants complained about her because she was snoopy and enforced all the rules. In the eight months since Russell had moved in he had never seen her smile, but when he stepped into the courtyard she was laughing.

"That's gospel," Groves said. "I swear."

She laughed again.

It was dark, but Groves still had his sunglasses on. His hands were folded behind his head. When he saw Russell, he pointed one foot at him and said, "Here come de champ."

"Sorry I made you wait," Russell said. "I didn't know you'd be coming tonight."

"See?" Groves said. "I'm no perpetrator." He pushed himself up from the chair and said to Russell, "Emma here thought I was a perpetrator."

"No, I didn't!" she said.

Groves laughed. "That's cool. Everybody gets one mistake." He clapped his hand on Russell's shoulder. "Champ, we got to talk."

Russell led Groves up the stairs and along the walkway to his apartment. Groves followed him inside and looked around. "What's this number?" he asked. "You in training to be a monk or something?"

"I just moved in a while ago," Russell said.

"No pictures, no sounds, no box," Groves went on. "No nothing. You sure you live here?" He took an envelope from his pocket and dropped it on the counter that divided the living room from the kitchen. "Candygram from Dave," he said. "Crazy Dave. Champ, we got a problem." Groves began to pace the small room, deliberately at first, then faster and faster, wheeling like a cat in a cage, the unbuckled straps of his safari jacket swinging at his sides. "We got a priority situation here," he said, "because you just got yourself all tied up in something you don't understand, and what you don't understand is my man Dave isn't in *no* condition to go laying off his automobiles at this point in time. He isn't what we say *competent*, you dig? What we're talking about here is some serious post-Vietnam syndrome. I mean, serious head problems."

Without slowing down, Groves lit a cigarette. Then he went on talking, waving his hands and scattering ash onto the carpet. "What we've got here is a disturbed veteran. We've got a man who's been on the big march through the valley of the shadow of death, you follow me? I'm talking about Khe Sanh, champ. The Pit. Here's how it went down. Dave's company is sitting out on the perimeter or whatever, and the Cong come pouring over, you with me? There's mortars going off and all that shit and rifles and whatever, and a whole bunch of Dave's friends, I mean his special dudes, get shot up. I mean they're hanging out there on the wire and so on. Now, my man Dave, he's been hit too, but he crawls out there anyway and drags his buddies in. All of them. Even the dead ones. And all the time old Charlie Cong is just *raining* on him. I mean, he's got holes in places you never even *heard* of."

Groves shook his head. "Two years in the hospital, champ. Two years all wrapped up like some kind of horror movie, and then what do they do? They give him the Con-

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gressional Medal of Honor and say Sayonara, sucker. He don't think straight anymore, that's not their problem, right?"

Groves walked around the counter. He ran water on the butt of his cigarette and dropped it in the sink. "What I'm saying is, you got any self-respect, you don't go ripping no automobiles off of no disturbed veterans with the Congressional goddamn Medal of Honor. That's what I'm saying here tonight."

Groves leaned forward against the counter and smiled at Russell. "Child," he said, "why don't you just give the man his cars back?"

"My name is Russell. And I don't believe that story. I don't believe that Dave was even in Vietnam."

"Damn!" Groves said. "Where's your imagination?" He took his sunglasses off, laid them on the counter, and began to rub his eyes in a way that made Russell think they were causing him pain—slowly, with his fingertips. "I don't know," he said. "All right. Let's take it again. We're talking about Dave."

Russell nodded.

"Dave's a good head," Groves went on. "I admit he's not that great with the general public, but he's okay. Lots of smarts, too. I mean, I'm smart, but Dave is *smart*. It used to be just about everybody in town wanted a piece of him. Dave was centerfold material for a while there, but nowadays things just keep messing up on him. It's like the well went dry. Happens to plenty of people. It could happen to you. I mean, you might be coming up with sweet stuff today, but there's no law says it's got to be there tomorrow, and just maybe it won't be. You ought to think about that."

"I do," Russell said.

"Now his wife's gone and left him. No concern of yours, but Lord, what a business."

"I tried to give the car back to him," Russell said. "He didn't give me a chance. He wouldn't even let me talk."

Groves laughed.

"It wasn't funny," Russell said. "I've had the willies all night. He really scared me, Groves. That's why I can't give him the car back now. I'd always wonder if I did it just because I was afraid of him. I wouldn't ever feel right about it."

Groves said, "Russell, I never saw no eighty-year-old man looked like you before."

"What I'm going to do is give the Speedster to you," Russell said. "Then you can give it to Dave. That's something I can live with. But I'm going to keep the station wagon," Russell added. "I won that fair and square."

"Well, now," Groves said. He seemed about to go on, but finally he just shook his head and looked down at the counter.

Russell had the papers in his pocket. He spread them out. "How do I write your name?" he asked.

"Just like it sounds. Groves. Tom Groves." As Russell took the cap from his pen, Groves said, in a quiet voice, "make that Thomas B. Groves, Junior."

RUSSELL NEVER SAW GROVES AGAIN, BUT FROM TIME to time he felt a shadow on his back and looked around to find Dave watching him from another line in the market where he shopped, or through the window of the bank where he kept his money. Dave never said anything, never accused, but Russell began to think that he was being followed and that a showdown was soon to come. He tried to prepare himself for it. Sometimes at night and even at work Russell made angry faces, and shook his head, and glared at things without seeing them, as he rehearsed again and again the proofs of his own decency. This went on for almost a year.

Then, in April, he saw Dave on El Camino. Russell had parked in the customer lot of a liquor store and was waiting for his date to come out with some wine for a party they were going to. He was sitting there, watching the cars go by, when he caught sight of Dave standing on the curb across the road. Russell felt sure that Dave had not seen him, because Dave was giving all his attention to the traffic. He swung his head back and forth as the cars rushed past him—looking, Russell supposed, for a chance to cross. Sometimes the line of cars heading north would thin out, and sometimes the line heading south, but never both together. There was no light nearby and no pedestrian crossing, because on El Camino there were no pedestrians. You never saw anyone on foot.

Dave went on waiting for a break to come. Twice he stepped into the road as if to test his luck, but both times he changed his mind and turned back. Russell watched for Dave to bare his teeth and scream and shake his fists. Nothing like this happened. He stood there and waited for his chance, leaning into the road a little as he looked each way. His face was calm. He accepted this situation, saw nothing outrageous in it—nothing to make him go home and come back with a gun and shoot every driver on the road.

Finally Dave spotted an opening and made a run for it. He moved heavily but for all he was worth, knees flying high, arms flailing the air, and Russell's heart went out to him. At that moment he would have given Dave everything he had—his money, his car, his job, everything—but what was the point? It didn't make sense trying to help Dave, because Dave couldn't be helped. Whatever Russell gave him he would lose. It just wasn't in the cards for him to have anything.

When Dave reached the curb, he stopped and caught his breath. Then he started south, in the direction of Mountain View. Russell watched him walk past the parking lot, watched him until he disappeared from sight. The low sun burned in the windows of a motel down the street. Above the motel rooftop, against the blue sky, hung a faint white haze like the haze of chalk dust on the blue suit Russell's father wore to school. Blurred shapes of cars flashed back and forth. Russell felt a little lost, and thought, *I'm on El Camino*. He was on El Camino. Just a short drive down the road some people were having a party, and he was on his way there. □

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FIRST ENCOUNTERS

SARAH BERNHARDT AND THOMAS ALVA EDISON

AFTERWARD SHE CLAIMED that he was "intensely bored" by the prospect of her visit. Not likely. She was, after all, the incomparable Sarah, on her first tour of America, and Edison, who had been stagestruck in his youth and who cherished a secret image of himself as a tragedian, might have been apprehensive, but not bored. Besides, her visit provided excellent publicity for his new incandescent lamp.

Her motives are less clear. She had finished her New York run and was en route to Boston; Menlo Park, New Jersey, lies in the opposite direction. What in that cold, snowy December of 1880 prompted so deliberate a detour? Perhaps the same sense of adventure that impelled her to ride out onto the partially built Brooklyn Bridge, to go down into a Pennsylvania coal mine, and to leap about on the ice floes of the St. Lawrence. Was not the thirty-three-year-old inventor another American wonder to be experienced?

The train reached Menlo Park at two A.M.—little problem for the routinely nocturnal Edison; more of one for Mrs. E., who had prepared supper. Dimly lit carriages drove Bernhardt's party along the dark road. As they neared the house, she saw "the whole country suddenly illuminated" by hundreds of electric lights strung from the trees, reflected by the snow to dazzling effect. The carriage stopped; she alighted. Edison took her extended hand.

Later, touring the lab, the sylph-like actress followed her host up and down ladder-like stairways, admiring the machinery, applauding the flashing lights, nodding in response to his running commentary in a language she did not understand. She spoke some lines from *Phèdre* into the marvelous phonograph. She must have it! He would have one specially made. She took his arm; in this short time they were the best of friends. He bore, she decided, a striking resemblance to Napoleon. As she gazed over a balustrade into an abyss of revolving wheels and belts, she paid him her ultimate dramatic compliment—she fainted away in his arms. —*Nancy Caldwell Sorel*

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On the vicissitudes of an idea that has come to mean different things to different constituencies

THE DEMOCRATS' COMING CIVIL WAR OVER INDUSTRIAL POLICY

BY SIMON LAZARUS AND ROBERT E. LITAN

IN A 1980 REAGAN TELEVISION COMMERCIAL AN UNEMployed steelworker walked through an empty mill wondering aloud if he would ever work there again. Now, four years later, the commercial could be rerun by the Democrats. Despite the recent recovery, more than 1.5 million manufacturing workers remain unemployed, including 100,000 steelworkers and 100,000 auto workers. Moreover, the national unemployment rate of about seven percent conceals regional unemployment rates, particularly ones in the Midwest, that are much higher.

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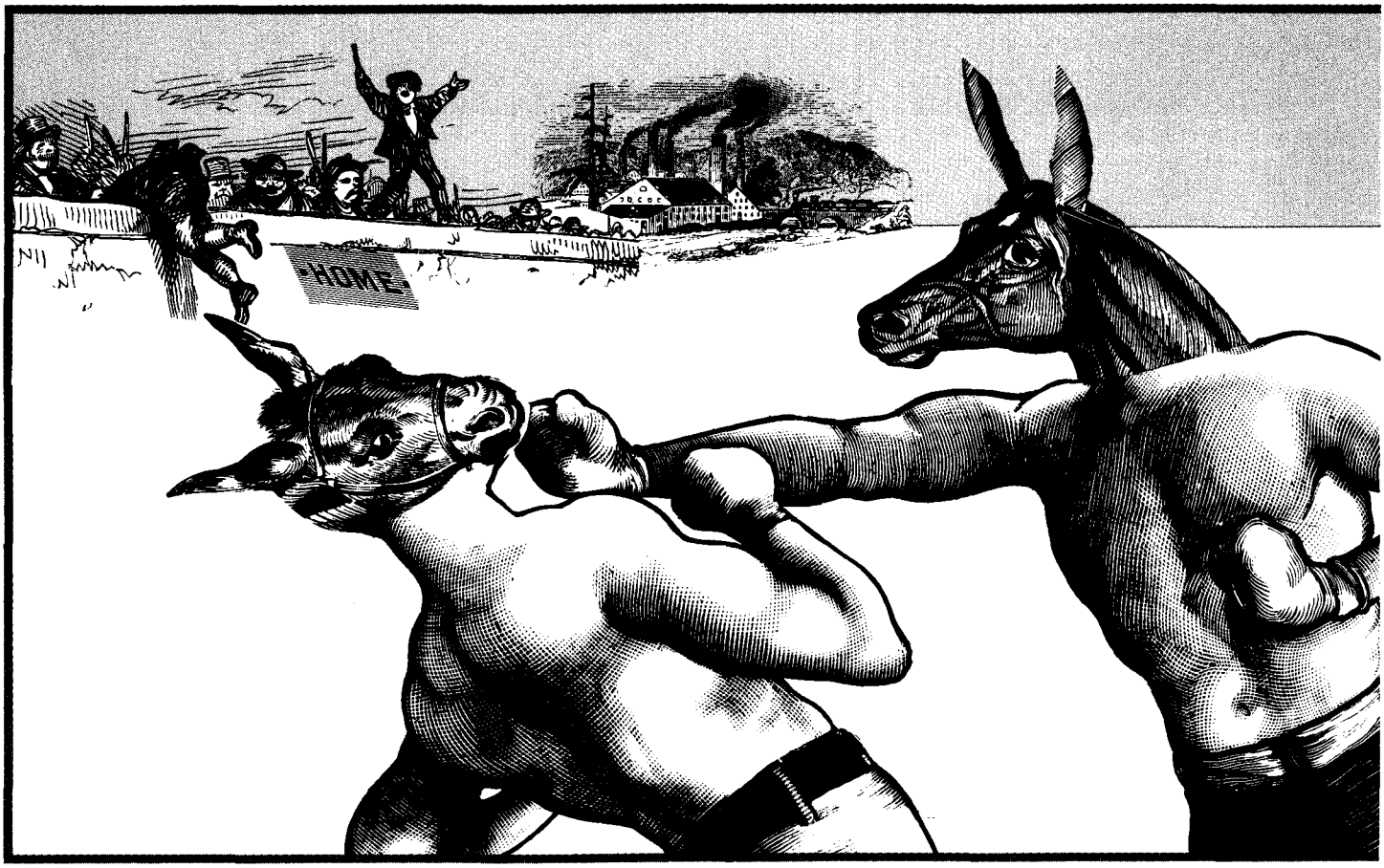
Anticipating this state of affairs, many Democrats, in and out of office, have tried over the past three years to develop an "industrial policy" as an alternative to Reaganomics. How this phrase would translate into action has been vague and changeable from the start, but the central precept is clear: government should intervene more often and more deliberately to promote economic progress. Exponents of industrial policy argue that the government should not limit itself to setting macroeconomic policy but should also select industries to favor or assist. The government can do this, in the words of Lester Thurow, an MIT economist, by bringing about "a strategic consensus among government, industry, and labor as to the basic directions in which the economy ought to move."

During 1983 a succession of congressional hearings and



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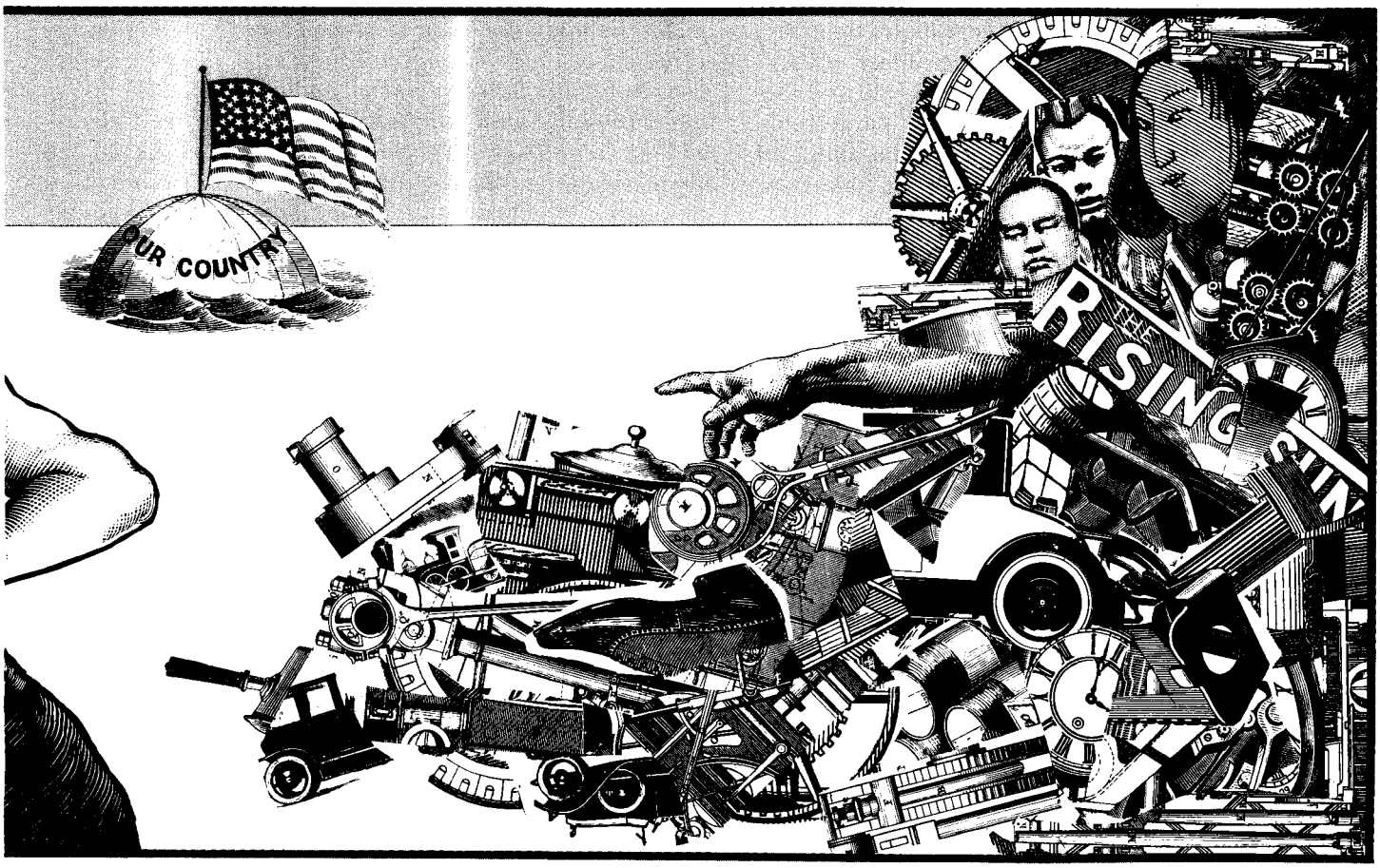
private conferences publicized the industrial-policy theme, and by late fall it had ripened into a more or less formal program. In November, Senate and House Democrats rolled out industrial-policy plans for a new tripartite council, composed of leaders from business, government, and labor, that would study the nation's industrial problems and propose remedies for consideration by Congress and the President. The House Democrats, led by John LaFalce, of western New York, the chairman of the Economic Stabilization Subcommittee of the House Banking Committee, called for a new Bank for Industrial Competitiveness, capitalized with $8.5 billion in federal funds, which would make and guarantee loans to older industries in need of modernization and to innovative businesses having trouble getting started.

Last January the industrial-policy concept was given another boost when it was blessed by a special Industry Policy Study Group, with an all-star cast of Democratic Party members, including the labor leaders Lane Kirkland, Douglas Frazer, and Glenn Watts; the business leaders Felix Rohatyn, Irving Shapiro, W. Michael Blumenthal, Lee Iacocca, and Ben W. Heineman; Senators Edward M. Kennedy and Bill Bradley; and the former senior-office holders Stuart E. Eizenstat, Cyrus Vance, and Robert S. McNamara. Added momentum came in April and May when two House committees voted out legislation embodying the LaFalce plan.

INDUSTRIAL POLICY ORIGINATED NOT AS A STRAIN OF academic theory but in the striving of Democratic policy makers to cope with "stagflation" in the late 1970s. In 1976 they had narrowly regained control over the economy, only to discover that the wires on the control panel were all disconnected—and that no one seemed to have a clue about how to connect them again.

One of their few bright moments was the Chrysler bailout of 1980. Chrysler presented a chance to show that Jimmy Carter's domestic-policy makers, using the Democrats' traditional zest for affirmative government, could do something good for business (and, of course, for labor too). The intervention "worked." Chrysler lived to fight another day, and to fight impressively.

During its few remaining months in office the Carter Administration tried to generalize from the Chrysler model with steel and auto "task forces"—committees of agency heads with responsibilities relevant to these two beleaguered industries—designed to "coordinate," or soften the impact of, government environmental policies. But the industry task forces came to little. Government favors were given out, but the affected industries gave nothing in return. Stuart Eizenstat, President Carter's domestic-policy chief, recalls that in 1980 the Carter Administration implemented a program to help the steel industry with import relief, tax benefits, and relaxed anti-pollution deadlines. But U.S. Steel chose to spend what it made from the



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makeshift Carter industrial policy to buy Marathon Oil rather than to equip itself to compete more effectively in world steel markets.

Soon after the Democrats lost the White House in 1981, their domestic-policy leaders started to pull together a comprehensive program inspired by isolated initiatives like the Chrysler bailout. Young congressmen who wanted to seem pro-business advocated a more active government effort to counter the apparent decline of the heavy manufacturing industries on which the party—and much of the economy—had so long depended, by proposing government support of promising *new* industries. These were the neo-liberals, or Atari Democrats, led by such rising stars within the party as Congressmen Tim Wirth, of Colorado, and Richard Gephardt, of Missouri, and Senators Bill Bradley and Gary Hart. Organized labor weighed in with enthusiasm. Intellectual legitimacy was bestowed by a handful of academics, principally Lester Thurow and the Harvard government professor Robert Reich. This thinking about industrial policy came together in late 1983 and early 1984 in the series of beribboned packages mentioned above, all with individual proposals and justifications, all bound for the 1984 platform.

The protests that the industrial-policy proposals sparked from the Reagan Administration and from such prominent Republican economists as Herbert Stein and Alan Greenspan were predictable. But the packagers of the new economic approach have been surprised and angered by the attacks leveled by elder statesmen among the Democratic Party's own economists. Charles Schultze, Lyndon Johnson's budget director, the chairman of President Carter's Council of Economic Advisers, and now a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, took aim at the industrial-policy balloon just as it appeared to be getting off the ground. He spoke for a host of prestigious colleagues, including the Nobel laureates Paul Samuelson, of MIT, and James Tobin, of Yale.

Schultze scorned industrial policy as "a solution in search of a problem," and dismissed all of the pillars of the industrial-policy movement:

> America is *not* de-industrializing. Japan does *not* owe its industrial success to its industrial policy. Government is *not* able to devise a "winning" industrial structure. Finally, it is *not* possible in the American political system to pick and choose among individual firms and regions in the substantive, efficiency-driven way envisaged by advocates of industrial policy.

Why should the liberal economists and the Democrats risk their long and mutually beneficial alliance by fussing over a mere campaign slogan—and such a seemingly dull one, at that? The main reason is that the industrial-policy debate vents a deeper struggle over the party's identity. For decades the Democrats were the party of the future, inventing the policies that made the economy work better and grow bigger for the benefit of the whole society. The massive factory parking lot packed with new American cars was more than the symbol of national prosperity. It reflected an America in which the Democratic coalition and Democratic ideals set the tone. Now that tableau has become a different kind of cliché, an ambiguous and ironic one that connotes a richer past and current economic decline. The Democrats are divided over how to respond to that profound change. Should they retain their traditional identification with growth and free trade? Or should the party present itself as the champion of Smokestack America, resisting technological change and foreign competition? The economists worry that "industrial policy" is a code phrase for the latter course.

If the economists' suspicions are accurate, and if industrial-policy advocates continue to hold sway to the degree that they apparently do, then the broader consequences could be quite substantial. In effect, American politics would be on the way to copying the British political model—a politics without a center, dominated by a protectionist labor party on the "left" and a hard-line laissez-faire party on the right. In such a polity it is most likely that the right would have more appeal than the left, especially among independent voters concerned that the United States would find itself copying Britain's economics along with its politics—and accumulating too much rust in the joints to keep up with the rest of the world.

THE EVIDENCE THAT HAS CONVINCED THE ECONOmists that America is *not* deindustrializing is drawn from the performance of the economy during the 1970s and in 1980, the year before the most recent recession. As Charles Schultze pointed out in the fall, 1983, issue of *The Brookings Review*, total employment in the United States increased by 24 percent in the 1970s, far outdistancing the rate of job creation in Japan, which recorded an increase in employment of only nine percent. Moreover, as Schultze's colleague Robert Lawrence has noted in his new book, *Can America Compete?*, U.S. manufacturing employment during the decade also increased, from 19.4 million to 20.3 million; indeed, from 1973 to 1980 the United States was one of only three major industrial countries, along with Canada and Italy, in which manufacturing employment showed any increase.

Contrary to a widespread impression, the United States did not suffer a net loss of manufacturing jobs in the 1970s because of international trade. Lawrence calculates that from 1973 to 1980 the manufacturing jobs created by exports outnumbered by 280,000 the jobs lost to imports. Since 1980, however, U.S. manufacturing employment has fallen; the decline has been so steep and so prolonged that there is considerable skepticism over whether the manufacturing sector will ever fully recover. But, as economists have cautioned, swings in manufacturing output have historically been much wider than those in GNP. For example, in the most recent recession, in 1981 and 1982, industrial production dropped by 10.4 percent and GNP by 2.2 percent. In contrast, manufacturing output grew at

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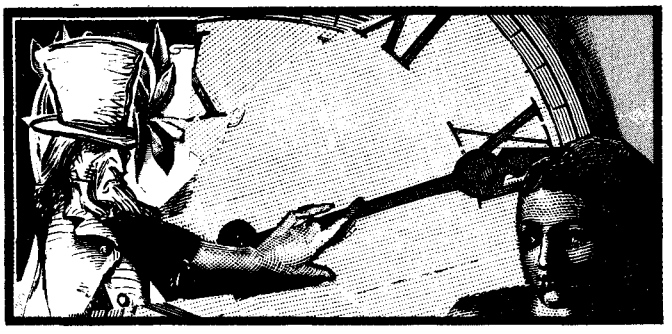
two and a half times the pace of GNP in 1983, the first year of the present recovery.

The recovery of the auto industry provides a dramatic illustration. U.S. auto companies were on the brink of financial collapse in 1982, when they produced and sold only 5.8 million automobiles. Yet in 1983 the economic recovery (and U.S. quotas on Japanese imports) enabled the industry to sell 6.8 million cars and to earn after-tax profits in excess of $6 billion, shattering Detroit's previous record of $5.1 billion, set in 1977.

Of course, despite the auto makers' record profits, American manufacturers and their workers in many areas, including Detroit, are still taking a beating from foreign competition. The critics of industrial policy do not deny this, but they argue that subsidies by foreign governments to targeted industries are not to blame. The International Trade Commission recently concluded that Japan's experiments with such subsidies seem "to have had only a small role" in explaining the success enjoyed even in some of those markets where the Japanese government has lavished special assistance. Indeed, success has often come *despite* Japan's industrial-policy makers, where they have lacked the power to enforce misguided ideas. For example, the vaunted Ministry of International Trade and Industry, held up as a model by American industrial-policy buffs, tried hard to keep Honda out of the auto business and to block Sony's efforts to develop an export consumer-electronics business.



Some economists pin partial blame for the loss of competitiveness by U.S. manufacturing on too-successful bargaining by the major industrial unions. In a March, 1984, study, to be published in the *Brookings Papers on Economic Activity*, Robert Flanagan, an economist at Stanford, reports that from 1969 to 1982 union wage increases exceeded increases for nonunion workers by 13.5 percent in manufacturing. Although the union/nonunion wage differential narrowed last year, Flanagan estimates that it would take a decade of repeat performances of 1983 to restore union and nonunion wages in manufacturing to their relative levels in 1969.

The broad consensus among economists, however, is that Ronald Reagan's record budget deficits are the primary reason for the distress that foreign competitors still seem to be visiting upon U.S. manufacturers. Economists across the political spectrum explain that the deficits have propped up interest rates, thereby driving the price of the dollar so far up that foreign manufacturers can easily undersell their American competitors everywhere, including in the United States. Former Assistant Treasury Secretary C. Fred Bergsten estimates that by the end of this year the chronically overvalued dollar will have cost the American economy 1.5 million jobs. If the dollar bought only 205 yen, as it did in the first month of the Reagan presidency, instead of 235 yen, as it did in June of 1984, a $12,000 Toyota or Nissan would have cost $1,750 more than it did at the beginning of the summer.

Normally, this problem would be self-correcting: the enormous trade deficits would lead to a weakening of the dollar, discouraging imports and encouraging exports. But the budget deficits have pushed up real, or "inflation-adjusted," interest rates, attracting a huge influx of foreign capital and artificially stimulating the use of the dollar. As a result, the recovery has been weighted heavily toward the sectors of the economy that are not sensitive to international trade, primarily the service sector, at the expense of the industrial sector, which must compete with foreign producers both in the U.S. market and abroad. Moreover, the high levels of real interest rates will continue to bias the recovery toward consumption and away from private investment.

In short, to the economists the fluctuating fortunes of America's industrial sector are no mystery. They are tied to the welfare of the economy as a whole and to the mistakes of America's macroeconomic-policy makers. They do not require the invention of new "industrial" economic theories to be satisfactorily explained, nor do they require the policy "cures," which, economists fear, could be worse than the disease.

THE ECONOMISTS' ATTACK, ESPECIALLY CHARLES Schultze's blunt arguments, wounded industrial policy and put its backers temporarily on the defensive, but it by no means drove them from the field. The LaFalce industrial-policy package was approved by the House Banking Committee in April. Its backers hoped that passage by the Democratic House, before the November elections, would help create a campaign issue against the President. In July the Democratic convention adopted platform planks similar to the LaFalce bill and the Kirkland–Rohatyn–Shapiro study-group plan.

Leaders of the industrial-policy movement have tried to deflect the economists' critique and to back away from some of their more controversial claims. But the retreats have been mainly tactical. The study group has denied that its intent is to "pick winners" or to attempt "central planning." But its report points to other countries' allegedly successful experiments with planning and picking winners—Japan's capture of the market in 64K computer-memory chips, for example—as models for America to follow.

Similarly, although the study group nowhere mentions

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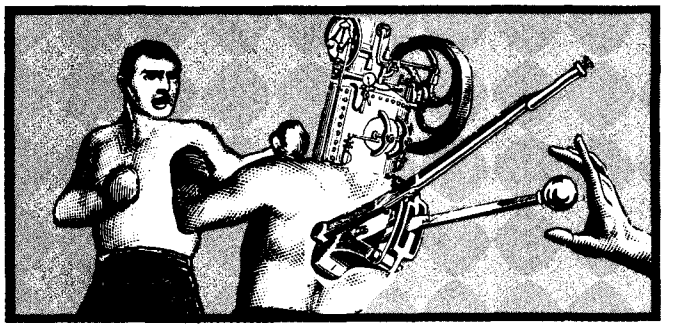
an industrial-development "bank," the group does endorse an "industrial finance administration," which would have powers to target industries for large-scale financial assistance and strategic reform or development; only the name appears to have been changed. The Democratic platform further fudges the bank issue, proposing that industrial-policy programs be implemented, in part, by "appropriate financing mechanisms."

In short, despite the strong case made against industrial policy by liberal economists, the concept seems to be maintaining its support and building upon its original programmatic content. The reason is that the theme serves two vital political functions for the Democrats. First, industrial policy is a banner under which organized labor and the party's liberal intellectuals, professionals, and businessmen can unite. If those two broad factions cannot maintain the appearance of general agreement on economic policy, however, then the party's latent schism over policy may become damagingly obvious. Second, the concept holds some promise of being an asset in the campaign, as a means for highlighting the issue of America's international competitiveness. But for the moment the major preoccupation is maintaining control over the centrifugal forces in the highly diverse Democratic Party organization, and thus it is understandable that the economists' warnings continue to be discounted.



INDEED, THE LIBERAL ECONOMISTS' ATTACK APPEARS TO have strengthened the industrial-policy movement in important respects. In the first place, the economists took the movement seriously. They did not ignore it or dismiss it as empty sloganeering. Moreover, the attack unintentionally suggested that industrial policy offers a coherent and unified policy alternative to Reaganomics.

In reality, this compliment is not clearly deserved. What organized labor and its allies mean by industrial policy is very different from what academic planners like Reich and Thurow have in mind. These differences can probably be suppressed as long as the principal function of industrial policy is to assist in a political campaign that both factions want desperately to win. It is possible that unity can be maintained during post-victory legislative campaigns for the bureaucratic and legal machinery required to implement an industrial policy. But the differences seem destined thereafter to become bitter contradictions, and it is likely that the two agendas within the industrial-policy camp will collide.

The planners believe that the American economy is "structurally" sick, and that the cure requires replacing existing industrial structures and traditional techniques with radically new ones. They see industrial policy primarily as a way to accelerate that process and to help those who are displaced make the transition to new socially productive roles.

America's economic problem, Robert Reich says, is that its managerial and work forces have for decades been organized to generate large numbers of standardized units—cars, TVs, toasters—through highly mechanized processes and highly authoritarian and centralized organizational structures: mass production, in a phrase. But in many major fields of economic activity, including high-tech industries like fiber optics, semiconductors, and lasers, Reich contends, the wave of the future is in "flexible," decentralized, nonstandardized systems of production. Such old-style mass production as remains viable, other countries can perform more cheaply.

What distinguishes Reich's point of view from those of some of his fellow industrial-policy enthusiasts is his assumption that America's loss of its former comparative advantage in mass production—which he blames primarily on our higher labor costs—is "inherent" and *irremediable*. Reich and his co-author Ira Magaziner approvingly quote a Japanese official in *Minding America's Business*: "We should hand down these industries to the Third World like children's clothes that no longer fit."

It is difficult to bridge the chasm between this vision of industrial policy and the vision of those suffering from the decline of Smokestack America, principally organized labor. Handing down its jobs to the Third World is not what the AFL-CIO has in mind when it speaks favorably of industrial policy. What dismays the AFL-CIO and its members is the specter of the disappearance of a way of life—of that packed factory parking lot that once symbolized America's industrial might.

The AFL-CIO's concern is reflected in a pamphlet titled *The Future of Work*, which was issued in 1983 by a special committee of the presidents of several major international unions under the chairmanship of the federation's second-in-command, Secretary-Treasurer Thomas R. Donahue. The report acknowledges the magnitude of the technology-driven changes now in progress:

> The new microtechnology with its information-communications potential is bringing change which is perhaps even more revolutionary than the industrial revolution brought by the steam engine in the 19th century and the transportation revolution brought by the internal combustion engine earlier in the 20th century.

But, the report continues, the new economy that is being created will not be a better one; it will be a streamlined economy with fewer jobs: "There won't be enough 'high

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tech' jobs to replace the jobs lost in declining industries." What is worse, the report says, is the grim *nature* of the new jobs, and of the economic and social structure that will be created by technological change:

> As computers and robots take over more and more functions in the factory and the office, a two-tier work force is developing. . . .
>
> At the top will be a few executives, scientists and engineers, professionals, and managers, performing high-level, creative, high-paid full-time jobs in a good work environment. . . .
>
> At the bottom will be low-paid workers performing relatively simple, low-skill, dull, routine, high-turnover jobs in a poor work environment. . . . Many of the jobs in "high tech" industries around Boston and California's Silicon Valley and North Carolina's Research Triangle employ low-paid assembly workers—many of them women, minorities and young—whose work can easily be automated or shipped out to lower U.S. wage areas or even out of the country.

Organized labor's diagnosis of the problem dictates its concept of the appropriate cure. This was stated in a special issue of the AFL-CIO *American Federationist* for October 22, 1983, titled, revealingly, "Rebuilding America—A National Industrial Policy": "Without engaging in a futile effort to 'pick winners and losers,' [industrial policy] would *concentrate on industrial sectors and regions that particularly need help*, whether because of an unhealthy lack of growth, or because of exceptionally rapid growth and economic change." The AFL-CIO report alleges that industrial policy would aid "both basic smokestack industries and emerging high-tech industries." But it is clear where the emphasis is anticipated to fall.

AS THE *FEDERATIONIST* SUGGESTS, INDUSTRIAL POLICY is intended to unite those who want to rebuild Smokestack America with those who want to enhance the future international dominance of American high-tech industries. But there is reason to doubt that it can bear this political load.

One indication comes from the prolific writings of a group of planners and political scientists from the University of California at Berkeley who have organized a think tank, the Berkeley Roundtable on the International Economy (called, inevitably, BRIE). BRIE is dedicated to exploring public-policy issues from the perspective of Silicon Valley. Steven Jobs, of Apple Computer, and Robert Noyce, of Intel, are among the Silicon Valley representatives on BRIE's advisory board. What new and successful high-technology companies want from the federal government, according to BRIE's principal spokesmen, Stephen S. Cohen and John Zysman, is simple: a tough stance toward opening the Japanese market to our high-tech products. Japan is both the second-largest producer (after America) of high-tech products and the second-largest market for them, they point out. But Japan "remains a closed market in the ways that really matter," they say. The BRIE contingent shares with the better-known East Coast industrial-policy exponents the view that the Japanese government's assistance helped develop Japan's powerful presence in a great many industrial markets. In particular, both groups focus on Japan's policy throughout the 1950s and 1960s of assisting then-infant Japanese producers of basic consumer and industrial products by shutting out established European and American competitors. With this protection Japan's basic industries were able to get on their feet and, eventually, to challenge the same American and European manufacturers that Japan had excluded. The Silicon Valley industrial-policy exponents don't want that performance repeated with the new generation of high-tech products.

But getting our high-tech goods into Japan seems an unlikely item for a political agenda that is supposed to overlap with that of proponents of rebuilding smokestack industries. The high-tech industrial-policy advocates might be willing to bar the Japanese from American markets—any markets—as a bargaining ploy to persuade the Japa-

SANTO

Francisco on his shelf,
Wreathed in dusty wax
Roses, for weeks and weeks
Hadn't been himself—

Making no day come true
By answering a prayer,
Just dully standing there . . .
What did our Grandma do?

She painted his beard black
And rinsed the roses clean,
Then hid his rags in half
A new red satin cloak,

Renaming him Martín.
Next week the baby spoke,
Juan sent a photograph
On board his submarine,

Aunt Concha went to cook
Downtown at the hotel,
The sick white dog got well
—And that was all it took!

—*James Merrill*

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nese to allow American computers and advanced telecommunications hardware into their markets. But their ultimate target is export markets. The high-tech advocates would prefer genuinely open competition in both countries—in fact, in all countries.

In contrast, it is unclear whether the traditional industries most clamorous in their pleas for protection entertain the hope that they will ever be strong exporters, to Japan or anywhere else. Even though exports create millions of jobs, the AFL-CIO has been slow to perceive as a priority the promotion of exports through, for example, reducing the federal deficit. Indeed, only in recent years has the federation reversed its long-standing opposition to the Export-Import Bank, which subsidizes exports, particularly aircraft and heavy machinery, and thereby helps to create jobs for many thousands of blue-collar workers. For Smokestack America, the point of protection is not to bargain for a stronger position for emerging industries but to preserve a past threatened by the high-tech future.

The high-tech constituency, reflecting the apparent divergence between its views and those of the Smokestack constituency, rejects the idea of government agencies bailing out particular industries. Stephen Cohen explains: "If a government bank has to choose between the claims of an industry employing hundreds of thousands of workers and one employing a small fraction of that, which way will the decision go?"

A stronger indication that the high- and low-tech constituencies are unlikely to unite behind an industrial-policy program came in a position paper prepared by IBM in Washington in October of 1983. IBM's analysis virtually tracks that of the liberal economists opposing industrial policy outright:

> Insofar as the information handling industry is concerned, it is very competitive internationally and it is already growing at an extremely rapid rate. There is no basis for believing that the industry could grow more rapidly, on a sustainable basis, as a result of additional government intervention.

IBM goes on to note that other countries' experiments with government intervention have *not* worked in favor of new and growing industries:

> Comprehensive industrial policies and central economic planning have been tried elsewhere, and for the most part have been unsuccessful. European social democracies have tended to concentrate their attention on declining industries they have been unable to revive, and to adopt nationalistic economic strategies that have ignored considerations of comparative advantage.

IBM concludes that everything we know about our own politics indicates that industrial policy would work out the same way here as it has in Europe:

> Economic efficiency and political equity will be difficult to reconcile, and plans which attempt to produce them simultaneously are destined to produce neither.

In other words, IBM, like the economists, fears that the overseers of an American industrial policy will in practice be driven to pick losers, not winners. No matter how prescient Professor Reich or Professor Thurow or whoever runs the industrial-development bank turns out to be, the money will go where the votes are.

Not surprisingly, during the spring of 1984 both the Business Roundtable and the Committee for Economic Development produced reports contending and documenting that the Democrats' industrial-policy proposals would hurt the competitiveness of American industry. As the LaFalce industrial-competitiveness bill moved toward the House floor, Silicon Valley's congressman, Ed Zschau, himself a successful high-tech entrepreneur, emerged as the Republicans' chief point-person opposing the industrial-policy bill. It seems unlikely that Zschau's stand would clash with the views of his constituent industries.

In sum, there appear to be serious grounds for questioning the viability of an industrial policy built on an alliance between high-technology "sunrise" industries and traditional smokestack industries, between the theorists who have popularized the idea and the union movement that constitutes its only apparent committed political constituency.

Of course, conflict is hardly new to the Democratic Party. During the first two postwar decades civil rights provoked bitter internal divisions. At that time there was a cliché, purported sometimes to be a kind of law of American politics, that great national conflicts were played out within the Democratic Party before they were fought over and resolved between the parties for the nation as a whole. That observation was an admiring one, paying tribute to the breadth of the Democratic Party's constituencies, the flexibility of its ideology, and its value to the nation as a mediating force. The challenge to maintain that tradition may be greater now than it has been, because some basic Democratic constituencies seem fundamentally pessimistic about the future and may look askance at policies designed to accommodate it. However, there is no reason to conclude that the challenge will not be met.

The industrial-policy debate can serve as a positive phase of this transition process, for the country as well as for the party. Whether the label will endure, though, is unclear. The guess here is that it now means too many too contradictory things to too many different interests to be serviceable as an organizing concept—even from a political standpoint. Helping Sunset America and Sunrise America are worthy goals. But it probably makes more sense to treat them as the separate political and policy enterprises they are. □

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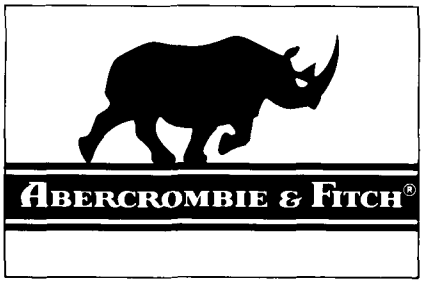

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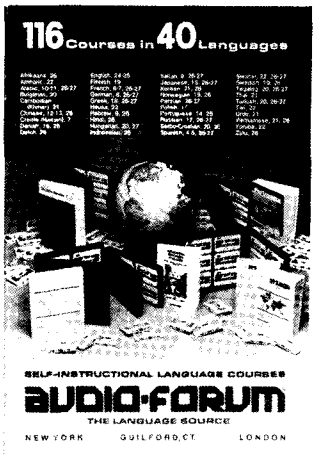

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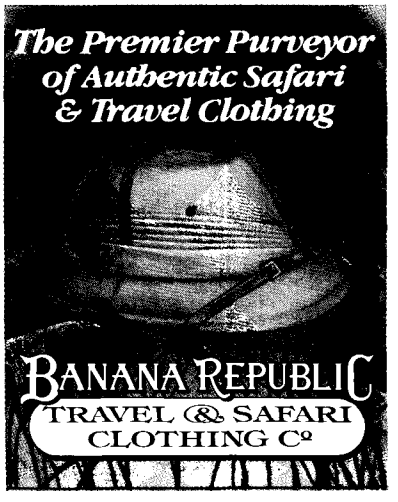

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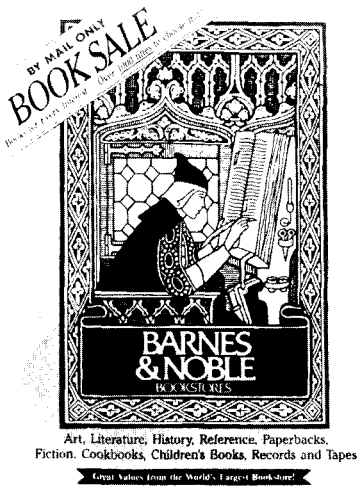

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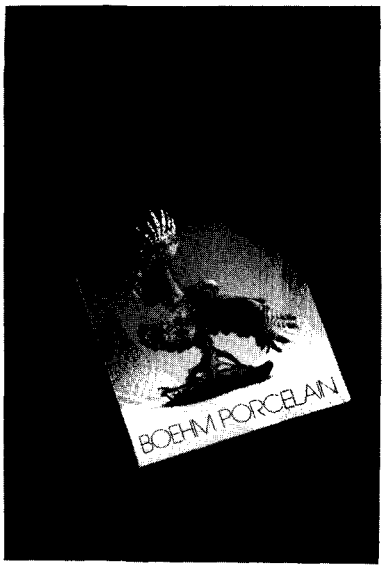

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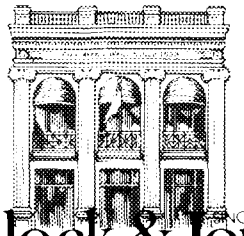

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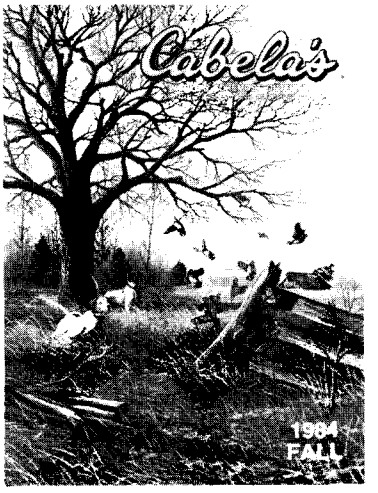

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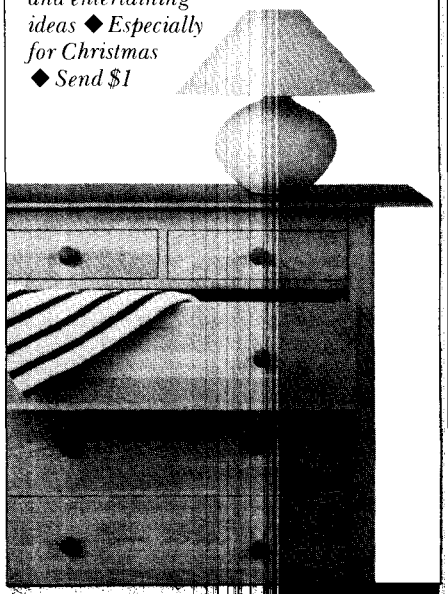

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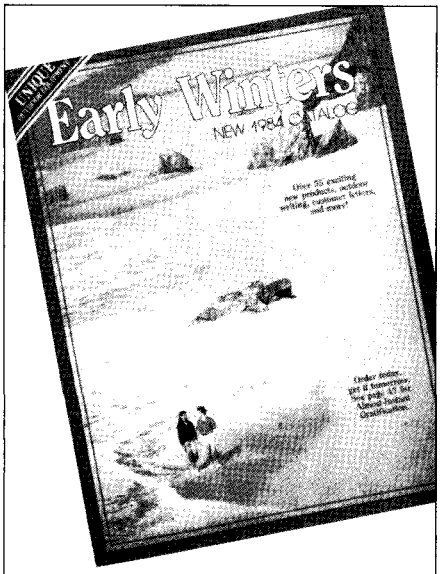

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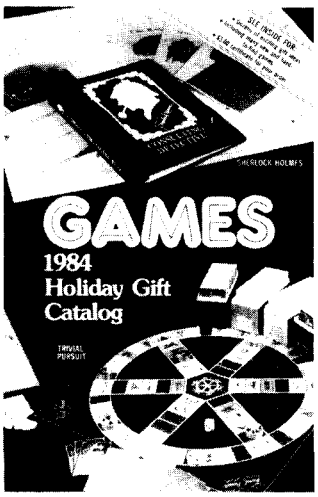

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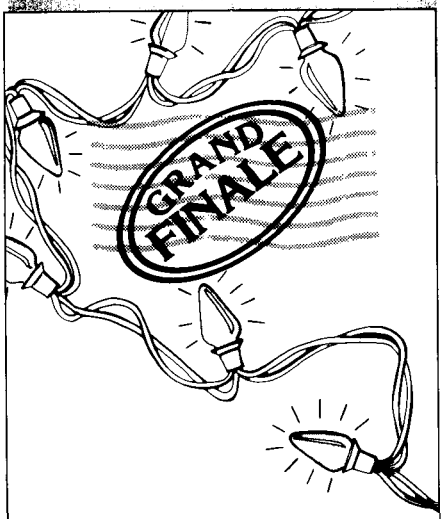

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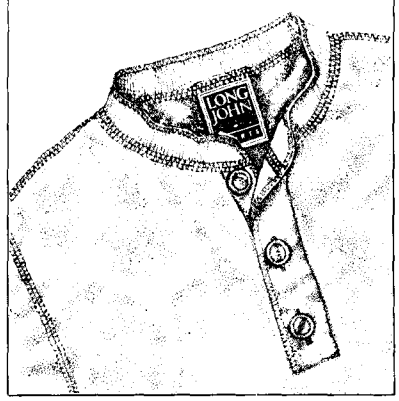

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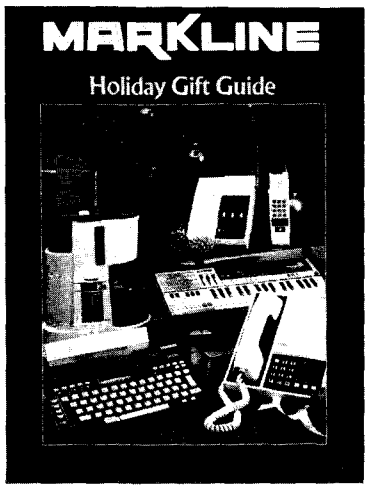

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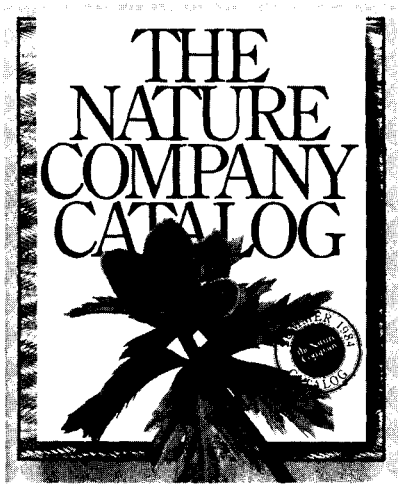

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TRAVEL

STOPPING AT THE SAVOY

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

SOME PEOPLE, WHEN everyday life begins to get the better of them, go off to an island in the sun, where they do nothing for a week or so. Not me. I go and do nothing for a week or so in London, where I could be doing so many other things instead. By doing nothing I mean sleeping late, spending the entire morning in the bathtub, reading Dickens or poetry or books on subjects I don't really need to know about. The delight I take in doing nothing is proportional to everything I could or ought to be doing, and the enforced inactivity of a beach holiday isn't nearly as big or illicit a thrill as the lazy hours I steal for myself in London.

Of course, London isn't the only city where I could take this twentieth-century metropolitan version of the rest cure, but it seems to me the best place for it, because of the English. English people have what sometimes seems an inordinate respect for rules, and they retain it long after the reason that the rules were made has been forgotten. Consequently, everything in London works—or so it seems to a visiting American. For spectacular decor you might go to a grand old hotel in Paris or Venice, but if you want impeccable service it's England you think of first. I always set out for London expecting to be waited on hand and foot by a staff of courteous, prompt, conscientious career servants—like the waiter Eric Blore played in *The Gay Divorcee*, struggling hard to help his absentminded patron remember what it was he wanted to order.

In a recent search for a London hotel I could languish in, I ruled out the Ritz on the grounds that it has always struck me as inappropriate—too much gold leaf, too showy, too French-seeming for a hotel on Piccadilly. I was in no hurry to go back to the Dorchester, where I had stayed a few years ago, when it seemed to me a fine hotel but not a destination in itself. I decided to investigate the Savoy, Claridge's, and the Connaught, all of which I knew by reputation: the Savoy, home to actors, opera singers, ballet dancers, and other celebrities; Claridge's, where visiting royalty stays and the Queen gives banquets; and the Connaught, which is considered by many stylish, discerning people to be the right—maybe even the only—place to stay in London.

It so happens that these three hotels (along with the Berkeley and, in Paris, the Lancaster) are owned by the same corporation, which bears the Savoy name. Even so, there is no confusing them with one another or, for that matter, with any other hotel. Each maintains its own identity, as distinct and recognizable as a person's face.

THE SAVOY'S MAIN entrance is improbably situated just off the Strand, one of the busiest, noisiest, most commercial thoroughfares in London, in a courtyard shoehorned between two buildings that block out the sun. As first impressions go, the sight of this dingy cul-de-sac is inauspicious but typical of London, with its haphazard city plan; for instance, the only way to approach the Royal Opera House, a few blocks away, is on a street so narrow that you sneak up on its magnificent facade from the side. The Savoy today seems to stand in some perpetual shadow, cast by the more recent buildings crowding in on it and by the hotel's own legend, which looms taller as the years go by.

On the site of the thirteenth-century Savoy Palace, where Chaucer supposedly wrote some of the *Canterbury Tales*, Richard D'Oyly Carte built first the Savoy Theatre, as a home for Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, and then the Savoy Hotel, as a place to lodge his theater guests after the evening's performance. Since its opening, in 1889, the Savoy Hotel has been a backdrop for scenes from famous people's lives: Whistler and Monet painted the Thames from its windows; Escoffier, the renowned chef, invented Melba toast, in honor of the opera singer Nellie Melba, in its kitchens; Johann Strauss conducted Viennese waltzes in its restaurant; Sarah Bernhardt took an overdose of chloral in one of its suites; Anna Pavlova danced in its cabaret; George Gershwin played his *Rhapsody in Blue* on one of its pianos. The martini, one story goes, was invented in its bar. Lily Langtry, Mark Twain, Charlie Chaplin, Noel Coward, Artur Rubinstein, Maria Callas, Liberace, Liza Minnelli . . . you get the picture.

Unlike Claridge's and the Connaught, where even the public spaces have an air of inviolable privacy, the Savoy practically invites loitering. A hotel on this grand a scale should employ a crowd of extras to make it look like the convivial center of activity it's supposed to be. During my stay the Savoy felt slightly deserted, though all 200 of its rooms were taken. The guests don't dominate the landscape, which comes as a disappointment in a hotel that prides itself on being a hall of fame, and the landscape looks rather garish as a result. Everything seems a little too vivid, as if the Savoy were a stage set for a hotel.

In its grandiose river suites you can imagine *verismo* love scenes, screwball comedies, or even French farce (the bedroom in the river suite I stayed in certainly had enough doors). But having gone there to do nothing, I found that the small inside suite where I spent my first week suited my purposes fine.

Holly Brubach is a staff writer for The Atlantic.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK STEELE

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The walls of the sitting room were pearl-gray, with panels outlined in molding; there was a Chesterfield sofa facing the electric fireplace and a desk at the window. The bedroom was cozy, the color of face powder, with more closets and drawers than I have clothes to fill. (I have a lot of clothes.) The three-way mirror above the dressing table was set into the wall and topped with a cornice, as if it were a bay window. The bathroom was disproportionately large and decorated in a wonderfully weird color scheme of celery green and black, with a long, deep tub.

Of the Savoy's forty-nine suites, nineteen face the Thames. The river suite I later moved into was much larger and more lavishly furnished, in a style that seemed ostentatiously French. This suite had its points. Most obvious was indeed the view, but as I made myself at home I began to notice sometimes incongruous details that tickled me as much as the sight of Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament. For instance, the doors in the bedroom were curved to follow the contours of the rounded corners. On the pink walls were four white plaster reliefs depicting the trappings of the bucolic life—one of a butterfly net and a cage, one of a lute with sheet music, one of a straw hat, and one I never did manage to make out. Above the vanity was an art-deco wall clock with a mirrored face that couldn't have been more out of place in this interior decorator's tribute to the Petit Trianon. A huge antique mahogany escritoire dominated the mint-green sitting room, where the candles on the mantel were black (an elegant if vaguely sinister choice); in the foyer, an umbrella stand had been hollowed out of a white Doric column. Both of the suites I stayed in were equipped with two televisions, one in each room, fresh flowers, white terry-cloth bathrobes, and Irish linen sheets. The river suites, unlike the other suites and rooms, are air-conditioned.

The Savoy is a city unto itself, with its own power plant, upholstery shop, mattress factory, laundry, dry cleaner, bakeries, and a hostel for the live-in staff. The staff-to-guest ratio is two to one.

The maids seemed to go about their duties selectively. The ruins of a late-night champagne party I had with three friends sat in my sitting room for two days before anyone thought to remove the tray. The maid did nothing about the flowers, which lasted only a few days, until a week had gone by. Nothing

makes you feel that you've overstayed your welcome like a flower arrangement that has withered and died, dropping its petals all over the floor. The calendar, in a silver frame engraved with a slender art-deco S, hadn't been changed from the previous month. The duties the housekeeping staff did go about, however, they went about with gusto. The wastebaskets in my suite were emptied three times a day. No sooner had I used a towel than it was replaced with a clean one.

Room service proved similarly erratic. One evening, as I was getting dressed to go to the opera, the waiter gave a warning knock, immediately opened the door, and wheeled in a table set for four as I tried to cover myself with the nearest bath towel. "Your dinner, madam," he said.

"I didn't order any dinner," I told him.

"Yes, madam," he insisted. "Room 854."

"I didn't order any dinner."

Well, then—he gave a look around, peeking into the sitting room to see if there was someone in there who might have ordered this dinner without my knowing it. No one there. "Well, madam, if you're sure. . . ," he said. Still clutching the towel, I at last persuaded him that he had the wrong room.

A different waiter, a few days later, came to the door eager to be of service but unable to speak English; I ordered my dinner in Italian. On several occasions I waited half an hour for a pot of coffee or tea. One evening my favorite waiter, a short, bald man with thick spectacles and an endearing obsequious air, turned up at 6:50, just as I was on my way to the theater, with the tea I had ordered at six. I explained that I was in a hurry—no time to drink it, running late for a seven o'clock curtain. He stood in the doorway holding the tray, watching crestfallen as I put on my coat, picked up my purse, and rummaged for my room key. "It really is too late then, madam?" he asked. When I got back to my room, there was a fresh pot of hot tea on my dressing table. The next afternoon I returned from my errands to find a basket of fruit—an apology left by the waiter. What room service at the Savoy lacked in efficiency, it made up for in charm, which is some compensation.

After a week and a half I left the Savoy for Claridge's, and the contrast was striking. At first glance there is nothing spectacular or even remarkable about Claridge's. The front door, on Brook Street, in Mayfair, is so unprepossessing that it practically disappears into the red brick façade—unless there is royalty in residence, and then Claridge's flies the appropriate standard. Ever since the days when Queen Victoria paid a call on the Empress Eugénie there, Claridge's has been the hotel where out-of-town royalty stays in London. There's a story told that in 1948, at the time of Princess Elizabeth's wedding, a diplomat called and asked to be put through to the King. "Which king?" the switchboard operator asked.

The lobby, which is pretty but not opulent, seems designed to be passed through—a corridor-like expanse of light blue broken only by a graceful staircase and garnished here and there with a chair or a settee. The floor is black-and-white checkerboard, like the ones in Vermeer's paintings. But there is practically no traffic; in the space of a week I saw maybe five other people coming and going. Calm and quiet prevail, and they envelop you as soon as you walk in off the street.

Rooms furnished down to the last detail in a single period make me claustrophobic. My suite, in a corner on the top floor, was decorated in the miscellany of periods that is Claridge's style: art deco

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with overtones of art nouveau, Regency, and 1950s modern. Overall, the effect is congenial and slightly dowdy, like the style of the royal family. Just as the Queen's clothes don't look as if they've been designed, rooms at Claridge's don't look as if they've been decorated. It's hard to believe that anyone chose that satinwood console, that deco dressing table, those touchingly awful-looking gooseneck reading lamps, that slipcovered chaise, with one suite (mine) in mind. The rooms looked to me like a homey repository of furniture that had been in the family for generations—some of it old and exquisite, some of it little more than serviceable but obstinately cherished because it belonged to someone's ancestor. But despite the presence of so many antiques, Claridge's never makes you feel as if you're expected to be in awe of the past. There were two quill pens and an inkwell in a silver stand on the desk, but there were also remote-control TVs, touchtone phones, and computer-coded cards for room keys.

Claridge's is where Doris Day and James Stewart stay in Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and it looks the same on the big screen as it does in real life—elegant but determinedly unglamorous. Even in a movie Claridge's refuses to call attention to itself. This is no place for the sort of histrionics that have been a regular feature of life at the Savoy. As a matter of principle, Claridge's also refuses to cater to people's fantasies about themselves. The only fantasy it has to offer is the illusion that the world is in good working order.

The staff at Claridge's have been trained to do their jobs as if the hotel were a private home. A friend who knows about such things advised me to ring for the maid, the waiter, and the valet on arrival, to inform them all of my daily requirements. The maid would unpack my bags, the waiter would set up a bar in the room and have hors d'oeuvres ready at some appointed hour, the valet would care for my wardrobe. Did I plan to do any entertaining? Which of my dresses would I like to have readied for the evening? Unfortunately, I've never packed a suitcase I didn't have to sit on to close, and remembering the underwear stuffed into my shoes and the vitamin pills rattling around in my jewelry case among my earrings, I unpacked my own bags and never met the maid. I did, however, appreciate her keen sense of order. In my experience there are two kinds of hotel maids: the ones who leave everything in its place and clean around it, which is what I do at home and what the maids did at the Savoy, and the ones who arrange everything. The maid at Claridge's lined up my lipsticks in a row—from darkest to lightest—and grouped all my paraphernalia around the bathroom sink according to category: one shelf for contact-lens solutions, one for soap and skin care, one for shampoo, and so on. I can't remember anything about the waiter and the valet, except that they did their jobs and were gone.

Everyone I've met who has stayed at Claridge's tells at least one good anecdote about the service. The best I've heard are from an American who lived there for three months, during which time he came down with a severe case of the flu; the hotel sent a maid to his room every two hours to take his temperature. When he needed to make travel arrangements for three clients, the hall porter chartered him a plane.

One day I was downstairs buying a stamp at the front desk when the phone rang and the young man on duty picked it up. "Good morning, Your Excellency," he said. A man who used to work at Claridge's told me that he had once been given a dressing-down and nearly fired for using a wrong form of address. It had been an honest mistake: the son of a duke had checked in, and during his stay his father died. Our man at Claridge's, who hadn't been reading the papers, continued to address the son—now the duke—as "Milord" instead of addressing him as "Your Grace." It's not the titles that impress me, or the idea that I might be staying down the hall from a duke; it's the punctilious attention to detail, in a time when nobody even bothers to get the spelling of your name right. Claridge's seemed to me one of the safest places I have ever been.

If Claridge's is a private house, the Connaught is a private club—a men's club, to be exact. Rumor has it that you can't get in unless someone who stays there regularly recommends you, but that admonition may well be a part of the myth that so many people in love with this hotel want to believe. I called the Connaught's number in New York for reservations and was assured of a room right then, over the phone.

There is no sign out front. The Connaught never advertises and does nothing that might bring it publicity (unlike the Savoy, for example, which announces each week's famous guests in a bulletin to the press). To some extent, of course, this works in reverse, and the Connaught, because it never courts anyone, is routinely proclaimed the best, the most original, the most select hotel in London. I can't help but think that the people who value this cachet the most are the ones who long to join clubs that won't have them. There are many things I look for in a good hotel, but approval isn't one of them.

My room was lovely but small; a narrow path led from the door around the beds to the bathroom, which was nearly as large as the bedroom itself. But it's the service that the Connaught is so famous for, with three staff members to every guest. Indeed, the service was prompt, unfailingly polite, and generally efficient, though it wasn't until the end of the week that the waiter brought me exactly what I'd ordered for breakfast, and I'd ordered the same thing every day. An hour or so after he delivered my breakfast, the waiter would return to reclaim the table, as much as to say that the time had come for me to get on with my day.

I felt far more at home at Claridge's than at the Connaught, perhaps because

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the Connaught seemed so adamantly male. The male mystique—mahogany paneling and dark red carpets, libraries and billiards rooms, perfectly tailored suits, the ritual of port after dinner—is something that the English do better than anyone, to my way of thinking, and I usually find it comforting. But at the Connaught that atmosphere is so all-pervasive that it becomes almost exclusive: this is a man's world, and if a woman is there, it's because the men allow it. I suppose the Connaught was an odd choice for two women who must have looked as if they had just walked out of a novel by Barbara Pym. My college roommate and I had decided to celebrate an enduring friendship by going to London for a week's vacation together.

One night we got back to the hotel shortly before midnight, in high spirits: we had just come from Covent Garden and an exceptionally festive performance of *Die Fledermaus*, which ends with a giddy chorus in praise of champagne; champagne seemed to us a fine idea. We settled ourselves on one of the overstuffed sofas in the lounge downstairs, where the waiter politely, imaginatively, and resolutely ignored us, until finally I walked up to him and asked if we could order a drink. "Are you staying at the hotel, madam?" he asked. In the end we got our champagne. It wasn't until the next day, when I was telling an English friend about the waiter's curious behavior, that it was explained: "Oh, yes," he said. "They're always on the lookout for call girls."

OF ALL THE Savoy hotels, the Connaught has the best food—in the dining room or, preferably, in the grill, a small, lighter, more formal room, tucked away in the back. The last time I ate dinner there, a meal I remember quite clearly on account of the croustades of quail eggs in caviar, the bill came to £120 for two, about $200 at the time (1982). Americans, my English friends contend, are the only people who can afford to eat at the Connaught. American or not, there are plenty of them: to book a table for lunch or dinner you need to call two weeks ahead, even if you have a room at the hotel.

The Savoy's restaurants are also good, and its kitchen hasn't been changed since Escoffier laid it out. Each evening at six one of the seventy-some chefs cooks Dame Bridget D'Oyly Carte's dinner—a chicken wing, prepared the same way every day for the past forty years and delivered to her apartment in the hotel. At lunchtime the River Restaurant draws the business crowd from the City, London's financial district; dinner is quieter and more leisurely. The Savoy Grill offers a supper schedule around the theater—appetizer and main course before, dessert and coffee after. The Savoy is known for having the best smoked salmon in London, and you can order it through room service. The menu in the rooms is fairly extensive and, as at Claridge's, service is around-the-clock. There is no room-service menu at Claridge's, however: you ring for the waiter and tell him what you'd like. I had a big bowl of raspberries for breakfast.

My favorite stationery was at the Savoy, where there are three different kinds, one especially handsome—gray stock with darker gray block letters underlined in red. Claridge's—pale blue with the name of the hotel in darker blue script—is delightfully small, perfect for bread-and-butter notes and in-town messages. The best "Do Not Disturb" sign was the Savoy's—an art-deco red-and-white plastic disc suspended from a red satin cord. The Savoy had the most distinctive china for room service—a pale, pink-and-white striped pattern monogrammed with a gray S. In the river suite, my buttered scones arrived on china designed to commemorate Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Gondoliers*, with little gondolas making their way across the plates and around the teacups. □

The Savoy Hotel, The Strand, London WC2R 0EU. (01) 836-4343. Single rooms $123; double rooms $151–$205; suites $301–$644. (All prices are based on $1.33 to £1, the exchange rate at press time.)

Claridge's, Brook Street, London W1A 2JQ. (01) 629-8860. Single rooms $103–$130; double rooms $137–$171; suites $253 and up.

The Connaught, Carlos Place, Mayfair, London W1Y 6AL. (01) 499-7070. Single rooms $95; double rooms $130; suites $274–$404.

Reservations for all three hotels may be made in the United States by calling The Leading Hotels of the World at (800) 223-6800 or in New York State, Hawaii, and Alaska at (212) 838-3110 collect. The Savoy and Claridge's accept MasterCard, Visa, and American Express; the Connaught accepts MasterCard.

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COMPUTERS

APPROPRIATE TECHNOLOGY

BY JAMES FALLOWS

I AM BEGINNING TO sympathize with the United States Air Force's Tactical Air Command. For years TacAir has seemed to embody the military's craving for big, beautiful machines that can't quite do the job. Carping critics would point out that an aircraft like the F-15 cost too much and was always in the shop. But, oh! it was so lovely. How could anyone hate a machine that looked so wonderful and promised to do so much?

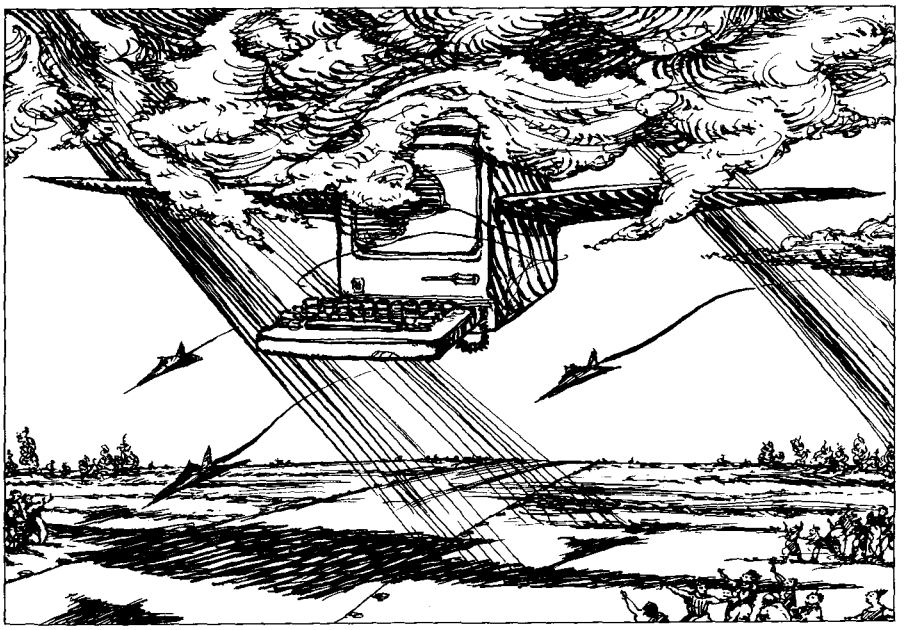
I used to feel pious about TacAir, because conditions were so different in the part of the high-tech world I knew best: personal computers. As computers have become more sophisticated, they have also become cheaper, more useful, and less disaster-prone—all the things that many complex modern weapons are not. The winds of the marketplace blew off the frills and geegaws.

Or so I used to think. Now I have seen the F-15 of the computer world. Its name is Macintosh.

Considered as a feat of engineering, the Macintosh is as dazzling as anything that might be found at the Paris Air Show. It is that rare product in which the innovations that were difficult to create are also impressive to see. There is a vivacity to the screen display that can be matched only on the Macintosh's forebears, Apple's Lisa computer and the Xerox Star system—or by the computer-generated graphics on network TV shows. When you specify a function (for example, word processing), the Macintosh's "icon," or its symbol for the function—in this case, a note pad and pen—zooms down from one corner of the screen and telescopes itself out into a "window" in which you do your work. Most computer programs create electronic facsimiles of material previously found on paper. The Macintosh display does not resemble anything that has ever been written down.

James Fallows is the Washington editor of The Atlantic.

FOR ONE PART of the computer market the Macintosh is practically ideal. Any child who sees this machine wants one. In the pre-Macintosh era children could do two things with computers. First, they could use the computer as a teaching machine, running programs that entice or force them to master multiplication tables, hone logical skills, learn the capitals of the fifty states, and expand their vocabularies in French.



For educational programs the subtleties of computer hardware matter very little. Users of any of the popular lower-priced machines—notably the Commodore 64, but also the Atari 800, the Radio Shack Color Computer, the Texas Instruments 99/4A, and, of course, the Apple II and its descendants—can draw on an enormous library of educational programs. Most of these programs aspire to make rote activities seem interesting. A child may have more patience for touch-typing drills, for example, if each mistyped letter means that an alien craft descends from the skies, and if each word typed correctly directs a laser blast at the intruder. Some games challenge the child to work his way out of a maze or a twisting cavern, which requires clear thinking more than luck or quick reflexes.

The simplest learn-your-arithmetic educational programs come in versions that will run on unadorned home computers. Unfortunately, the more advanced programs, including nearly every word-processing system, come on floppy disks, so you must buy a disk drive if you hope to use them. With the addition of a disk drive, you are no longer talking about a modest investment for a possibly educational toy. Without a disk drive the Commodore 64 costs $220; with one it costs $500. A printer, which is the next logical step if you are using word-processing programs, adds several hundred dollars to the original price. And the programs themselves can be expensive.

The second thing children could use pre-Macintosh computers for was to become familiar with cursor keys, operating systems, default values, and the other subject headings in the canon of "computer literacy." It probably *is* useful for children to know what a computer looks like; but many parents, fearful that their children will grow up to join the chronically unemployed, seem to have blurred the difference between learning about computers and learning to write programs for them in computer languages such as BASIC and Pascal. The resulting preoccupation with programming for tots is a terrible mistake.

If I had to choose one language for my children to learn, it would be Latin rather than Pascal—and I wouldn't worry about either language while my children were in grade school. Joseph Weizen-

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baum, a professor of computer science at MIT, recently complained in *Byte*, the industry's Bible, about the "illusion" that "computer-language learning is like other kinds of [language] learning" in being most successful when children start very young. "It is clear to me that computer languages are not like natural languages," Weizenbaum said. "I think they are more like mathematical languages or physics. They require a certain intellectual maturity, and when you have that intellectual or mathematical maturity, you can learn them relatively quickly. It isn't worth spending a lot of time on at an early age."

Even before the Macintosh there were hints of a third purpose to which children could put computers: making available a kind of magical creative power that simply did not exist before. The hints were offered by Logo, a programming language that does not demand that children write elaborately structured statements but instead encourages them to create and manipulate geometric patterns on a screen. The child starts by "teaching" the Logo symbol on the screen to draw a triangle or a circle. (To teach the symbol, called the "turtle," to draw a triangle, the child might tell it to move "FORWARD 100, RIGHT 120 [degrees], FORWARD 100, RIGHT 120, FORWARD 100.") The child can then alter or combine the patterns to form intricate, shifting designs. For example, a child could use Logo to design a program that would slowly trace a cross-section of a nautilus shell across the screen. It was as if an Etch-A-Sketch suddenly came to life. (Logo runs on the Commodore 64, the Apple IIe and IIc, the TI 99/4A, and other home computers, but in most cases it requires a disk drive.) Seymour Papert, of the Laboratory for Computer Science at MIT, the creator of Logo, has written a book about the program, called *Mindstorms: Children, Computers, and Powerful Ideas*. In it he argues that children who spend time within Logo's geometric environment instead of memorizing multiplication tables will naturally learn to "speak math," as children living in France will learn to speak French.

If children love Logo, as most of them seem to, how can they resist the Macintosh? Ninety percent of the Macintosh's appeal stems from the program called MacPaint, which does not teach them about mathematics, as Logo does, but allows them to create more-spectacular visual effects. With MacPaint you select one of the dozen icons—a paintbrush, a pencil, an eraser, and so forth—and use it to create a picture. The pencil draws outlines, the can of paint fills them with whatever pattern you select, the "grabber" reorients your drawing or moves it to another part of the screen. MacPaint is forgiving of error; you can undo any change that you don't like. It permits both the broad, casual stroke and the minute perfecting touch: using a procedure called Fat Bits, you can change individual dots in the display. MacPaint combines mathematics with art in an astounding ellipse-generating system, which creates shimmering, constantly changing curves as you drag the cursor across the screen. This feature, and another that distorts or elongates any pattern you have drawn, made me feel like God.

The possibilities of MacPaint were instantly obvious to my sons, ages four and seven. During the two months in which we had a Macintosh on loan from Apple, they grumbled when forced to go to the playground or dig in the sand, tortured by the knowledge that the computer lay inside. Everything about the Macintosh makes it the perfect computer for children.

Everything, that is, except its price. At $2,495 the Macintosh is a wildly expensive toy, and at the moment it is unsuited for service as much beyond a toy.

TECHNICALLY SWEET AS it is, the Macintosh fails the basic test that the market has established for personal computers: it does not make enough of life's chores simpler. The IBM Personal Computer is a resounding success not because of advanced engineering but because it can run thousands of useful programs. Apart from those who routinely need to make sketches or charts and include them in memos, not many people will find that their lives are easier because of Macintosh.

Most of the Macintosh's problems may be temporary growing pains. Because its operating system is so different from anything else in the computer world, when the Macintosh was unveiled, last January, almost no "real" software was available for it. Early buyers had to make do with MacPaint, plus a clumsy, slow, primitive word-processing program called MacWrite. (The two together cost $195.) Anticipating huge Macintosh sales, many of the large software houses said they would begin developing Macintosh versions of their pro-

September report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

MOLLY MALONE COOK

By winning the 1984 Pulitzer Prize in poetry for **American Primitive, Mary Oliver** has stepped into the forefront of American poetry.

Her fellow poets know her work. William Matthews calls her "a glutton for pleasure." May Swenson says, "These poems are natural growths out of a loam of perception and feeling. Instinctive skill with language makes them seem effortless. Reading them is a pleasure." And Robert Wallace calls her "one of the very best poets now writing in America."

Stanley Kunitz says, "Mary Oliver's poetry is fine and deep: it reads like a blessing. [It] enchants me with the purity of its lyric voice, the loving freshness of its perceptions, and the singular glow of a spiritual life brightening the page." And James Dickey declares: "Far beneath the surface-flash of linguistic effect, Mary Oliver works her quiet and mysterious spell . . . unlike any other poet's, the enchantment of the true maker."

AMERICAN PRIMITIVE
by Mary Oliver

Third printing now available hard cover and paperback at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 129.

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grams. A new magazine, *Macworld*, is already thick with ads for business and word-processing programs soon to be released. The first to be released, this past spring, was Microsoft's Multiplan, a "spreadsheet" program, which is a staple for business. The programs to come should include a good word processor, such as Microsoft's Word program.

But even when the software shortage abates, several of the Macintosh's built-in limitations will remain. From a technical point of view, the Macintosh's greatest problem may be its inability to handle "batch files" or "macros," which speed the operation of complicated programs. For $2,495 you get a Macintosh equipped with only one disk drive. Just about every other manufacturer realizes that a personal computer should have two, and adding a second to the Macintosh brings its price to $2,990, or more than twice as much as a Kaypro and more, even, than the recently discounted IBM PC costs. (Both the Kaypro and the IBM have two disk drives.) Next year Apple will probably release a souped-up version of the Macintosh, with four times as much random-access memory as the original has (512 kilobytes, or 512K, versus 128K) and a hard disk, which can store twenty to thirty times as much data as a floppy disk. Its price will probably be between $4,000 and $5,000, or as much as IBM's hard-disk model, the PC XT, costs. Most keyboards have a "number pad," which makes business and accounting projects go more quickly. The Macintosh does not. (You can buy an add-on number pad for $99.) Even more irritating, its designers, in an act of inexplicable hubris, decided that the Macintosh should be the only computer ever built without cursor keys.

On most computers these keys enable you to move the cursor left, right, up, or down on the screen; each key is marked with an arrow pointing in the appropriate direction. Reportedly, the Apple designers considered cursor keys to be part of the austere, intimidating mystique of computerdom that the Macintosh was designed to smash. Off went the cursor keys, even though most people can figure out what they do at first glance.

In place of cursor keys the Macintosh offers a "mouse," a small plastic box attached to the computer by a cord. When you drag the mouse across the desk it moves the cursor across the screen. For certain purposes—such as using MacPaint—a mouse is fabulous. It even has its place in word processing or record-keeping, when you have finished writing or entering figures and want to cruise effortlessly through the document making occasional stops for changes. But the lack of cursor keys is a crippling handicap when you are trying to write. If you're typing along and you want to move to the previous line, you have to take your hand off the keyboard, fumble for the mouse, move it precisely one space up the screen (no easy task), and then look again for the right place to put your fingers on the keyboard. With a "complicated" program like WordStar you can accomplish the same end by pressing one or two keys. Making a mouse available is like offering your guests chopsticks in addition to silverware. Making it mandatory is like forcing them to use chopsticks even when you're serving soup.

Nonetheless, Macintosh has established a big sales beachhead, in part because it has put together a consortium of twenty-four colleges and universities that have contracted to buy in bulk. I can understand this from the colleges' point of view: they will be able to offer Macintoshes to their students for roughly $1,000 apiece, which beats even the price of the Kaypro and which is a great deal. But what could have been in the mind of Steven Jobs, the chairman of Apple, when he envisioned the Macintosh as the ideal accessory for college students? Here we have a machine that is clumsy for writing and record-keeping, and is best suited to an elegant form of doodling. Jobs dropped out of college during the dreamy seventies. His memories of those days and his glimpses of California campuses may have convinced him that this is what the tanned young coeds and their dates do all day. The models in the Macintosh ads certainly look as if they're toting their machines to a *GQ* photo session rather than to the library.

DESPITE THE MACINTOSH story, the momentum in the computer world is still toward technology whose sophistication makes life simpler and whose achievements show up in lower prices and higher reliability. Consider two recent developments—the Model 100 from Radio Shack and MCI Mail.

Nothing about the Model 100's appearance suggests the romance of high technology. Apart from the familiarly clunky Radio Shack styling, the computer has a small "liquid-crystal display" screen in which letters are composed of the indistinct gray lines featured on early digital watches. Yet underneath this meek disguise lies a collection of significant engineering advances, every one of them useful and reliable.

The most important fact about the Model 100 is its size: viewed from the top, it has roughly the dimensions of the magazine you are holding. It stands less than two inches high and weighs four pounds. It is the first truly portable computer. But this small package contains a full-sized keyboard that is more solid-feeling and better designed than those of most other computers; up to thirty-two kilobytes of random-access memory (32K of RAM), enough to store about 5,000 words; a word-processing program and BASIC, among other programs; and a built-in modem, so that information stored in the machine may be sent elsewhere over telephone lines. For anyone who must record information while on the road, the Model 100 is a gift from heaven. Its size makes it easy to carry; its keyboard makes it pleasant to use; and its batteries keep information stored in memory even when it is turned off.

A new generation of "lap-sized" computers is coming onto the market, with more-impressive screens and more-advanced software than the Model 100's. At some point these newcomers are sure to make the Model 100 obsolete, but the initial entries are expensive. The Hewlett-Packard HP 110, for example, has 272K of RAM and can run Lotus 1-2-3, the businessman's favorite program. It costs $2,995; the Model 100 sells for somewhere between $599 and $834, depending on how much memory you buy and whether you hit one of Radio Shack's periodic $200-off sales. Another portable computer, the NEC model 8201, was designed by the same Japanese firm that designed the Model 100, costs what the Model 100 does, and is practically identical to it. The model 8201's advantage is that its memory can be expanded to 96K; its drawback is that it lacks the built-in modem.

The ideal companion to the Model 100 is MCI Mail. Last fall MCI Mail introduced itself as the "nation's new postal system." It would be more accurate to call it the new Federal Express, because it poses direct competition to the booming overnight-parcel business.

Using MCI Mail, you can send information from your computer to any place in the country and to most parts of the world. First you transmit your informa-

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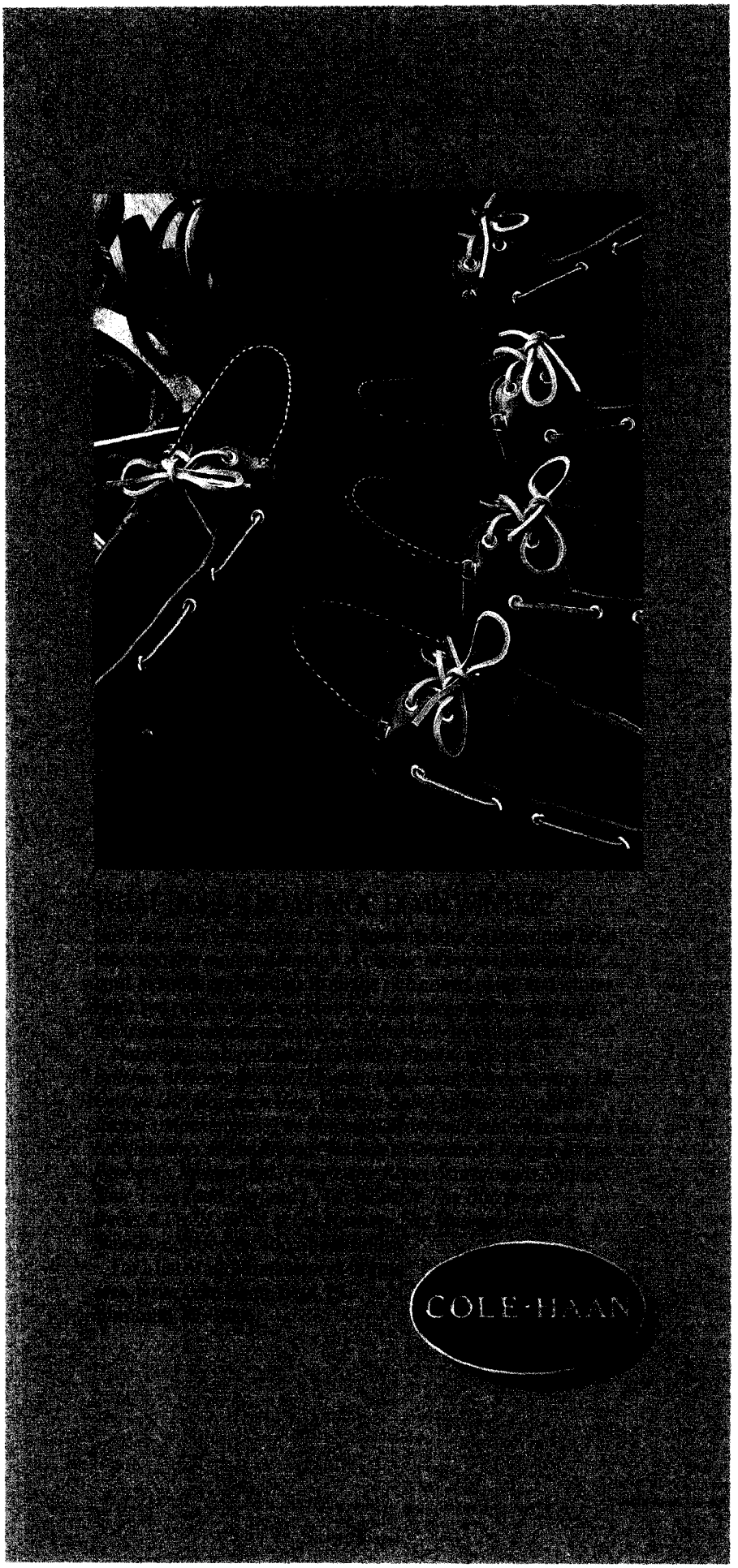
tion, through a modem, to MCI's main computer; for this step you can use a local telephone number in most big cities or an 800 number anywhere else, so there is no telephone charge. You then direct MCI to pass on the message in one of several ways. If the recipient has a computer and is signed up with MCI, he can retrieve the message from MCI a few seconds after you send it. You pay one dollar for such an instant transmission. When I am traveling, I type up my notes on the Model 100 and send them to myself each evening. When I get home, I can retrieve all the messages on my main computer. MCI can also send the message to a computer near the destination, print it there, put it in a stamped envelope, and drop it in a mailbox. This costs two dollars, and in my experience it is not any faster than mailing the letter yourself for twenty cents.

The real advantage to MCI Mail is its overnight service: if you send your information before eight at night, a printed version, resembling good typed copy, will be delivered by noon the next day. This service goes virtually anywhere in the United States, and it costs six dollars, or less than half as much as Federal Express. A four-hour delivery service that covers most major cities is also available, for $25.

The company has an enthusiastic, swashbuckling capitalist spirit. Every time you log on to the system to send or receive mail, you see news of the latest giveaway or special offer designed to encourage extra use. I am tolerant of MCI's boosterish excesses, because the company offers so much for so little. It has constantly improved the system and ironed out imperfections, and it charges you for nothing except the services you actually use. In this it is almost alone. Its Western Union counterpart, called Easylink, charges a monthly minimum of $25. The U.S. Postal Service's recently discontinued E-COM system allowed you to send electronic mail whenever you wanted—provided that you were willing to send 200 letters at a time.

Innovations like the Model 100 and MCI Mail make me wonder whether the Macintosh has a future. They are tailored to the needs of the marketplace; it hopes that the market will be swept off its feet by the rapture of technical brilliance. I take my hat off to the people who designed the Macintosh, and I wish them luck. But I know they missed a natural market when they neglected to put wings on it and sell it to TacAir. □



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MUSIC

THE ART OF MEMORY

BY RICHARD SENNETT

FOR MORE THAN thirty years Rudolf Serkin has directed a music festival in Marlboro, Vermont, where young and experienced musicians play chamber music together. One summer when I was living near Marlboro, Mr. Serkin performed the Brahms Piano Quartet in C minor with members of the Budapest Quartet; it was a rendition that seemed to breathe the spirit of the exhausted Romanticism of late-nineteenth-century Vienna. A few days later Mr. Serkin asked me if I and a few other musicians would like to play the quartet for him. The offer was terrifying, and impossible to refuse. We gathered at one of the studios at Marlboro, Serkin beaming—this would be such fun—and the rest of us wishing that urgent business called us elsewhere. The moment we began to play, Mr. Serkin's smile began to fade. Nonetheless we went forward. There were only a few mistakes, and by the end we thought we had done a creditable job. Serkin looked at us and said, "You didn't understand how it was played the other night. You make Brahms sound old-fashioned, like brooding over coffee and cream. It's different. . . . He's a memory artist."

This remark came back to me several times during 1983, the Brahms Year, a celebration of the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth. Hearing a lot of Brahms, especially lesser-known chamber and choral works, makes clear how deeply regret and longing suffuse everything he put his hand to. Yet the art of memory in Brahms is, paradoxically, not conservative. The more he develops it, the more radical a musical innovator Brahms becomes. In this he most resembles Marcel Proust: each transformed his craft through seeking to remember.

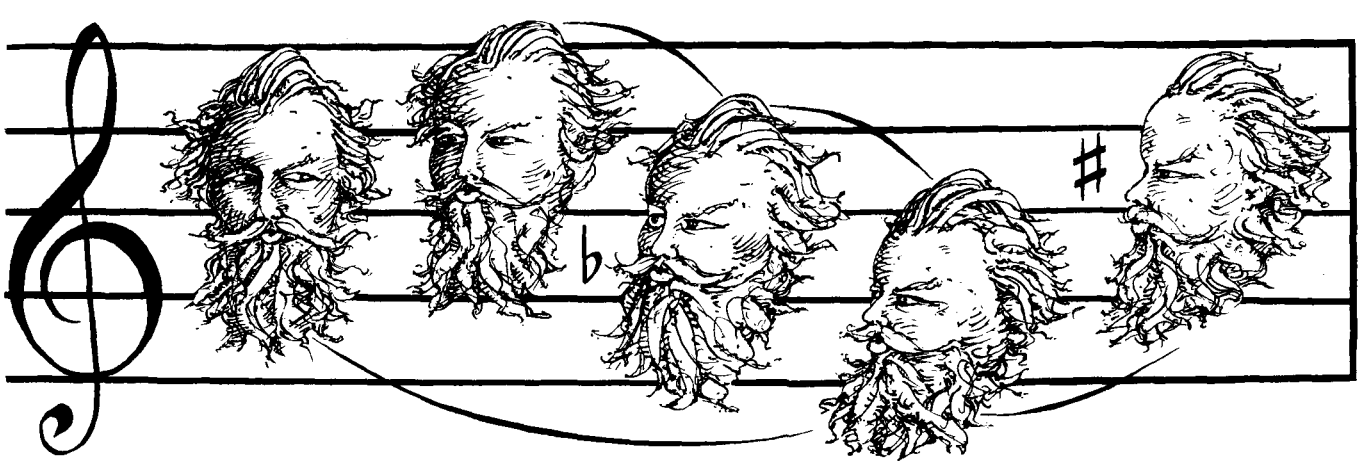
Brahms had little reason to remember his childhood with pleasure. He was born on May 7, 1833, in the red-light district of Hamburg. His mother was lame, his father a double-bass player of wildly impractical ambition and dissolute tastes. The young Brahms occasionally passed evenings in his father's company at the whorehouses on Hamburg's Adulterers' Walk, fondled by the prostitutes or playing the piano for them and their customers. He was frail and withdrawn, a waif.

Thanks to his mother and to good teachers Brahms was able to crawl out of the slums by the time he was twenty. He left Hamburg and toured as the accompanist to the violinists Reményi and Joachim. Throughout his life Brahms wanted to return victorious to Hamburg as its music director; this would have been his triumph over the good burghers who looked down on slum children as savages. But the mechanics of regret were set in motion for Brahms by a dramatic encounter during the first year he broke away: he met Robert and Clara Schumann.

In 1853 Robert Schumann, at the height of his international fame, wrote an essay publicizing the young man's music to the world; the young man fell in love with Schumann's wife. After Schumann succumbed to syphilitic madness, a year later, Brahms grew ever more infatuated with Clara Schumann. Joan Chissell has recently published a careful biography of Clara Schumann, which reveals as much about the relations between the thirty-four-year-old Clara Schumann and the twenty-year-old Brahms as we are likely to learn. If the two were not lovers in the physical sense after Schumann was confined to an institution, they acted as lovers in every other. The legacy of this affair was forty years of companionship, jealousy, and guilt between Clara Schumann and Brahms. The artistic effect on Brahms was entirely unexpected.

In 1855, with Schumann in the insane asylum and Brahms deeply entangled in Clara Schumann's life, the music of Brahms suddenly changed gears. Up to that year he had written a young Romantic's music, a music of *Sturm und Drang*. Now his music became more classical in form, more controlled in expression. The composer no longer bellowed but looked out at the world and regretted. The change was peculiar: while still a youth Brahms began to treat the storms of youth as far away in time, buried in memory. Moments of frenzy are used in his music much as a writer might quote purple passages from an adolescent diary. An outburst is set in so austere a context that it seems remote, as if recalled long after the emotion is extinct. Brahms's String Sextet in B Flat Major, written from 1858 to 1860, is an example. The conductor Pierre Monteux once said about this work, "Pretend

Richard Sennett is the author of the novel An Evening of Brahms.



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you've had a memory lapse. You knew the piece long ago, and now you are struggling to recall it. That's what is happening inside the music; the traces of an extinct passion are brought to life."

Brahms found his way as a composer very young, and proceeded along it single-mindedly. The endless work of revision in which Brahms engaged always aimed at an ideal he had in mind; there are very few false starts in his published work, few digressions into dead-end channels. From 1855 to about 1868 Brahms made sketches for various large-scale works but kept his published work to more controllable forms: sonatas, songs, chamber music. With the composition of *A German Requiem*, completed in 1868, there was a change. By now Brahms had learned how to sound that characteristic note of regret and longing—Karl Geiringer called it his "twilight" style—by using enormous orchestral and vocal resources. What is curious about the music that came after the watershed *A German Requiem* is that the scale of musical resources did not alter the composer's voice. The dramatic pace of a Schubert symphony is more urgent and driven than that of a Schubert piano sonata. Brahms did not change expressive character when he changed the medium. A piece like the early G-minor Piano Quartet can be transcribed for full orchestra, as it has been by Arnold Schoenberg, and remain itself; the great Second Piano Concerto has the intimacy of chamber music. To say of a composer like Brahms that he found himself early is to say that the flow of his creative experience was different from that of a composer like Beethoven, who was in a constant state of metamorphosis. Brahms's voice speaks again and again, regretting, remembering, longing.

Constancy in art may be a virtue; in life it is limiting. Brahms never again took the emotional risks he had taken with Clara Schumann. Once, he was on the verge of marriage to a young woman but drew back; he was a handsome man, attractive to women and attracted to them, who avoided commitment. He was the same with colleagues—a genial, even generous friend who fled when others made emotional demands on him. From his early twenties to his late fifties very little happened in Brahms's life; if he was an artist of memory, he was a man without much history. It is perhaps not surprising that in his late fifties, in robust health, he ground to a halt. When he finished the G-Major String Quintet, he felt empty; he made a will and waited for the end. But, as in his youth he was prematurely old, he was premature in anticipating death. During the last few years of his life he composed the great works for clarinet, the extraordinary piano pieces, and the "Four Serious Songs." At last he was the age that his temperament disposed him to be, and these works reflect it: stripped of color and sensuous texture, they are his purest music.

How could such a life and such work lead a man to be an innovator? The question is perplexing, because an ideal voice sounded, no matter what the scale on which Brahms worked, over nearly forty years of artistic labor. What he did was to re-invent this voice during the course of his life, experimenting with ever-more-daring means to serve the same end.

Schoenberg called this daring Brahms's "musical prose." In a famous essay, "Brahms the Progressive," Schoenberg sought to claim Brahms as the forerunner of his own avant-garde serialism. Brahms, he maintained, pursued the logic of a musical idea no matter how much or how little it conformed to conventional ideas of musical shape. This is certainly true. For instance, in the Second Piano Concerto the piano soloist changes roles constantly, now dominating the orchestra, now playing as an orchestral instrument for long periods, disappearing into a subordinate role. These departures from the soloist's usual position were dictated by Brahms's desire to pursue every possible combination of an opening harmonic sequence. In the *German Requiem* the tempo of each movement is *andante*—a surefire recipe for boredom, according to conventional wisdom about dramatic variety. The wisdom is proved wrong, because Brahms explored with ingenuity all the possibilities of slow motion over a long time span. A conductor who was no friend to Schoenberg's school, Wilhelm Furtwängler, wrote of Brahms that his music was "governed by a strictness of logic" that never hesitated to transcend convention.

Brahms used relentless logic to develop the variation. What does a simple melody, a short sequence of chords, a tempo, conceal? A composer answers these questions by writing variations; the variant takes some element of the beginning apart, analyzes it, and builds a new unit from it. This is, of course, a guiding impulse of much modern music—the composer taking apart, altering, and reconstructing sound at will. Schoenberg chose Brahms as a forerunner because Brahms was especially fearless in his writing of variations.

In a sense *all* Brahms's mature music was written out of the impulse to take apart and remake small units of expression. This is one reason that the music seems to form a whole. Occasionally in his drafts Brahms tried something in the manner of Schubert—big blocks of continuous melody that appear and reappear in a piece essentially unchanged. The reviser's hand then intruded on these pages, altering this phrase, taking apart that harmonic progression: this is the decomposer's art. Schoenberg, in his zeal to find an authority for his own work, did not pay sufficient attention to the fact that the older Brahms became, the deeper his variation work became. By that I mean that Brahms gradually learned how to bring the process of memory alive in the experience of writing variations.

This is not as abstract as it sounds. Any listener can hear it, for instance, in comparing the early String Sextet in B-Flat Major with a piece that Brahms wrote more than thirty years later, the Clarinet Quintet. Every time Brahms made a variation in the Sextet, he gave a clear signal of what was happening: there is a retard in the tempo just before the melody is altered, or the volume rises to a climax to announce a harmonic change. In the Clarinet Quintet an idea is presented briefly in the opening movement; before we have quite grasped it, it comes apart. Throughout the movement Brahms returned to this motive in altered forms, so that we are constantly reminded of it—but since it was never clear, we can't say, "There's the opening theme again." There are no obvious clues, as there were in the Sextet; rather, the listener tries to make sense of where he or she began, by hearing out all the permutations. The first movement of the Clarinet Quintet, as many critics have pointed out, conveys an overwhelming sense of regret—a quality usually ascribed to Brahms's advanced age. This is an extraneous explanation. Within the very structure of the music we are forced to do the work of memory, forced to try to recall where we began. This is what makes the impression of longing for what is lost or obscured, and wanting to recover it, so powerful.

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THE EVOLUTION OF Brahms's art of memory stands between the poles of these two works. The themes of the young man's Sextet are wistful; a characteristic gesture was to launch one of these themes, define it, and then cut it off. In the mature Clarinet Quintet memory has become a continuous act, an act that engages both listener and composer.

It is in this evolution that I find a close kinship between Brahms and Proust. Proust will evoke a taste or a scent; the fleeting impression leads, just for a moment, to the picture of a childhood path; the narrator's grandmother is suddenly on the path and just as suddenly off it; then Proust reveals that all this work of memory has been going on while his narrator has been standing in a room speaking to a duchess. Not only does the duchess evoke all these fragments from the past but her character is constituted by these memories. There is the same free movement between past and present as in late Brahms, and both artists oblige their audience to enter into that movement to make sense of what is happening. Proust seems to have had no acquaintance with Brahms's music, but in creating the Vinteuil sonata in *Remembrance of Things Past* (thematically based on Franck's Piano Quintet in F Major) he captured the spirit of Brahms's enterprise. Listening to it for the first time, the narrator says, "In the midst of this music that was so new to me I found myself in the very heart of the Vinteuil sonata," and then, "Again and again one phrase or another returned, but always changed, with different rhythm and harmony, the same and yet otherwise, as things return in one's own life." Nothing could better define the continuity of Brahms's work and its mature inner logic.

The boldness of Brahms's work has finally to be understood in light of the great fear his era had of memory. We think of late-nineteenth-century bourgeois culture in central Europe as suffused with a tasteful nostalgia for rural simplicity. In music this kitsch nostalgia appeared in the jolly romps of von Suppé and other purveyors of folk tunes. Beneath this surface of kitsch, memory in one's own life was more frightening. From 1885 to 1894 Brahms's friend Max Klinger, the painter, made a group of etchings and engravings in homage to the composer which dramatize this fear. In one, called *Akkorde*, a young pianist plays for a young lady on a balcony built over the sea; beneath the balcony sea monsters pluck at a harp with a figurehead of Neptune; in the background the sea rages in a storm. Viewers of the time could easily read this scene. The sea stood for drowning in a nightmare memory; the monster sirens called the weak into the perilous abyss; the young artist and his lady were safe above, rapt in their own music. It was such fears of drowning in memory that the young Freud set out to confront in his scientific work.

Brahms confronted his fear of remembering in another way. During his lifetime he was often accused of being a cold, depressive, death-obsessed artist, even as he was acknowledged to be a master musician. For many of his listeners the music of Brahms was disturbing, especially during his early career. Gradually he taught his audience to enter into an experience of time that became ever deeper in his own art. As a public for his music formed, a willingness developed to hear memory and to explore it. I was put in mind of this liberating quality in Brahms's music when, after having massacred the Brahms Piano Quartet, my friends and I were invited by Mr. Serkin to go for a walk. On a path in the woods we encountered Hermann Busch, Serkin's relative by marriage, a very old cellist steeped in the nineteenth-century music of his youth. Busch asked how the rehearsal had gone,and Serkin lied politely. Our violinist wouldn't let this pass; we hadn't understood what we had been playing, he said. "Very good, very good," Busch said, beaming. "Always with Brahms you are not certain, you are upset. So you are alive. At the concert the other night I felt I was hearing that quartet for the first time." Perhaps this is the most fitting tribute to Brahms.

DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON IS releasing Brahms's complete works in handsomely boxed sets—one of all the piano music, another of all the concertos, and so forth. The chamber-music set (15 Stereo LP 2740277) is amazing: Mstislav Rostropovich and Rudolf Serkin play the cello and piano sonatas; Maurizio Pollini and the Quartetto Italiano perform the Piano Quintet. The lieder set (10 Stereo LP 2740279) is also superb. It features Jessye Norman and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, accompanied by Daniel Barenboim. The set of works for chorus and orchestra, however, is a disaster. The *German Requiem*, led by Giuseppe Sinopoli, this year's wonder boy of the podium, is made to sound like the Verdi *Requiem*. Instead of Sinopoli's hysteria I prefer the calm and probing rendition conducted by Bernard Haitink on Phillips 6769 055.

Brahms's piano music invites many different interpretations, as is apparent in the contrast between Glenn Gould, in his performance of ten intermezzi, on Columbia MS 6237, and Bruce Hungerford, in his rendition of various short pieces, on Vanguard VSD 71213. (Both of these pianists died recently; the two discs are, unfortunately, last testaments.)

Gould was perhaps the most erratic pianist of our time. When his daring failed, it failed totally; when it succeeded, there was no one more compelling. The disc with the ten intermezzi is one of the victories, as great as Gould's celebrated performance of Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. Glenn Gould plays Brahms with little pedal and reduced dynamics; the startling clarity of sound that results lets us hear Brahms think. Bruce Hungerford is more traditional in technique, but so complete is his surrender to the music that we hear the Romantic in Brahms without a hint of sentimentality.

Every major conductor has, of course, recorded the Brahms symphonies. For some mysterious reason, many of the best of these recordings went out of print during the Brahms anniversary. Karl Böhm's recording with the Vienna Philharmonic is slated for the remainder bin, according to the Schwann catalogue, as is Pierre Monteux's wonderfully serene performance, with the London Symphony, of the Brahms Second. Both the Böhm and the Monteux are well worth hunting for.

Among the legion of renditions by pianists who have recorded the two concertos, my favorite rendition of the First is by Leon Fleisher, with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra (Odyssey Y-31273), and of the Second by Alfred Brendel, with Haitink and the Concertgebouw (Phillips 6500767).

If you buy only one Brahms record this year, perhaps it should be the new version of Brahms's Double Concerto for Violin and Cello, with von Karajan, Anne-Sophie Mutter, and Antonio Meneses (DG 410 603-1). The musicians make an extraordinary marriage of experience and youth, and the result is a performance of Brahms with exceptional vitality and control. □

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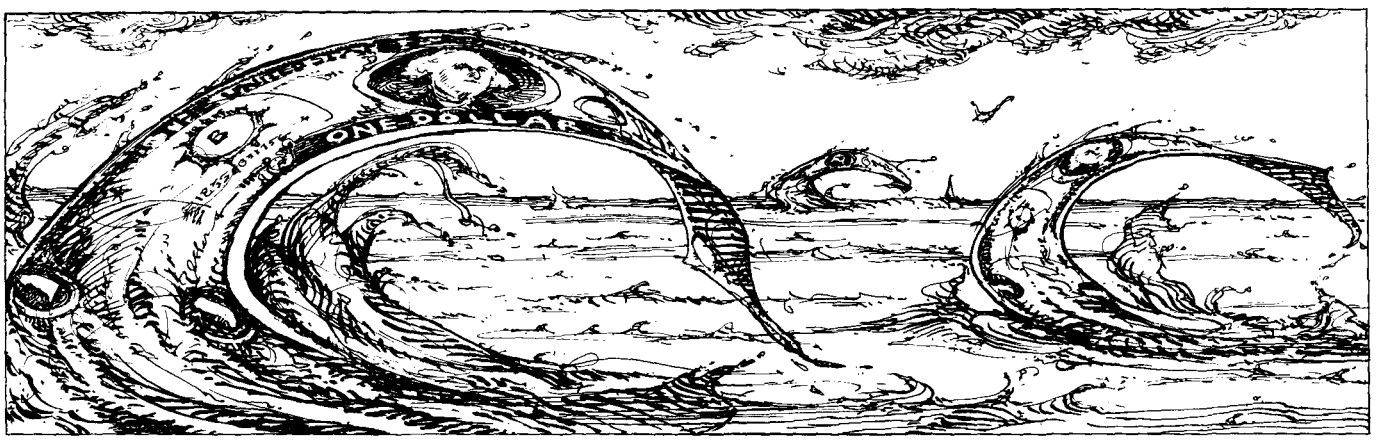

THE PULSE OF CAPITALISM

BY DAVID M. GORDON

THE LONG WAVE CYCLE
by Nikolai Kondratieff, translated by Guy Daniels. Richardson & Snyder, $30.00.

IN THE 1880S AND 1890S the capitalist industrial economies staggered through a long contraction. In England it was the Great Depression. In the United States it was, for many at least, the Great Crisis. The noted American economist David Wells, writing in 1895, characterized it as an "unprecedented disturbance and depression of trade, commerce, and industry."

The capitalist world experienced another Great Depression in the turbulent interwar years. By 1938 the growth rate of world trade had fallen to less than one-tenth the growth rate before the First World War. Unemployment soared, reaching 25 percent in the U.S.

And now, since the mid-1960s, postwar prosperity has seemed more and more fragile. Unemployment in the developed economies has been rising from one business cycle to the next. Growth rates in the late seventies were less than two-thirds those in the early sixties. World trade has become increasingly volatile. Third World debt—ever rising, ever unresolved—threatens to topple the entire financial house of cards.

David M. Gordon is a professor of economics on the graduate faculty of the New School for Social Research.

We have here the telltale signs of a recurring historical pattern.

1) The capitalist economies have grown rapidly for a while and then stagnated for substantial periods—not just once, but at least three times over the past 140 years.

2) These periods of alternating expansion and stagnation have spread irresistibly throughout the capitalist world—overcoming every effort at immunization, breaking down nearly every dike of national protection.

3) These episodes have had roughly the same duration, more or less fifty years: from the mid-1840s through the mid-1890s, from then to the Second World War, and from then, in all probability, through at least the late 1980s.

Recurring historical patterns often attract intellectual interest. But this evidence of "long swings" in the world capitalist economy has been buried under a generation's neglect—apparently born of the belief, widespread in the first two postwar decades, that the Keynesian revolution had tamed the business cycle. The end-of-ideology ideologues were determined to establish the ineluctability of a permanently healthy capitalist economy and to move on to other, narrower questions.

Too young to have experienced personally either the 1930s or the blush of postwar complacency, I see no reason to ignore such obvious and intriguing historical clues. I am now persuaded that despite the legacy of intellectual indifference, the possibility of recurring long swings constitutes one of the most important and provocative intellectual challenges confronting modern social science.

I therefore find it particularly timely to have this new edition, providing the first full English translation from the original Russian, of Nikolai Kondratieff's seminal work on long wave cycles.

Kondratieff was a Soviet academic economist whose thoughts on the long wave cycle were published in the 1920s. Carefully trained in statistical methods, Kondratieff was more than usually cautious in his formulations, because opinions about capitalist dynamics were touchy subjects in the Soviet Union of the twenties. (Leon Trotsky, in particular, had his knife sharpened for Kondratieff, and engaged him in several spirited debates, before Trotsky himself fell into disfavor. Kondratieff was exiled to Siberia in 1930.)

Kondratieff's published work, therefore, is relatively turgid and carefully wrapped in the excelsior of academic qualification. His conclusions exude analytic caution: "On the basis of available data, it may be assumed that the existence of long cycles in economic conditions is very probable." He grounded his position in a careful review of almost all available historical data—at that time comparatively little existed—about fluctuations of prices and output in the advanced industrial economies since the early nineteenth century.

More intriguing than the existence of these cyclical regularities were the possible causes of them. Here, too, Kondratieff was looking over his shoulder. "It is clear to everyone," he wrote, "that, given the present state of our knowledge, the problem of explaining the long cycles is extraordinarily difficult. . . . What I intend to set forth briefly . . . is merely a first attempt—a first hypothesis—to explain those cycles."

His hypothesis ascribed great impor-

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tance to what economists call "bunching" of investment. In most economies some kinds of investment are made on a very large scale—including major development and infrastructural projects, both private and public, such as bridges, highways, and communications networks. For example, U.S. economic recovery at the turn of the century was triggered by a huge wave of infrastructural investment—in sewers, trolley lines, and electrical transmission facilities—for the new "suburban industrial satellites," as they were called, such as Gary, Indiana, and East Saint Louis, Illinois.

Unless carefully planned, those investments are applied not in perfectly portioned doses, like daily vitamins, but in big, uneven clumps. When these investments bunch up, they give an enormous boost to the economy, which abates as their stimulus flags. "The replacement and expansion of the fund of these goods does not take place smoothly but in spurts," Kondratieff concluded, "and the long waves in economic conditions are another expression of that."

In other words, Kondratieff posited a certain regularity in the long-cyclical movements of capitalist economies. While "each new cycle takes place under new concrete-historical conditions," each nonetheless reflects "the rhythm in the process of the expansion of society's basic capitalist goods" and is therefore to be viewed as integral to the trajectories of capitalist economies.

This emphasis on regularity throws light on Kondratieff's exile, for his theory had heretical implications. It implied not only that capitalism periodically experienced slumps but also that it was capable of reviving itself, through its natural rhythms, and was therefore not necessarily destined to topple under its own weight. For this reason the theory did not sit well in the Soviet Union, where the more popular "breakdown" theories insisted on the inevitability of capitalism's collapse.

Kondratieff's emphasis on regularity also framed the initial responses to his work outside Russia. His views were most clearly echoed in the West by Joseph Schumpeter, the influential Austro-American economist and business-cycle theorist. For Schumpeter, the Great Depression of the 1920s and 1930s was more of the same—as he put it, "no novel occurrence, no unprecedented catastrophe expressive of the emergence of new factors, but only a recurrence of what at similar junctures had occurred before."

The role of government was a neutral one in Kondratieff's analysis, and this dimension of his thought led finally to his being dismissed by the postwar Western economists. If one believed that by the manipulation of fiscal and monetary policy the government could smooth out the clumps causing long swings, why pay any more attention to an economic relic of the past? Walter W. Heller, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and the principal advocate of fiscal "fine tuning," wrote: "The significance of the great expansion of the 1960s [lay] in its glowing promise of things to come. . . . [It will] thin the ranks of the dug-in doctrinaire on both the left and the right." As late as 1978 a Citibank newsletter perfectly summed up this generation's view of long wave cycles:

> Kondratyev Swings: A myth perpetuated by people who—sharing the apocalyptic visions of Plato, Marx, Toynbee and others—believe that there is a mystical pattern of history that permits true believers to divine the future.

HELLER'S "GLOWING PROMISE" has given way to stagnation. And, despite the continuing skepticism about long swings, historical patterns are finally getting the attention that they deserve. No less than in Kondratieff's time, explaining long cycles remains "extraordinarily difficult." Four current avenues of investigation are of particular interest.

The first modernizes Kondratieff's own approach. It is best represented by the work of Jay W. Forrester, a systems scientist at MIT, and his colleagues. Like Kondratieff, they argue that long swings recur primarily because of the bunching of large-scale investments. They have generated complex computer-simulation models whose projections are consistent with the history of long-cyclical variations in the advanced economies. The models are intended to be ahistorical, and they do not rely on the particular institutional characteristics of specific periods of boom and bust.

The second approach takes off from Trotsky's criticisms of Kondratieff from the 1920s and is reflected in a range of important recent work by the Belgian Marxist economist Ernest Mandel. Mandel, like Trotsky, argues that recovery from capitalist depressions is triggered not by new cycles of internally generated investment but by outside "shocks" like war and fascism. The implication, Mandel argues, is that if capitalism recovers from its current slump, it will do so through political struggle, rather than through some mechanical revival of autonomous investment.

The third approach, propounded by Walt W. Rostow, among others, focuses on another sort of "shock" to the world economy: movements in the prices of raw materials, in particular "primary products" like grain and, recently, oil. Much as Kondratieff emphasized infrastructural investment, Rostow argues that increases in raw-materials prices create in the world economy a monetary surplus—a mobilization and concentration of savings—whose recirculation strongly boosts growth and prosperity. Thus, preoccupied with the effects of the OPEC price revolution in 1973, Rostow reaches the conclusion, somewhat dubious empirically, that rising oil prices since the early 1970s have fostered a new long-wave *boom* throughout the capitalist world.

The fourth approach, with which I and several of my colleagues are associated, argues that economic expansion and contraction take place within specific institutional environments, such as the Pax Britannica of the mid-nineteenth century or the state-managed corporate–union accords of the post–Second World War period. Stagnation overtakes capitalist economies when friction develops within these established institutional structures—as it did during the late 1960s and early 1970s, for example, with the "hot summers" of worker unrest in Europe, and Third World and OPEC rebellion against U.S. global domination. Institutional rigidities prevent easy or rapid moderation of these frictions, leading to a spreading institutional instability that begins to squeeze profits, dampen investment, and otherwise foster economic stagnation. Crisis ensues, continuing until new institutional environments are constructed—as happened during the late 1930s and the 1940s and is apparently happening in the 1980s, through, for example, efforts to redefine the role of government in the domestic economy and tendencies toward a significant global redistribution of economic power from the North to the South.

It is still too early to compare the explanatory power of these different ap-

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proaches—let alone to choose the most promising. But it seems increasingly obvious that these explorations hold more than passing academic interest. The symptoms of economic stagnation—from the economic pressures eroding traditional family life to the changes in the structure of the global economy—pervade our daily lives and our public debates. The economy is now being restructured, and the policies shaping it are in many respects still up for grabs.

This new edition of Kondratieff's work should serve to remind us of the historical context within which we debate economic policy. We have more to discuss than monthly fluctuations in short-term interest rates. We need to debate the basic trajectories of economic transformation. □

SON OF THE GULAG

BY BERNARD LEVIN

SOLZHENITSYN: A Biography
by Michael Scammell.
Norton, $29.95.

Only history can do what it likes.
—*The First Circle*

THIS IS THE FIRST full-sized (indeed, enormous) biographical and critical study of Solzhenitsyn. Michael Scammell has impressive qualifications for the task: he was the founder and first editor of *Index on Censorship*; he is fluent in Russian and has translated much Russian writing; he has had access to material, and to members of Solzhenitsyn's family (including his first wife), denied to earlier writers on the subject; and he had a week of lengthy discussions with Solzhenitsyn, followed by a protracted though much less expansive correspondence with him.

Mr. Scammell appears to have read everything that Solzhenitsyn has published and a good deal that is still in manuscript. Also, he has used, with great skill, the autobiographical elements in Solzhenitsyn's novels, together with the one directly autobiographical work of any size to date, *The Oak and the Calf*. He has assiduously combed the memoirs or memories of those friends, associates, and colleagues of Solzhenitsyn's (including fellow inmates of the Gulag) who have themselves managed to get out of the Soviet Union or whose words have been carried out while they remain behind. His attitude toward his subject is one of admiration and sympathy, and although it falls well short of uncritical hero worship, his analysis and discussion of Solzhenitsyn's principal writings places these books higher than almost any previous criticism has done.

In one crucial respect, which I will particularize, Mr. Scammell has failed to take the full measure of Solzhenitsyn; despite that, his book is by far the best, as well as the most comprehensive, study of the writer that has yet appeared. It will put in Mr. Scammell's debt anyone who wishes to know more about genius under pressure, about the true measure of totalitarianism, about such complex figures as Tvardovsky (the editor of *Novy Mir*, in which *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* first appeared) and even Khrushchev, and above all about what can be achieved by determination rooted in an ancient and unwavering faith and armored in a courage not just beyond the ordinary but almost beyond the human.

ALEXANDER ISAYEVICH Solzhenitsyn was born in December, 1918, in Kislovodsk, "a fashionable spa in the Caucasus Mountains." Two of his earliest memories were destined to become echoing symbols of his life: the icon that hung in his bedroom, before which he would kneel to say his prayers, and the first political arrest he witnessed, at the age of thirteen. Decades later he was to generalize and enshrine this event as the symbol of Soviet tyranny:

> [Arrest] is a sharp ringing in the middle of the night, or a rude knocking at the door. The insolent entrance of unwiped jackboots. . . . the cowed and frightened witness. . . . the gathering up by trembling hands of soap and towel for the victim. . . . an alien, brutal crushing force raging unchecked in your home. . . . a smashing, a ripping open, a tearing and pulling down from the walls . . . a piling of mountains of possessions on the floor and their crunch beneath jackboots . . . and for those left behind after the arrest, it is the long tail of a life turned upside down and gutted.

He started to write at the age of nine. What he wrote was much more than the innocent scribblings of every child; not least of the ironies of Solzhenitsyn's life is that although he was clearly a writer born, his literary career began in earnest (with *Ivan Denisovich*) only when he was forty-three.

A greater irony is that he turned his back on the icon of his childhood, forgot the arrest (of a fatherly neighbor), and grew up a convinced and loyal Soviet citizen (he took *Das Kapital* on his honeymoon), retaining his reverence for Lenin and Marx long after he came to reject Stalin (for—a greater irony still—distorting the purity of Soviet communism). Even so, the inner voice that all men have but few hear and fewer heed spoke to him when, at the university, the NKVD (the earlier name of what is now the KGB) tried to recruit him, leading him to refuse, without consciously knowing why, the certainty of a highly regarded and well-rewarded career, with nothing wanted in return but his soul.

For his bravery in battle during the war he was commended, promoted, and decorated; Soviet propaganda later invented the story that he had deserted to the enemy and fought on the other side. In any case, his war service availed him nothing when letters he had written containing critical references to Stalin were intercepted—whereupon the Son of the Gulag was on his way to collecting his patrimony.

Then began a process of transformation and growth that runs almost eerily parallel to that undergone by Dostoevsky (the true forefather of Solzhenitsyn in Russian literature, rather than Tolstoy). The physical horrors he had to endure, and had to watch others endure, became the backdrop to the drama—first political, then spiritual—of his transformation. His first shock was to meet fellow prisoners, some of them younger than him, who had already rejected Soviet theory and practice altogether. As for Solzhenitsyn himself, Mr. Scammell says,

> The umbilical cord still bound him not only to Mother Russia, which he had always adored, but also to Soviet Russia and the paternal Party, whose ultimate magnanimity and justness he still did not doubt.

THE DOUBTS BEGAN, and then grew. He learned, slowly and painfully ("The camps were his true universities"), the amazing truth that only in the Gulag were Russians entirely free, since

Bernard Levin is a British author and critic whose most recent book, Enthusiasms, *was published this spring.*

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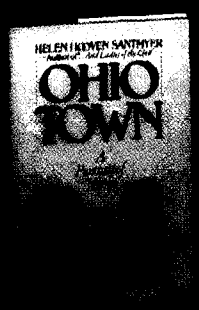

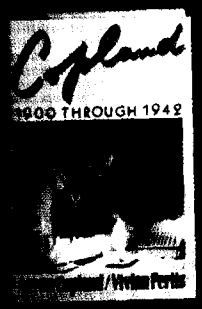

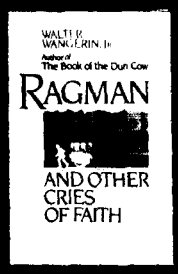

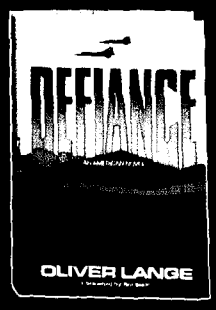

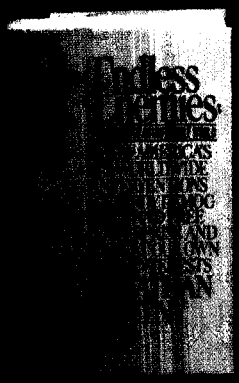

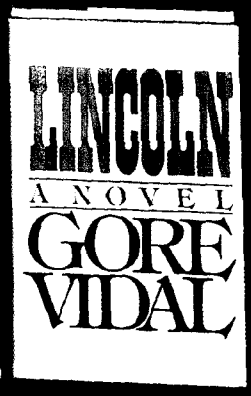

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men and women who had nothing to lose but their lives, and many of whom would have greeted death as a delivering friend, could speak their minds at last. Solzhenitsyn, characteristically, took the lesson further than those who had taught it to him:

> Life behind bars has given us a new measure for men and things. It has wiped from our eyes the gummy film of habit, which always clogs the vision of the man who has escaped shocks.

He learned still more. He learned the lesson that he has been striving ever since to teach the world: that a single human being can defy the might of a state dedicated to crushing defiance. His natural qualities of leadership asserted themselves in the camps, and he became adept at demanding the pitiful "rights" that the prisoners theoretically had. Then there came an influx of Ukrainians, who not only brought the camp administration to a halt with their insistence that their demands be met (and with their insanely heroic refusal to obey orders or to work when these were rejected) but also destroyed the system of informers, without which the camps could not operate, by seeking out the stool pigeons and murdering them one by one.

When, in 1953, Solzhenitsyn was released, it was into "internal exile." But he had long since gone into a different kind of internal exile: he had become an implacable foe of Soviet totalitarianism in all its forms. More to the point, he had moved

> ever so slowly towards a position that was in the first place idealist, as they call it, that is, of supporting the primacy of the spiritual over the material, and secondly patriotic and religious. . . .

He found employment as a schoolteacher, captivating his charges with his understanding, patience, and imagination. But within him the creative spring had begun to flow, and it issued forth in the book that was to make him known throughout the world. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* has almost always been judged—and so it should be—in terms of the explosive effect it had when it was published in the Soviet Union, during the brief and illusory "thaw" initiated by Khrushchev (no other book by Solzhenitsyn has ever been permitted to see the light of day there). Mr. Scammell says that the extraordinary story of the book's passage from its conception behind barbed wire to Khrushchev's desk "has been told and retold." His own account, though, is by far the best I have read. For once the book is discussed in terms of its literary effect too. He shows beyond doubt that this book, not the later (and finer) *The First Circle*, made clear that a new Russian genius had been born from the iron womb of the Gulag, and that it was in no way absurd to think of him as the successor of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Mr. Scammell makes an important point about the "demonstration of independence" that Solzhenitsyn made when he became an overnight celebrity in his own country:

> Solzhenitsyn's strength, as a creative writer, was that he had been cut off from the normal world since early manhood and was steeped in the literature, and especially the Russian classics, of the past. This was the source of that amazing "purity" that everyone noticed in his work, as if he were virtually untouched by the last thirty years of Soviet literary history.

Not surprisingly, and not unjustly, Mr. Scammell also speaks of "the spiritual wasteland that was Soviet literature before the appearance of *Ivan Denisovich*," a verdict that had already been given, indirectly but powerfully, by the letters from Soviet readers that began to pour in when the book was published: "Thank you for your truthfulness . . . ," "My face was smothered in tears. I didn't wipe them away or feel ashamed . . . ," "Your story was the last hope that justice still exists somewhere . . . ," "Let me bow to the ground before you, dear friend . . . ," "Thank you, dear friend, comrade and brother. . . . You have already left your name in the history of Soviet literature, and nothing can wipe it away . . . ," "Your life no longer belongs to yourself alone."

"Your life no longer belongs to yourself alone": indeed it did not, for Solzhenitsyn had quickly become much more than a focus for dissent. Rarely did he then, or does he now, join any kind of dissident-group action, and he did not sign petitions or joint declarations, or even associate much with the men and women—Ginzburg, Galanskov, Bukovsky, Gorbanevskaya, Esenin-Volpin, Shafarevich, Plyushch, Amalrik, Litvinov, Dudko, Fainberg, Voikhanskaya, Nudel, Chalidze, Grigorenko, Kuznetzov, Koriagin, Orlov, Voinovich, Marchenko, Shcharansky, Turchin, Maximov, Yakunin, Tverdokhlebov, and above all Sakharov—whose names have been inscribed on the roll of honor of those who have defied Soviet totalitarianism. He stood, and stands, for something much greater. Solzhenitsyn has come to epitomize a tradition older and deeper than that of resistance to political tyranny. His life and work constitute a call for an interior spiritual reformation no less complete, and no less colossal in its implications, than the cleansing and remaking of Christianity that Luther demanded. "If you wanted to set the world to rights," Nerzhin (who seems to speak for Solzhenitsyn himself) asks in *The First Circle*, "who would you begin with—yourself or other people?" Interviewing Solzhenitsyn recently for the London *Times*, I asked him whether it was possible, in a modern, advanced state, for people to live according to spiritual principles. "That is the hardest thing of all," he replied, "*but there is no other way.*"

WE MUST RECOGNIZE that Solzhenitsyn means those words literally, and that when he said, in London, in his speech of acceptance of the 1983 Templeton Prize, that our world is in danger of perishing because "man has forgotten God," he meant that literally too. It is this aspect of his teaching and his life that I think Mr. Scammell fails to express adequately. He is very hard on Solzhenitsyn for some of his more outspoken philippics, delivered since he was

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bundled out of the Soviet Union by the pygmies who could not silence him and dared not murder him; Mr. Scammell contemptuously calls his jeremiads journalism, in contrast with his novels, which are presumably art. But both the jeremiads and the art come from Solzhenitsyn's passionate belief that in the pursuit of the West's twin will-o'-the-wisps—ever-increasing material affluence and an ever-more-widely-held belief that man, not God, is the center of the universe and the measure of all things—we are proceeding apace toward spiritual ruin and probably physical destruction as well, with the Gulag as the most likely intermediate destination.

The trouble with Solzhenitsyn, for those who would like to see him as a kind of George McGovern with a beard, is that he is not a liberal at all but an uncompromising believer in the doctrine that we are on earth to prepare ourselves for our journey to God, and that while we are here, duties are more important than rights and worshipping is more significant than voting. Some of the fiercest words he spoke while still in the Soviet Union were directed at the leaders of the official Russian Orthodox Church, corrupt and empty men willing to take orders regarding their flock's spiritual welfare from a government of atheists.

In the flurry that followed the publication of *Ivan Denisovich*, a Soviet literary critic who had himself served thirteen years in the Gulag pinpointed the truth about the new lion:

> Solzhenitsyn creates a new system of Russian prose, because he introduces into the composition of his art new, unknown or forgotten ideas of good and evil, life and death, and the relationship between man and society. The apparently traditional nature of his style is similar to the art of the Renaissance. . . . Solzhenitsyn's writing is not only similar to the Renaissance; it is in fact the renaissance of Russian spiritual life.

Thus the critic explained why Solzhenitsyn finally denounced not only the Church but even Tvardovsky and *Novy Mir*; why he has condemned those who go voluntarily into exile; why he was in a position to issue his imperishable call to the Russian people, *Live Not by Lies!*

> Let us admit it: we have not matured enough to march into the squares and shout the truth out loud, or to express aloud what we think. . . . But let us refuse to say what we do not

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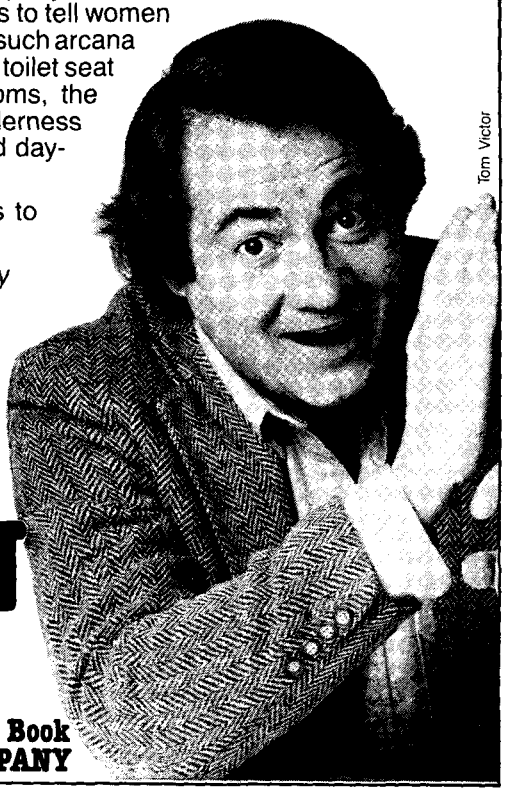
Tom Victor

WHAT
MEN
DON'T TELL
WOMEN
Roy Blount, Jr.

*George V. Higgins

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 129.

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> think. . . . Once we realize where the perimeters of falsehood are . . . our path is to walk away from this gangrenous boundary. If we did not paste together the dead bones and scales of ideology, if we did not sew together rotting rags, we would be astonished how quickly the lies would be rendered helpless and would subside.

Ideology, then, is the enemy, and only an ordered, hierarchical society, with a truly reformed church at its head, can resist the modern world's evil. For Solzhenitsyn, the rot started with the Age of Reason; he probably disapproves of the French Revolution even more than of the Russian one. The struggle that he waged with the Soviet authorities in the years between the publication of *Ivan Denisovich*, at the end of 1962, and his expulsion from his country, in February of 1974, must be seen as part of the greater war that he has been waging ever since his eyes were opened in the Gulag. When Solzhenitsyn says that he expects to return to the Soviet Union, and makes clear that he means a Soviet Union freed from the icy grip of communism, he is not indulging in metaphor but expressing his conviction, which he holds as simply and completely as you and I hold that we have two arms and one head each, that a house built upon sand cannot stand.

It is no use trying to fit him into our own safe categories; he transcends them all. Nor should we wish him to tone down his criticisms of the West, which has given him refuge. The chief merit of Mr. Scammell's book is that whatever reservations the author has about his subject, he allows us to see the greatness for ourselves, so that we realize that when Solzhenitsyn claims to be "a sword in God's hand," he has described himself exactly.

In 1976 Solzhenitsyn gave his first television interview in Britain; some commentators sharply criticized his remarks, but *The Listener*, the BBC's weekly magazine, which published the text of the interview, had to be reprinted for the first time in its fifty years, to satisfy the demand. In 1978 he gave the commencement address at Harvard; some in the distinguished audience refrained from applause, presumably to mark their disapproval, though, as Mr. Scammell observes, "whatever his difficulties with the political establishment, Solzhenitsyn had succeeded in getting his message across to the American people as never before."

Quite. Solzhenitsyn, in the West as, formerly, in his own country, is not talking to the world-weary, the *fainéants*, the cynical, the embarrassed. He is speaking over their heads to the people who understand with their instincts what their betters fail to understand with their brains.

I will leave the last word to a woman who knew better than most the nature of the evil with which Solzhenitsyn battled, and battles still: Osip Mandelstam's widow, Nadezhda, whose name means hope. In her book, *Hope Abandoned*, she tells us:

> The value of our main *samizdat* writer, Solzhenitsyn, is that he restores our memory of time past. This is the first step toward the recovery of one's sense of being human. Only after passing through this stage will people understand that the individual, the distinctive, stands for the whole or the general, and is a symbol of it. Literature can exist only where there is pain, and pain can be felt only by a human being, a personality. . . . Pain warns a man of illness and thus gives him the chance of healing himself. But there are illnesses that end in death. Only the future can show what ails us and what is in store: extinction or survival. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

TOUGH GUYS DON'T DANCE *by Norman Mailer. Random House, $16.95.* According to report, Mr. Mailer has described his latest novel, which consists of a confused murder mystery combined with a bit of gothic spookery, as a potboiler, written purely for money. According to Dr. Johnson, "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." Mr. Mailer, no blockhead, therefore cannot be reproached for attempting the potboiler, a genre for which, unhappily, he appears to have small talent.

THE BIRTH OF NEUROSIS *by George Frederick Drinka, M.D. Simon and Schuster, $18.00.* "Myth, Malady, and the Victorians" is the subtitle of Dr. Drinka's history of the study and treatment of nervous disorders in the nineteenth century, and his purpose is to show how social conditions and generally accepted notions influenced medical thinking and practice. Rousseau's noble savage was one of the myths and railway spine was one of the maladies confronting the physicians Dr. Drinka describes. Some of those early neurologists were as eccentric as their patients, but while some of their theories seem quite daft, others have been proved correct by modern researchers using instruments unavailable to the pioneers. It is a fascinating and often amusing story that Dr. Drinka has to tell, and he presents it well.

THE SUBURBS OF HELL *by Randolph Stow. Taplinger, $13.95.* Mr. Stow is an Australian novelist, but his latest book is set in England, at a small fishing port in East Anglia. This run-down, semi-abandoned backwater of a town is afflicted with a series of inexplicable murders, which naturally arouse fear and suspicion among the previously congenial inhabitants. Old grudges and suppressed hatreds come to the surface, and mistrust hangs as thick in the air as the endemic fog. This ambiguous, beautifully written novel is not at all a standard whodunit, although that question hustles the reader along. Mr. Stow is examining the basic isolation of individual people, and his findings raise a cold shiver.

FALSE DAWN *by Louis Auchincloss. Anchor Press/Doubleday, $14.95.* Mr. Auchincloss's study of French history has led him to believe that the foundations of feminism—meaning the exercise by women of both independence and authority—were laid by great ladies of the seventeenth century, and he makes a persuasive defense of that idea with brisk, graceful, intelligent accounts of a number of formidably influential females. He connects all of these women with "the Age of the Sun King," because the period was indeed dominated by the man Winston Churchill once described as "an international pest."

THE GHOSTS OF NANTUCKET *by Blue Balliett. Down East Books, $12.95/$8.95.* Ms. Balliett has persuaded fellow residents of Nantucket to tell her about their encounters with the local ghosts. Nantucket is a charming island and its supernaturals are appropriately amiable. They are, with one exception, the most aimless, harmless, ineffectual spooks that ever haunted a house to no purpose. They become downright comic through plain fecklessness.

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THE PYRATES *by George MacDonald Fraser. Knopf, $16.95.* It may be impossible, and it is certainly difficult, to keep a spoof moving in farcical high spirits for 400 pages, but Mr. Fraser has come close to doing so with this outrageously absurd yarn of blood and belay under the Jolly Roger. He draws blatantly and mischievously on romantic novels, old movies, radio soap operas, ethnic stereotypes, and even, now and then, on facts that prove to be as zany as any fiction. The interest of the uproar does occasionally flag, but before the reader can jump ship, Mr. Fraser invariably fires another hilarious broadside.

STORIES FOR LESLEY *by Robert Frost. University Press of Virginia, $14.95.* In the early 1900s, before he had even attempted to achieve serious standing as a poet, Frost wrote stories to amuse his children. He would not, had he continued in that line, have put Beatrix Potter out of business, but his little tales are of interest because they foreshadow, in a casual way, some of the author's later artistic concerns. They also imply something of the way Frost and his family lived on their chicken farm in Derry, New Hampshire. The text has been edited, with appended explanations, by Roger D. Sell and illustrated by Warren Chappell.

HILAIRE BELLOC *by A. N. Wilson. Atheneum, $17.95.* Does anyone today read Belloc, and aside from the *Cautionary Verses* (which no child should be without), should anyone read Belloc? He was a prolific and generally lively writer, willing to tackle a subject whether or not he had competence in it and given to inaccuracy even when he had. He was a clever satirist, with a sharp eye for the follies and evils of the early twentieth century. He served briefly in Parliament. He was an ardent proponent of Roman Catholicism, influential in the conversion of Evelyn Waugh and therefore ultimately responsible for *Brideshead Revisited*. He propounded economic theories most marvelously unrelated to reality. He knew or met or quarreled with many of the English literary figures of his time. He was firmly anti-Jewish. He consumed large quantities of wine and is not known to have bathed. Mr. Wilson reveals all this and much more in his long, well-documented biography of an author who has in his opinion been undeservedly forgotten. Readers will not necessarily agree with Mr. Wilson on that point.

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

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D	I	A	L	O	G	I	C	H	I	N	G
E	L	P	A	S	O	R	O	O	T	E	R
F	A	R	R	A	G	O	A	B	A	J	A
E	G	O	R	G	O	N	Z	O	L	A	Y
A	N	N	U	A	L	M	A	X	I	M	S
T	I	T	P	P	W	A	L	L	A	B	Y
H	A	R	D	P	A	N	E	L	N	O	W
S	P	A	C	E	R	M	A	I	G	R	E
A	P	I	C	A	R	E	S	Q	U	E	A
K	E	N	O	R	A	R	O	U	S	E	S
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GLOBAL THREATS to third world minorities reported and analyzed in Cultural Survival Quarterly. For sample: Cultural Survival, 11 Divinity Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138. (617) 495-2562.

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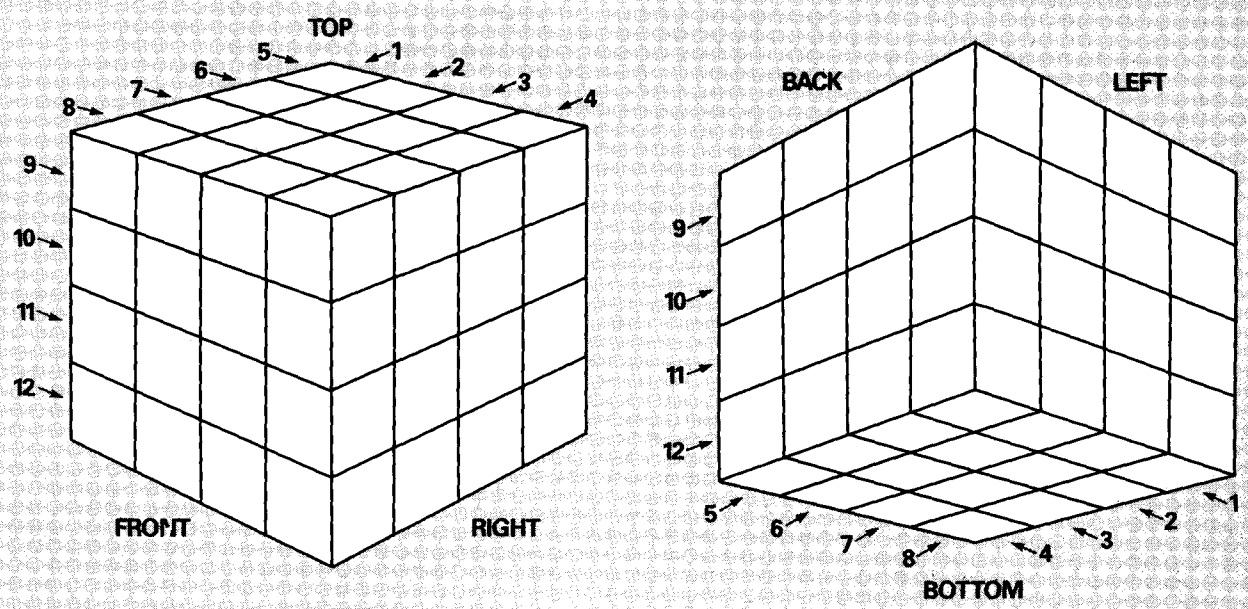
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON



PUZZLE CUBE

This 4 × 4 × 4 cube (shown in two views) is crisscrossed by 12 continuous bands of 16 letters each, reading in the directions indicated by the arrows. Clues for each band (numbered 1–12) are given in the order in which their answers appear on the cube; but before you can find where each band begins you must correctly align it with other crossing bands. Answers include a variant spelling at 7b and seven proper nouns.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 129.

CLUES

1. a. Message in 3-D took a twisted route (8)
   b. Short mutt with a sort of bone (4)
   c. Audited Lou's place (4)
2. a. Box bobbed in mineral spring (3)
   b. Storyteller of a current novel about love (9)
   c. Stoic Buddhist circle (4)
3. a. Get more explosive rockets (7)
   b. Jug band instrument absorbs monk community in Michigan (9)
4. a. Buck for a Colorado politician (4)
   b. Frontal nudity is accepted by moral code of a certain culture (6)
   c. Key lime I cut and twisted gently (6)
5. a. Chief part of the foot (4)
   b. English queen has one ton of cash (8)
   c. Essay about old city in Asia Minor (4)
6. a. Mountains of a chain shifted during shocks (12)
   b. College student is bullied heartlessly (4)
7. a. Choose a variable tool (6)
   b. Showy horse has Italian food aboard ship (10)
8. a. Furnish more than enough for flying east (4)
   b. Cook raspberries with packaged vegetables (5)
   c. Live in brand-new tower (7)
9. a. Give money in return for bark (3)
   b. Catcher of fish is fortunate (4)
   c. Burden I prepare to take off (4)
   d. In discussion, modify church structure (5)
10. a. Baby-talks in public school, clutching infant's toy (8)
    b. Going after a jolly time, unendingly squirt flower (8)
11. a. Cook has end of plume stuck in chapeau (4)
    b. Chop hole in the ground around front of cave (5)
    c. Engineer sees about cover leaks (7)
12. a. Much-admired man died king of Palestine (5)
    b. Fit teaspoon into bronze drink (7)
    c. Sailing ship's beam (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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